

THE 'INSTEAD OF' MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

4⁹⁵

MR. DRUMMER
UNCOVERED!

ROBERT PAYNE'S
BLOCKBUSTER

1990

FOR THE EIGHTIES!

SPACE
JOCKS

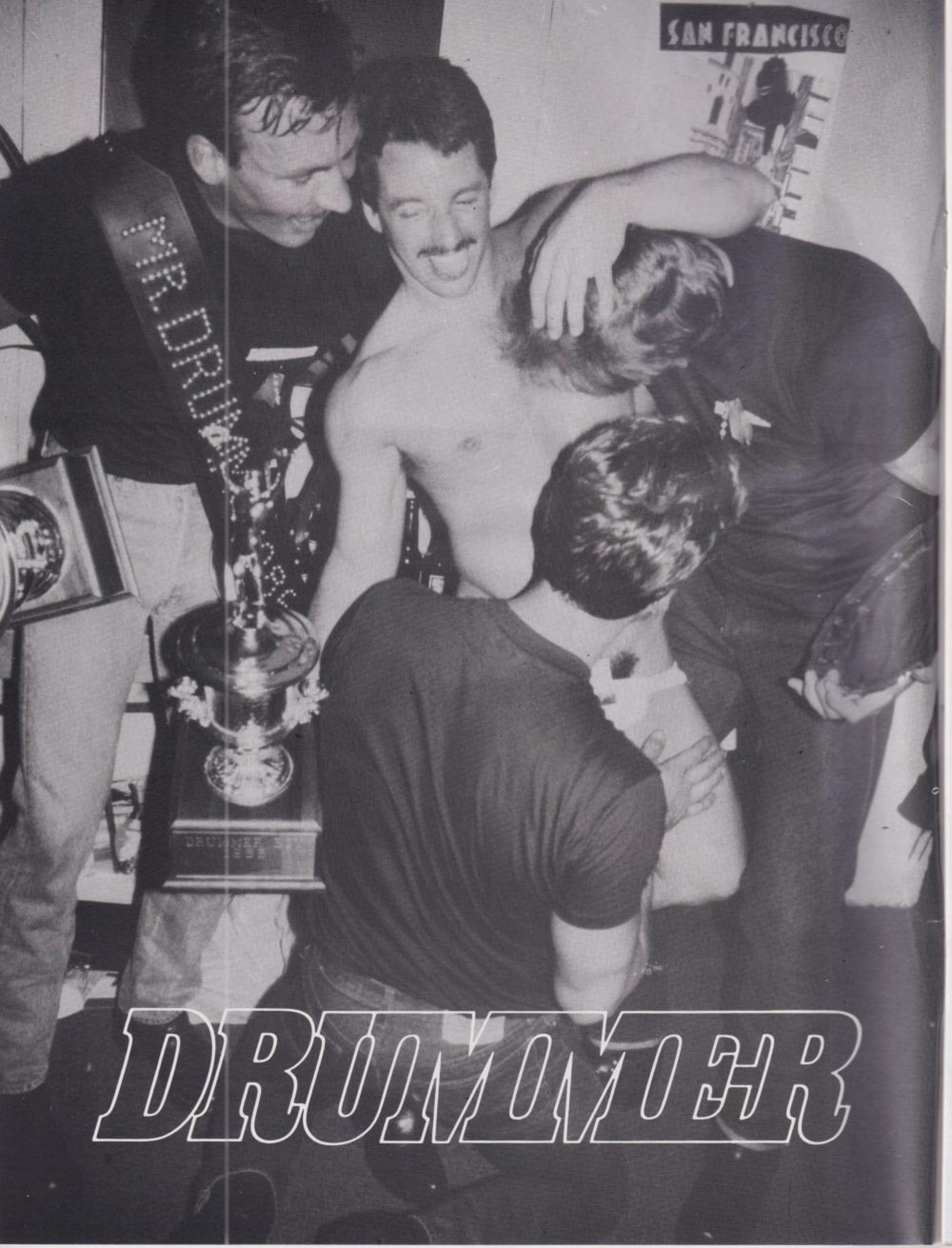
SLAVERY
THROUGH
THE AGES

BOUND
FOR GLORY
CONTINUES

GIANT
CLASSIFIED
SECTION

OUR
11TH
ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE!

ISSUE 97



DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



4 LEATHER'S BIG NIGHT

The votes are in—and Mr. Drummer '86 joins the company of past winners as the Leather Fraternity pulls out all the stops at the big leather event of the year.

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Some serious thought on a couple of weighty matters...

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A Daddy tells a Daddy/son story.

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1990 by Robert Payne

A frightening look into the not-so-distant future from a promising new book.

27 BOUND FOR GLORY (Part VII) by Mason Powell

In this installment, "Up In The Volcano," Gonar ventures into the great abyss to meet Wa-at the Volcano God who takes possession of Gonar's body. Is Arnold Schwarzenegger really so impatient for this to finish, so he can star in the movie version?

46 LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD by Frank O'Rourke

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Mr. Drummer '86 bares it all for us and in the foldout is an excellent work by new artist Rand Worell, who could be called a Drummer Discovery.

56 DEAR SIR!

The King of the Classifieds is full of men waiting to hear from you.

75 DRUMMEDIA

Movies: S.F. International Gay Film Festival

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And you got it.

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Cavelo shows us some products of an age-old tradition from The Care & Training of the Male Slave.

98 IN PASSING

Cover: Mike Murry, Mr. Drummer '86, bares his all for us in a photo by Drummer photographer Joe Altman.

Opposite: The new Mr. Drummer, aided and abetted by a group of regional Mr. Drummers, attack Mr. Drummerboy backstage. Photo by Robert Pruzan.

VOLUME 10 / NUMBER 97

GETTING OFF

We have just received press releases urging all gay and lesbian (lesbians can't be gay?) leaders and elected officials to urge all gays to call the Executive Office of the White House about the newest Justice Department opinion that encourages employers to engage in homophobic actions toward employees who carry antibodies to the AIDS virus. July was designated "MAKE THE PRESIDENT AWARE MONTH." As sincere and as worthwhile as this appeal may be intensioned, we feel the obligation to make a few remarks here before we encourage you to call whoever answers the phones at 1-202-456-7639 in Washington.

Kids, there may be a hell of a lot that Ronald Reagan isn't aware of, but the Justice Department ain't one of them. It is no coincidence that he has just appointed one of the most ultraconservative judges possible to the position of Chief Justice, then replaced him with an even worse one on the bench, any more than Vice President Bush's idea to go around sucking up to Jerry Falwell and the Christian Crazies.

The pro-Georgia sodomy law decision was made because of Reagan's Supreme Court appointees and just as Chief Justice Burger is being eased out because he isn't the 200% right-winger that the people who paid to get Reagan elected want.

The President is very aware, just as we are going to soon be, of the continual damage to the hard-fought progress made in the past twenty years in the area of our civil rights and job protection.

Forcing Edwin Meese through as the most outrageous Attorney General since John Mitchell was Reagan's doing. Meese's pornography crusade is going to do immense damage to the First Amendment to the Constitution. Meese's puppets are soon going to be telling you what you can read and bookstores all over the country what they can sell. It has already started. If you want to make a phone call or write a letter, direct it to Southland Corporation, 2828 N. Haskell Ave., Dallas, TX 75204, and tell them what you think of their throwing *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, two of the most literate magazines on the American scene, out of their stores when they caved in to Mr. Meese's and Jerry Falwell's demands.

Call the President, if it makes you feel any better. If you voted for Reagan, you are morally obligated to do so. Better yet, send a couple of bucks to the ACLU who is fighting this battle for you and then subscribe to *Playboy* and/or *Penthouse*. They are suing the government at the moment, we are happy to report.

—John H. Embry

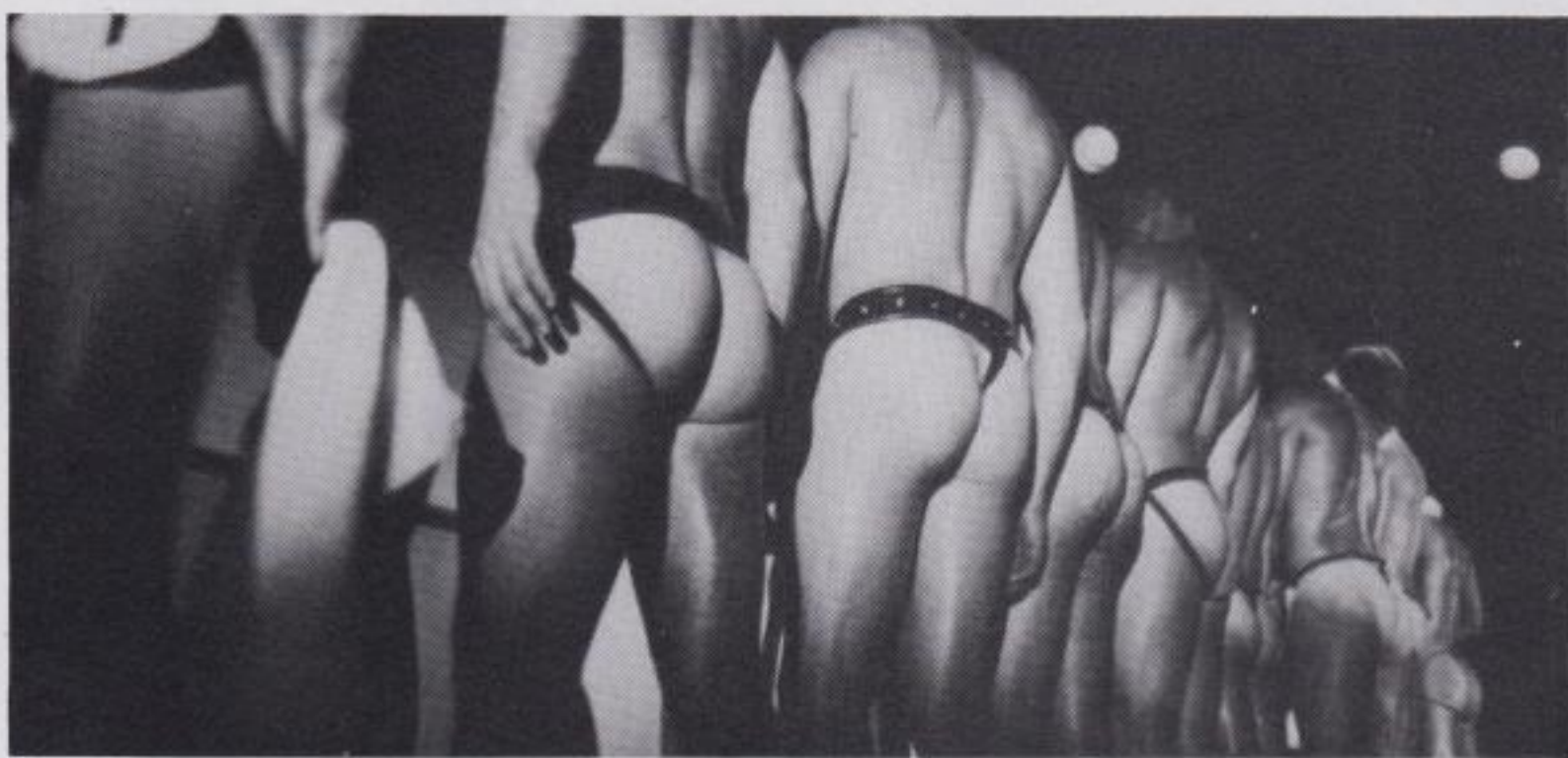
DRUMMER SOCIAL NOTES

LEATHER'S BIG NIGHT '86



FROM ALL OVER THEY CAME, ALL TITLEHOLDERS, EACH VYING FOR THE TOP TITLE THIS YEAR BACK AT TROCADERO TRANSFER.

THE SEARCH FOR MR. DRUMMER '86 is over. So is the biggest, smoothest, slickest, most successful production in *Drummer's* eleven year history. Trocadero Transfer, South of Market, rang to the rafters continually with the excitement of the evening. Nine titleholders came from around the country to show what got them their regional titles. And when it was all over, the overwhelming winners posed for a battery of photographers, ending the show with a blast of sound and light. *Drummer's* soon-to-be new publishers were introduced and the crowd held out to party for the rest of the night.





MR. EAST COAST DRUMMER gives his volunteer a shave and a haircut on stage. Just as in the preliminaries in North Carolina,

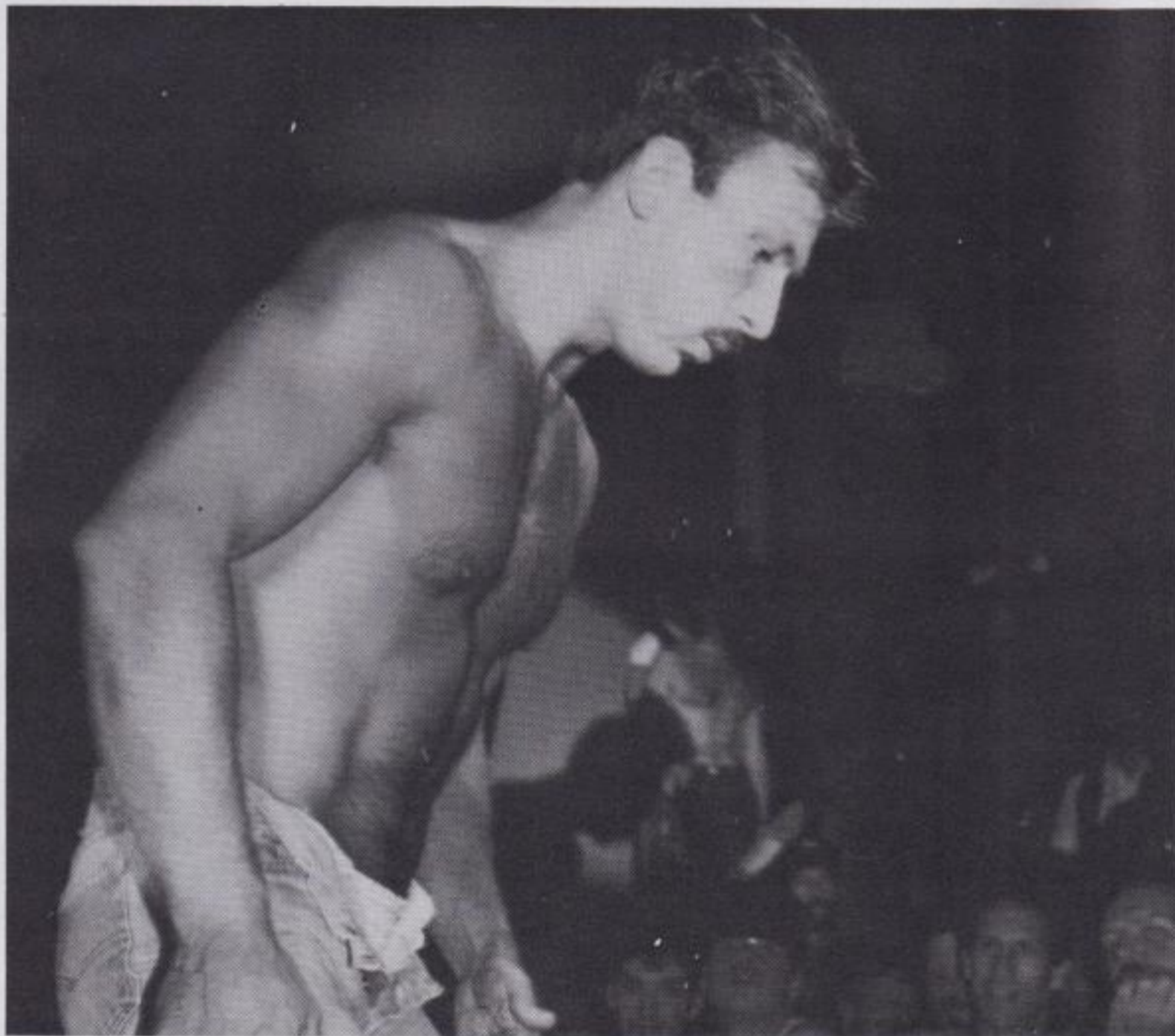


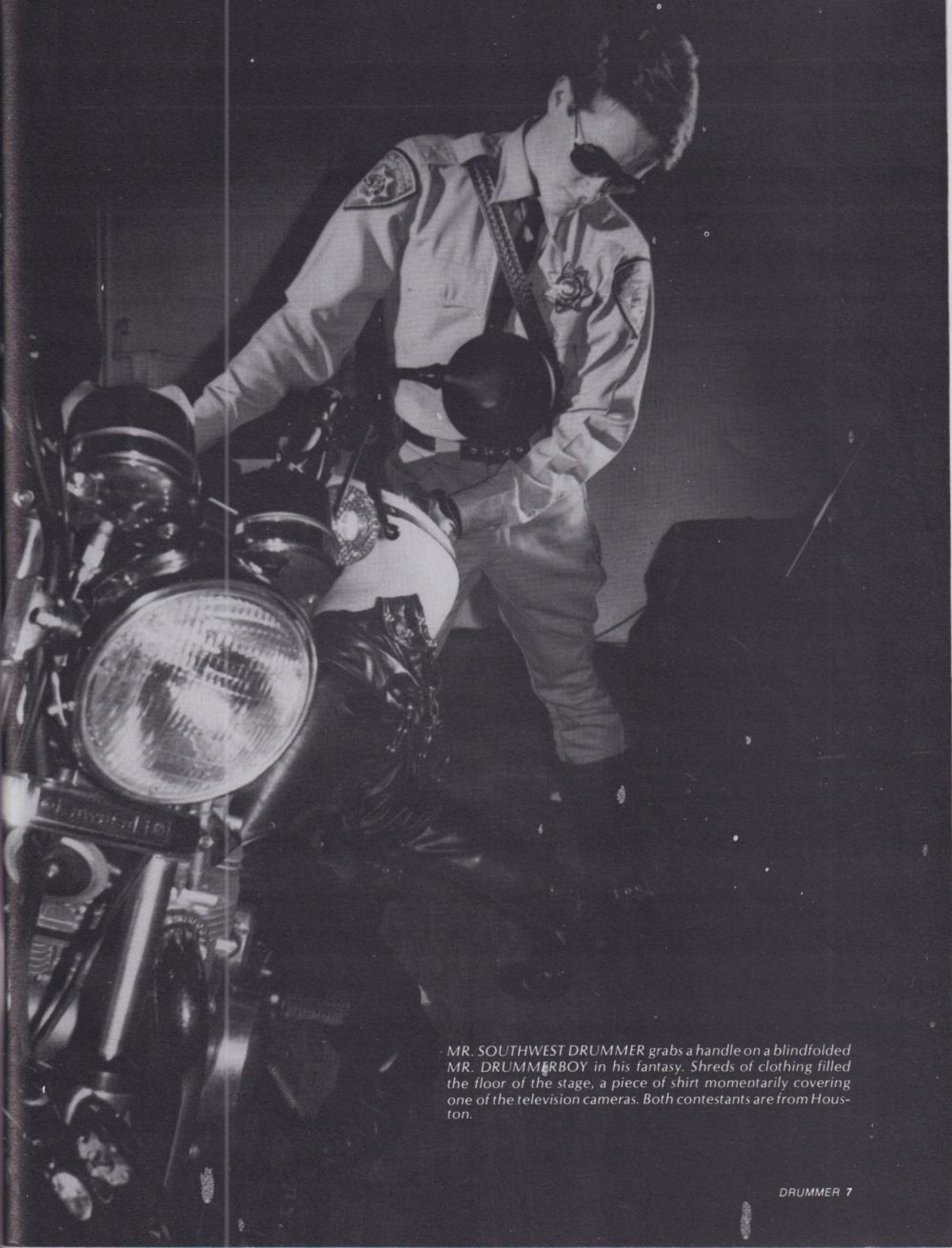
the shaved and clipped man had DRUMMER painted around the side of his head for the rest of the night.

THIS TIME NOT JUST ONE COMPETITION BUT TWO. AFTER ALL, DRUMMER MEN NEED A DRUMMERBOY.

There was a second competition this time. A full dozen Drummerboys paraded their wares on stage, both in their lineups and then as assistants to the Mr. Drummer candidates in the fantasy portions of the show. The Drummerboys served another important purpose on this memorable evening. They went through the audience in their jockstraps and harness to collect contributions for the soon-to-open Coming Home Hospice for AIDS patients. *Drummer's* publisher has had a long-held aversion to contestants having to go into the crowd to ask for money/votes. However, in the face of this very worthy and immediate cause, he finally relented, out they went and very successfully. Housemaster for the Drummerboy group was coverman Ken Savage, who handled that department of the contest well.

The evening began with the beating of a drum by drummer Richard Stone, whose lover, incidentally, was in the news shortly before as the first to be forced to take an AIDS test in San Diego. In spite of the S.F. Gay Swing Band's prior engagement, with whom Richard performs, he was there to open the show, making his statement through his rhythmic talent.





MR. SOUTHWEST DRUMMER grabs a handle on a blindfolded MR. DRUMMERBOY in his fantasy. Shreds of clothing filled the floor of the stage, a piece of shirt momentarily covering one of the television cameras. Both contestants are from Houston.



THE CAMARADERIE GOT SO THICK SOME OF THEM PRACTICALLY HAD TO BE PRIED APART. OTHERS BROUGHT A WATCHFUL BUDDY.

Mr. San Francisco Leather Jim-Ed Thompson and video star Chris Burns enacted an erotic karate demonstration to bring the candidates on stage. Then Mario Simone came to the stage to sing his rousing "Drummerman" from his Wings recording. Next, director Anthony Bruno had the contestants surrounded by fog/steam and doused with gallons of "sweat" for their jockstrap/boots presentation. The first fantasy brought a motorcycle roaring onto the dance floor of the Trocadero with Mr. Carolina Drummer being worked over on it. Later, the same motorcycle served Mr. Southwest Drummer being had by a highway patrolman.

Winner Mike Murry, Mr. Southern California Drummer, turned his fantasy into reality by bringing along his bottom to San Francisco to be molested on stage.

Mr. International Leather Scott Tucker and his two runners-up were presented

just before comedian Tom Ammiano appeared to bring down the house. Then the Drummerboys again took stage and it was official: Bill Bryan of Houston was top bottom with an overflowing collection can and jockstrap to prove it.

The Drummer men lined up for the final time and Mike Murry was crowned Mr. Drummer '86 with Gary Jedenasty, Mr. Midwest Drummer, first runner-up and Joe Nucatola, Mr. Northern California Drummer, second runner-up.

Prior to the contest both Folsom's Powerhouse and the S.F. Eagle were filled to capacity for the group's official reception and later visits. San Franciscans and men from practically everywhere were in attendance to make the contestants and their entourages feel more than welcome.

When it came time for the nation's biggest Gay Freedom Day parade, the new Mr. Drummer, Mr. Drummerboy

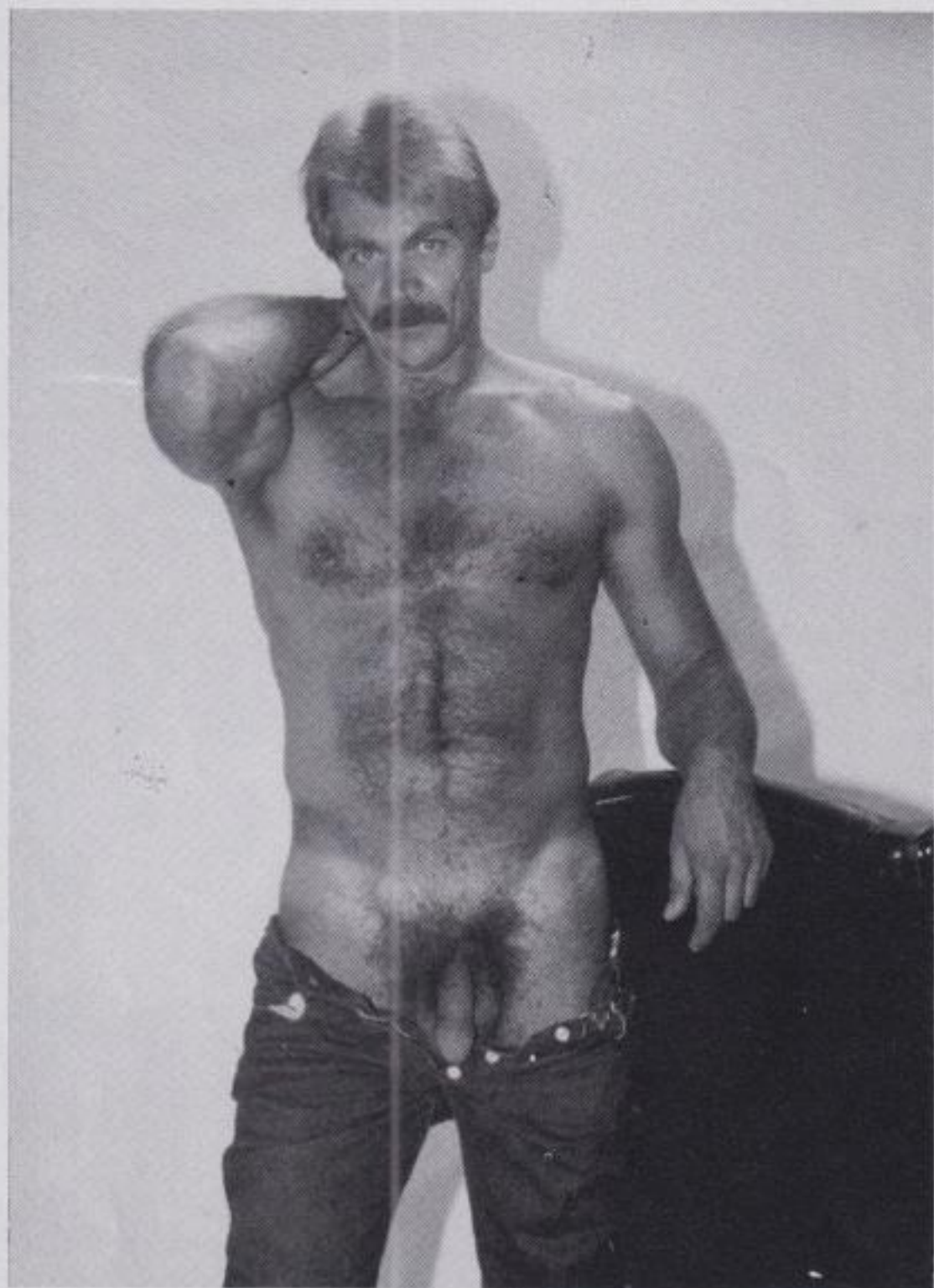


THE WINNERS!
Posing at the edge of the stage for photographers, **MIKE MURRY, MR. DRUMMER '86** and **BILL BRYAN, MR. DRUMMERBOY '86** beam after an exhausting and exciting evening. Bill Bryan gave half his prize money to the Coming Home Hospice soon to open in San Francisco.

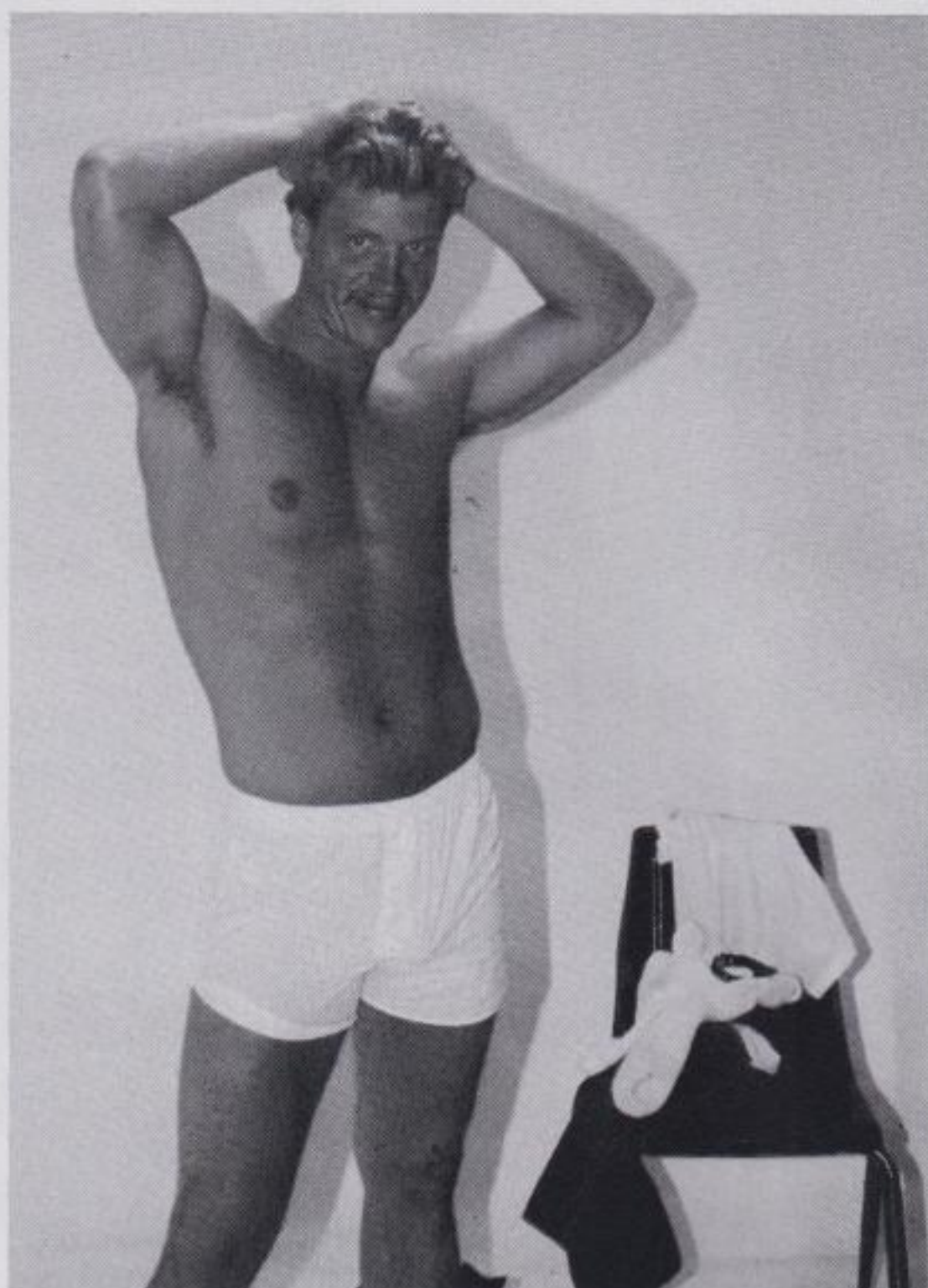


MIKE MURRY
MR. DRUMMER '86

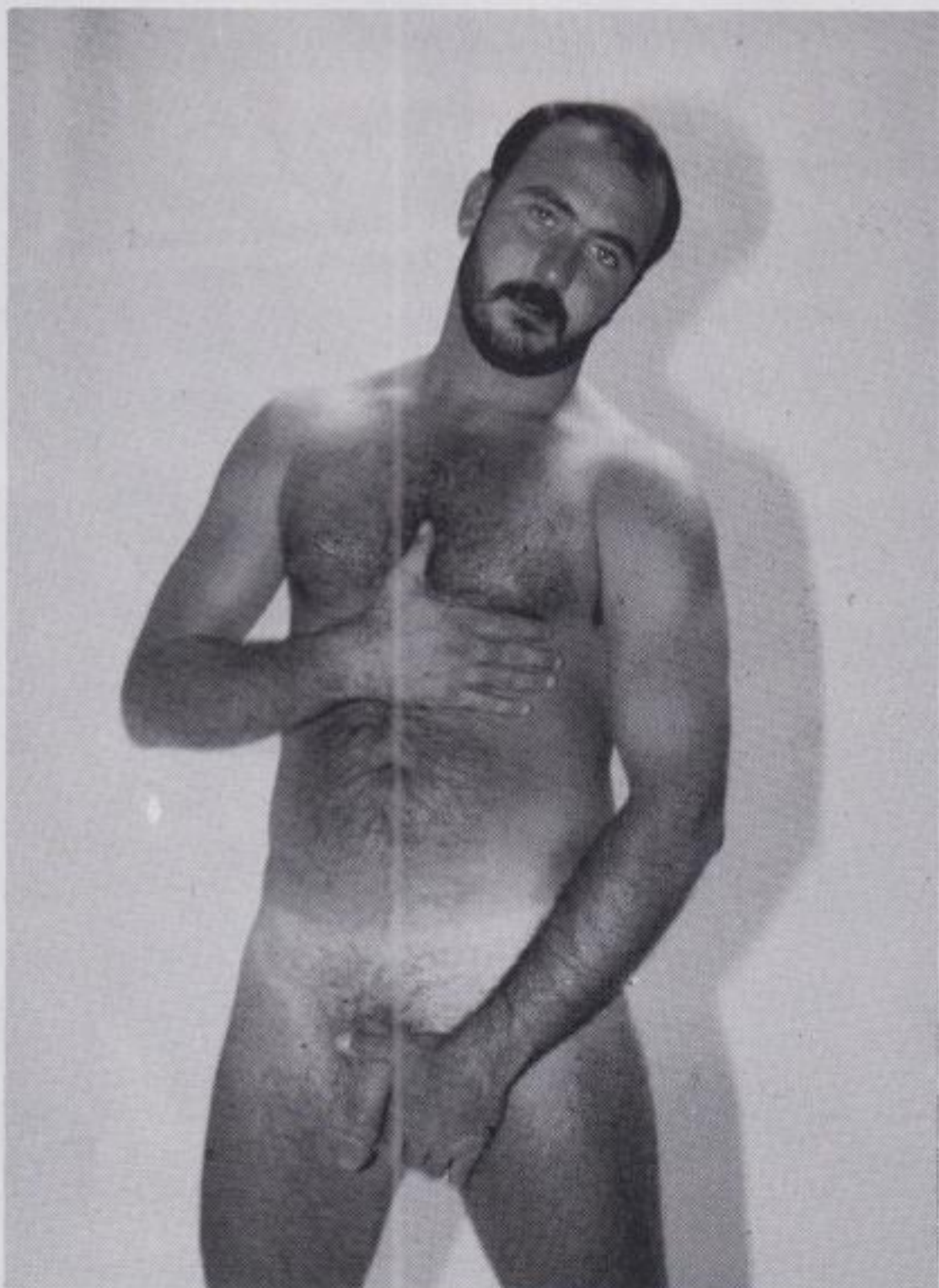
BILL BRYAN
MR. DRUMMERBOY
'86



GARY JEDENASTY
MR. DRUMMER FIRST RUNNER-UP



JOE NUCATOLA
MR. DRUMMER SECOND RUNNER-UP



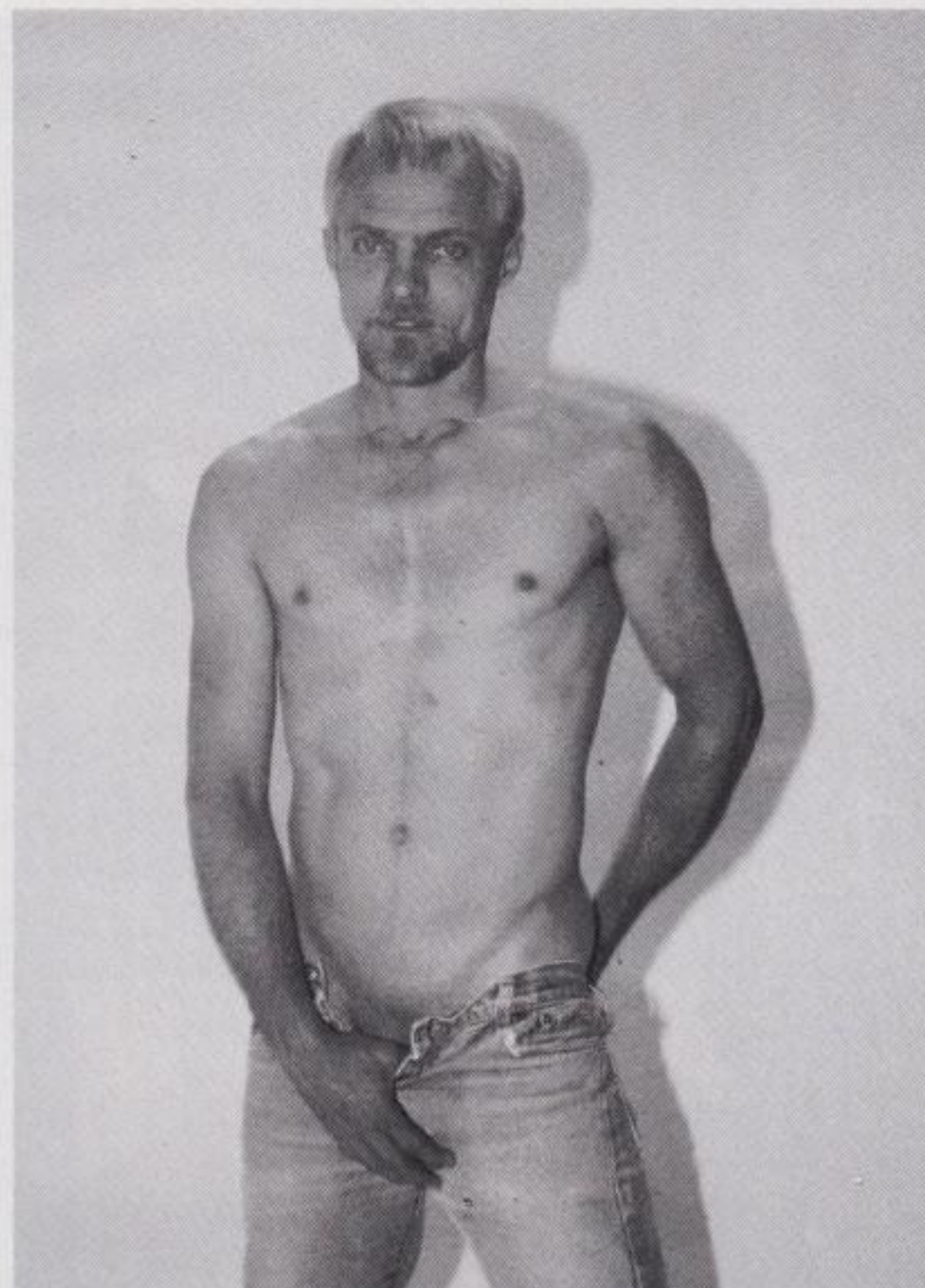
CHUCK LANCE
MR. EAST COAST DRUMMER



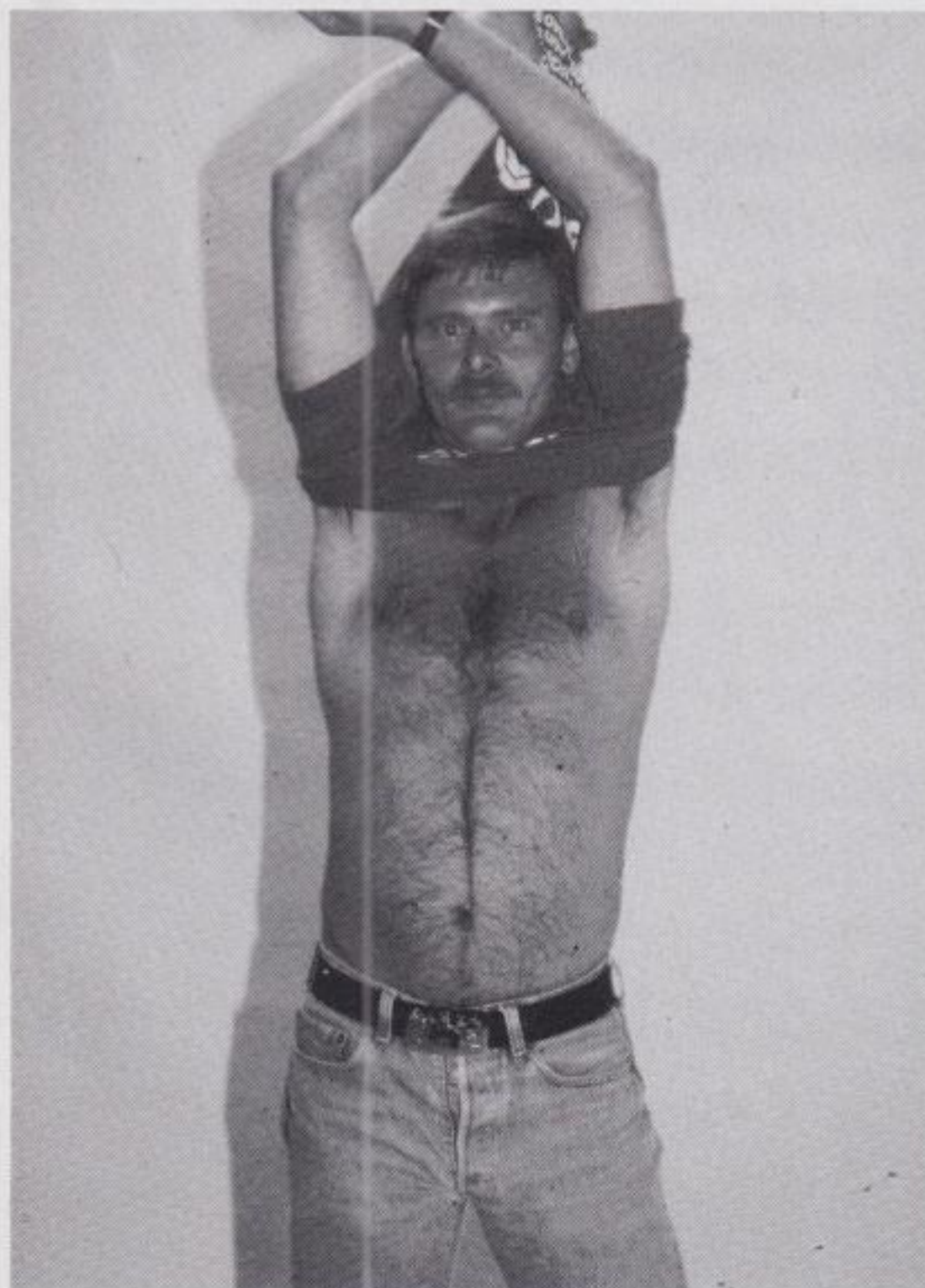
STAN RAY
MR. NORTHWEST DRUMMER



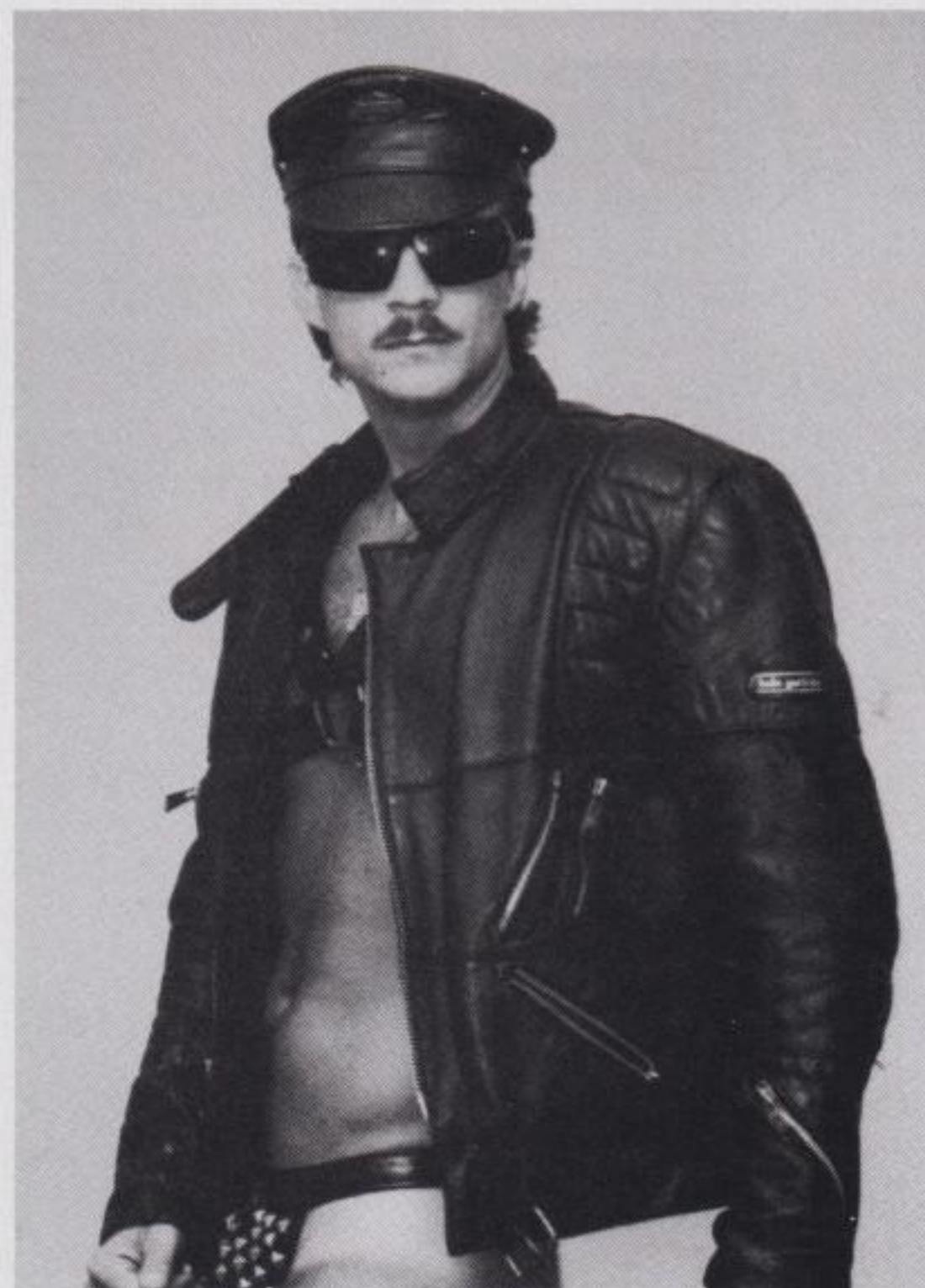
ZANE BLAIR
MR. NEW ENGLAND DRUMMER



BUTCH STEVENSON
MR. CAROLINA DRUMMER



MICHAEL MULLIS
MR. SOUTHEAST DRUMMER



RUSS ODOM
MR. SOUTHWEST DRUMMER





(Above) "Take a bow, gentlemen," the announcer said, and boy the did in both directions.
 (Below) MR. CAROLINA DRUMMER gets worked over on his Kawasaki as his fantasy demanded.

and all the regional Mr. Drummers rode with Steve Reiswig, Mr. Drummer '85 on the S.F. Eagle's float triumphantly down Market Street to the Civic Center Plaza and into history. □

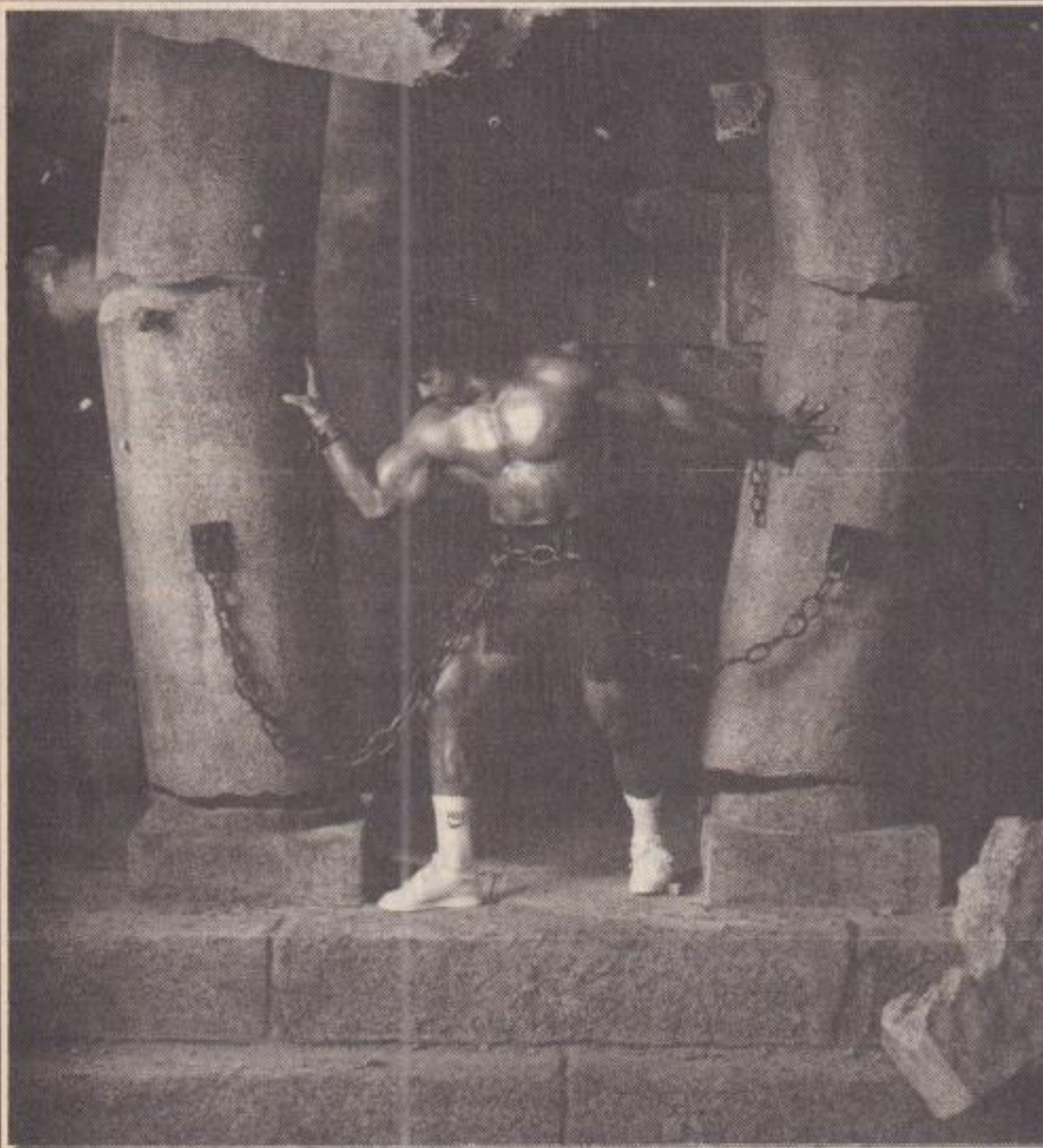




DRUMMER

REPORT

SEND YOUR ENTRIES FOR THIS NATIONAL LEATHER UPDATE TO
DRUMMER REPORT, PO BOX 42009, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94142-2009.



FITNESS FOR MEN

Ultimate footwear for the club, the court, or the Colosseum.



THE AD OLYMPICS

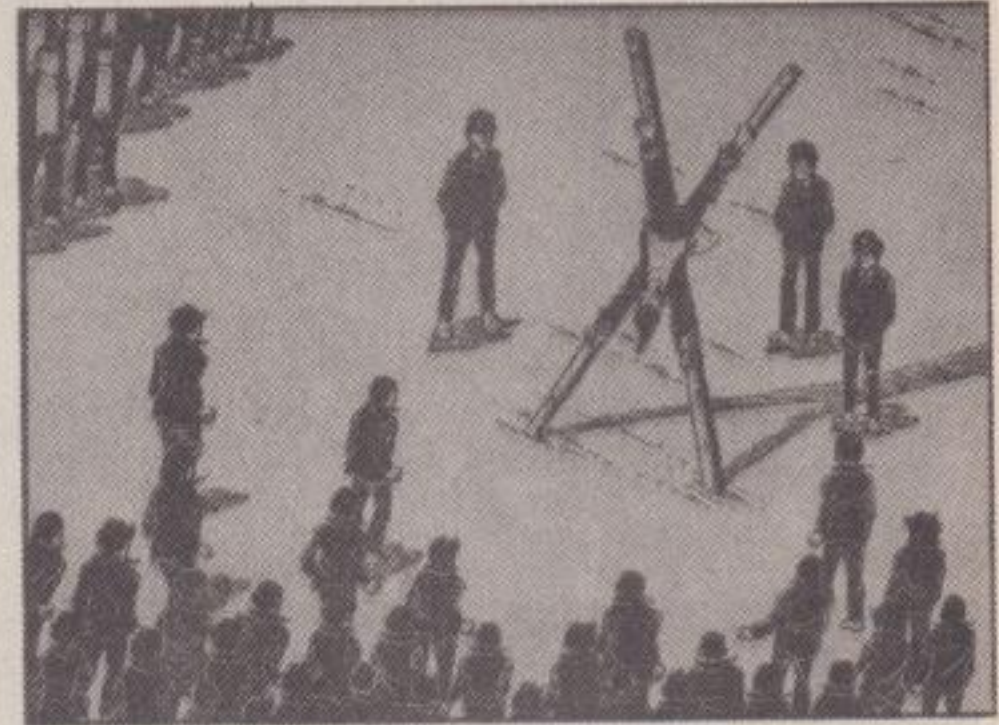
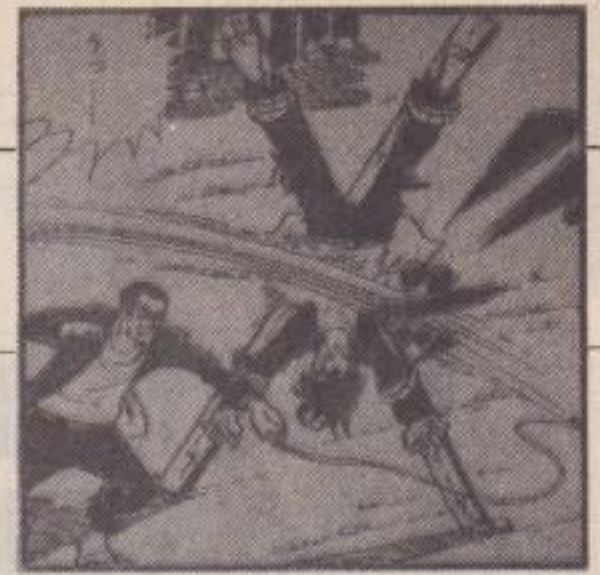
Whether or not Samson of Biblical fame wore athletic shoes, we can't say. But Nike had a great idea in stripping their shoe model and chaining him to some rather unstable studio pillars. Foot fetishists will start at the shoes and work their way up, the rest of us will admire other parts, even the chains. But possibly some of us will go out and get fitted for a pair of Nikes.

THE "LOSING HIS MARBLES" DEPARTMENT

In response to a question about AIDS and a "stepped-up government effort," in a press interview our beloved President stated in toto:

"Well, we have been spending a tremendous amount of money on AIDS research. You know our financial problems. I don't know how much more leeway there is for us, but we've been doing all that we can do because of the threat this represents. As a matter of fact, why don't some of you in the media start suggesting to people, because of another problem—and that is the problem of blood donors and so forth. You know, there's a practical answer to that if someone would just announce it. Why don't healthy and well people give blood for themselves? And it can then be kept in case they ever need a transfusion, they can get a transfusion of their own blood and they don't have to gamble on..."

At this point he lost interest.



JAPANESE COMICS MAYHEM

Responding to the covers we ran last issue of *Tomahawk* comics, a reader wrote in and included his copy of a Japanese comic book that had, according to him, the wildest SM he'd seen in the first story. It took us a while to figure out that the Japanese, like the Chinese, begin reading from the back of the book and proceed forward. After that discovery, we shot a few of the panels and included them here for you too. The book is over an inch thick and we haven't the faintest idea what the title is.



FALWELL, WILDMON AND THE SLURPEES

It may not take much in the way of brains to hold up a 7-Eleven store. But it requires cast iron balls to hold up all 4500 of them. We say turnabout is fair play. If you are appalled by their removing *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Forum* magazines from their shelves in response to pressure by Jerry Falwell and the Reverend Wildmon aided and abetted by Edwin Meese, boycott them and write to them: Southland Corporation, 2828 North Haskell Avenue, Dallas, Texas 75204. □

DEATH PENALTY



THE PUBLIC OPINION MYSTERY

There is a great mystery surrounding popular support for the death penalty. Like most mysteries, it is easy to define and difficult to solve.

The overwhelming support which exists today for state-sanctioned killings is based upon a set of basic assumptions which are completely at odds with the facts. Thus, the mystery: why do a substantial majority of Californians support the death penalty when none of the concerns they cite for that support can be met with executions?

Two primary motives seem to drive public support for the death penalty. Most people who support executions tell public opinion pollsters that they favor capital punishment

because they want the criminal removed from society and because they want crime itself deterred. There is no dispute about the first goal, for some criminals are so dangerous that we must be protected from them. We can do that by incarcerating them for life, *without* any possibility of parole. That option is available, and has been used, in California. We can and do incapacitate for life without killing.

As to the deterrent effect of state-sanctioned killing, absolutely no plausible proof of such a deterrent exists. We know to a certainty, for example, that states which have death penalty statutes have crime rates no different from those without. The reason that the death penalty does not reduce crime in our society is

directly related to the kinds of murders our society suffers.

The vast majority of murders in the United States are committed by individuals who know, or are related to, their victims. These are literal crimes of passion, flashes of violence exploding out of family tension and strife, out of angry confrontation, out of alcohol and drug abuse. These murders are rarely premeditated and these murderers do not plan to kill. Even if the death penalty could be imposed for such crimes, and it usually cannot, it still would have no deterrent effect because the murderer simply does not think ahead even to capture, never mind punishment.

The mystery surrounding support for executions is no less difficult to fathom when other reasons for that support are examined. Some people insist that it is unfair to force society to pay the high cost of incarcerating criminals for life, that executions are "economical." The fact is, once we take a potential capital crime through all of the essential stages of the judicial process, from trial to sentencing to appeal and on up, the cost of attempting to secure a death judgment is far greater than that of incarcerating a young adult for life. New York, faced with this question, studied the comparative costs and found that incarceration is by far more "economical" than execution. A recent study revealed the same result in California. Anyone concerned about wasting tax payers' dollars should be actively working to get rid of the death penalty in California.

The argument which begins with the slogan "an eye for an eye" in support of the death penalty does not stand up to scrutiny either. If we really believed that, we would beat up convicted muggers, lie to con-

Joan Howarth & David Hamlin

victed perjurers, rape convicted rapists. We have, as a society, long since abandoned such uncivilized notions.

Still, although the arguments for the death penalty are weak, support for executions remains very strong indeed. The answer to that mystery lies in two stark facts, both related to the twenty-year delay in executions caused by legal problems. First, far too many community leaders offer the false promise of reduced crime rates and greater public safety if only we begin to kill again. That promise, however empty, has enormous appeal. The resumption of executions will, in fact, force politicians to find a different promise. Second, and most unhappily, it is true that support for executions drops dramatically when we actually execute people. When California begins to kill again, as it surely will, many Californians will begin to reconsider their support for executions. The loss of dignity inherent in the spectacle of civil service executioners will be apparent once the gas chamber is back in regular use.

It would be most noble if we could come to our senses before that happens.

WHY WE HURRY SO SLOWLY

Although it is the source of enormous frustration, even anger, California's deliberate progress toward the day when the state actually places somebody in the gas chamber for an execution represents all that is honorable and fair about our system of justice. The extended delay between the expression of the people's desire for executions and the implementation of that will and should be a source of pride, not anger.

The careful pace with which California (and every other state which carries a death

penalty) proceeds toward state-sanctioned death is essential. In this century, well over four hundred individuals have been wrongly convicted of capital crimes; later evidence saved most of them (we have, in this country, executed innocents), but that could not happen in a quick, sloppy system of justice. The fact that absolute, guaranteed accuracy is impossible to achieve is the source of much opposition to the death penalty. But even death penalty supporters insist that the process leading to any execution must be as accurate as humanly possible, and fallible humans take time to be accurate.

It is not just the search for guilt or innocence which controls the calendar of executions. The law itself must be carefully and fairly applied, and juries cannot do their job of determining guilt or innocence unless the trial is properly conducted. Thus, the system requires the courts to review the record of each trial to ensure that the case was properly presented.

In California and elsewhere, courts are compelled, among other things, to make sure that racial prejudice does not taint the process in such a way as to make Blacks or Latinos victims of inequity based on race. Evidence available right now suggests that such prejudice exists. Juries tend to be biased not about the race of the murderer but the race of the victim, so where juries confront the killing of a white person, they seem more likely to impose a death sentence. It is unthinkable that racial bias can be allowed to infect the process, so courts are required, on our behalf, to make sure it does not.

In addition, the courts must review and evaluate the constitutionality of any death penalty statute before any execution can take place. One of the principle reasons for the delay in executions in California is precisely that review process. Several years ago, just as the state's then-current death penalty law might have generated executions, a handful of frustrated pro-death penalty politicians

decided to rewrite the entire law and put it before the voters as an initiative. They did exactly that, causing the entire review process to begin again from step one. The passage of the Briggs Initiative, in fact, is the single most important reason that executions have not occurred in California in the last several years.

When life and death are at stake, each aspect of the trial is important. For instance, California juries are always instructed to ignore feelings of "sympathy or pity" when they decide guilt or innocence. A California death case currently before the United States Supreme Court raises the problem of the "no sympathy" instruction being used, not for guilt or innocence but for the decision to impose life or death as the sentence. Should juries try to eliminate such feelings in their deliberations? Is that possible? If it's impossible, is it fair? The constitution allows juries to reject a death sentence simply out of sympathy for the defendant or his family. How can that principle be reconciled with a "no sympathy" instruction? Such questions are no easier for courts to answer than for individuals, yet we rely on courts for those answers. If we give them the questions, we must also allow them the time to find the answers.

Of guilt or innocence, of bias or prejudice, of subtle and difficult questions of law and procedure, and of an overwhelming desire to guarantee that no irreversible mistakes are made—from all of those terribly important considerations flows the extraordinarily deliberate pace of the process leading to death.

If we did it any other way, we might have executions more quickly. But who among us is willing to take the responsibility for a quick execution which turns out to be wrong? None, of course, which is why the courts proceed so slowly, serving in our stead in these matters of life and death. They go no less rapidly than would we if we had to decide similar questions.

The process is slow, but we cannot afford any other. □

THE REAGAN/NIXON SUPREME COURT

"As our case is new, we must think anew, and we must act anew." Those words of Abraham Lincoln would seem relevant to the June 30 setback of individual rights for homosexuals.

Gays have a right to freedom of choice and to privacy in their dwellings, just as any free citizen of a democratic society would rightfully expect. With that right comes responsibilities. One of those responsibilities is not to flaunt their private consensual acts, and this means in everyday lifestyles not to permit the possibility of the "private" becoming "public." That is why doors have locks or latches on them. I'm in my fifties, with the same lover for 21 years, but even today our private love is carried on behind locked doors. We have many friends and we do not want them barging in unannounced at such a time, and I'm sure most married couples feel the same way. This is simply common sense.

On the other hand, everyone (even the bigots that abound) knows that sodomy laws in general are impractical, unenforceable and unrealistic. It is like trying to stop a locomotive by placing a toothpick on the rails. It will not work! Human nature and the sex drive, whether heterosexual or homosexual, simply is too strong a force in our lives.

Before I took a gay lover I was married for nearly 15 years. Why, in Georgia (and I lived there during my first year of marriage while in the Army upon my return from service in Korea) I could have gone to prison for some of the sex (love) acts my new wife and I performed.

I agree with Ray Hartman (publisher) who wrote, "A crisis is at hand, and the silent majority of Americans who cherish individual liberties must raise their voices in Congress and in legislatures around the country to fight for their rights..." And a local

columnist, Bill McClellan, who said, "As far as I'm concerned, the only people who are queer are people who approve of the Supreme Court's bizarre decision on sodomy." As Edwin Yoder, a national columnist pointed out, "Unless Georgia and other citadels of sexual orthodoxy use patrols of bedroom police and resort to enforcement methods repellent to civilized people, the ruling will have more symbolic rather than practical effect." And another national columnist, Ellen Goodman, warns us, "When we limit rights, it is easiest to start with a minority. It's easiest to draw the line that defines 'them' as outsiders. But it rarely stops there." Even ultraconservative William Buckley acknowledged that the "stinky" sodomy laws in states having them ought to be abolished.

We must all act anew to continue the uphill fight for "individual rights." Let's quit speaking of "gay rights" or "Hispanic rights" or "minority rights." All citizens of this country are entitled to the same rights, including privacy. The founding fathers placed no qualifications on that implied right. The legislatures and courts must all think anew. This is not the time of ancient Rome or the time of the Puritans, this is the brink of the 21st century. If there is not freedom for all Americans, and not just gays or other minorities, then there is freedom for none. The June 30 Supreme Court ruling was a disgrace and a disaster for all citizens of this democracy, and in time will be viewed as one of the most onerous decisions that body has ever handed down.

In closing, let me repeat to all bigots the words of America's greatest poet, Walt Whitman: "Do you think matter has cohered together from all it's diffused floating, and the soil is on the surface, and the water runs and vegetation sprouts, for only you, and not for him and her?"

Tom
St. Louis

DRUMMER MALECALL

BALL CALL

The results of your having mentioned the Ball Club in the Leather Bulletin Board, *Drummer* 95, have been nothing short of phenomenal. I have been inundated with inquiries, among them one from Holland and two from West Germany. A few have joined the club that I definitely can attribute to the publicity that *Drummer* has given me. All this without my even having had my usual ad soliciting members in the classifieds this month!

Just "thank you" seems not enough!

The marketplace has been flooded with magazines of no substance whatever. You know the kind I mean. You can easily read them from cover to cover while you take a quick shit!

Drummer, on the other hand, provides a real service to the community—fiction, the ads, photos, your column, book/movie/video reviews, etc. I anticipate every new issue with pleasure and hope that you'll be around forever.

I have reinstated my classified ad for a couple of issues and probably will run it with some regularity. The realities of running a contact club like the Ball Club consist of a lot more nitty-gritty expense than even most of our members seem to realize. It is a labor of love for me and a joy to receive the kind of support that you have provided.

Ken
Pomona, CA

APPRECIATED SLAVE

Would you please remove my Dear Sir ad, headed "Able and Needy Slave" in the Southern California section? The responses have been great, and I'm now a busy and appreciated slave. Thanks, *Drummer*, for causing such a happy turn-about in my life.

R.M.G.
Los Angeles, CA

HUMBLE SERVANT

This humble servant begs for the right to ask you one question, please?

Where are all the stud truck drivers? I work at a truck stop and I'm still waiting

for the truck drivers that I read about in your magazine. You know the big, butch stud who wears black engineer boots and has a big, black stogie clinched into his macho mouth.

Hell, I'd even settle for a cowboy truck driver.

Maybe some of these drivers will see this in your magazine and they'll stop and let this humble slave service their stud stogie-smoking bodies.

H.S.
Knoxville, TN

DON'T SHIT ON ME

I am a straight male, but my job in the entertainment business happens to require that I work mainly with gays. I tour most of the year and have two gay roommates. Needless to say, I don't have much of a social life.

I got into this situation four years ago and, at the time, I thought they were open-minded, intelligent people whose cause needed heterosexual support. I have since learned differently. Gays aren't more intelligent than heteros, just more affected.

I used to defend gay lifestyles, but no more. There are very few gays I would consider friends and, if I may say so, I certainly wouldn't want my brother to marry one.

Name Withheld
Los Angeles, CA

A TICKLISH SUBJECT

You can't imagine my astonishment while reading the *Drummer* 94 installment of Malecall! Included was a letter of inquiry from a reader concerning tickling in which he referred to an illustrated letter you published in *Drummer* 31. I nearly flipped my lid because I'm the one who'd sent the letter referred to. I agree with the current inquirer that it's nearly impossible to find material on the subject, much less to find a kindred soul on the same kick... (kink???)

Consequently, through the years, I've satisfied the fetish by drawing erotic cartoons and altering sexy male pics from magazines to suit my visual fantasies.

Ironically, I had just recently snipped several pics from *Drummer* 93 and edited them into two heart-stopping tickle fantasies that are still turning me on.

Can you possibly imagine all the heart attacks I've managed to avoid checking out the thousands of hairy pits, helpless feet and tender ribs published in *Drummer*? It sure ain't easy, pal.

C.T.
New York, NY

WARM WELCOME

I wish to thank you for putting our picture in Tough Customers in *Drummer* 90 (TC 1129). You will know that we had a good response to it, and we are now in regular contact with some of the guys who wrote.

One guy arrived in town and I invited him over to meet us, and surprise, he arrived on a bicycle on which he intended to ride to France and Switzerland.

I am crazy about American football, and especially the uniforms they wear, and our visitor noticed the pictures and posters all around the room. He asked to get into a pair of football pants I had been sent some while ago, and soon a scene developed.

I became the coach and had to get the delinquent player to drop his pants so that I could spank his arse. I can imagine what he must have felt as he later put his warm butt on the seat of his bicycle. I hope that it may be kept that way along his journey, since I gave him introductions to guys on route.

Please tell the guys to keep on coming to the United Kingdom, as a warm welcome awaits them.

B.W.
London, England

KICKING HIMSELF

Two items in *Drummer* 94 that I feel a need to comment on.

First, the item in Leather Notebook about using surgical gloves for mutual protection while fisting. This suggestion is so logical and sensible that I am mentally kicking myself for not having

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thought of it myself. However, Mr. Townsend asks "...how one gets the gloves off after they are covered with questionable secretions, without getting the stuff on himself."

The same way the surgeon gets them off. Grab the cuff and turn them inside out. If both gloves are contaminated it might be best to get some help from another person. The bottom putting the gloves on and taking them off of the top might add to the scene.

One other thing, surgical gloves are usually covered with talc to make them easier to put on. This should be wiped off before getting the gloves near any sensitive tissue, such as the rectal lining. Talc may be a carcinogen and it would be best not to run into one health hazard while trying to avoid another.

The other thing I wanted to comment on was certain remarks by T.R. Witomski in his review of *Safestud*.

Mr. Witomski, I am very gratified that you felt my story "Vision Quest" was stunning and horrifying. What I was hoping to do (in addition to telling an erotic story) was to make the reader think "This can't happen here, can it?" (Answer: It can. Ask any American citizen of Japanese descent who spent World War II in a detention center.)

Anthony "Beast" Breaux
Tucson, AZ

HOT! HOT! HOT!

I started reading *Drummer* about four years ago but never really got "into" the *Drummer* scene until about a year ago when I met my lover, Rob. He too was curious but never acted on his thoughts. We've been together for over two years—during our first year (and actually the single years before that) we played safe, but knew there had to be safe but hot sex, and that's where *Drummer* enters!

One night I pulled out my *Drummers*, we smoked a joint, started talking, reading and pumping cocks. Well all I can say is doors really started to open. Seems as though we've both had great fantasies that we'd never told anyone else. As we talked we realized that we each wanted the same type of hot safe sex.

Things have gotten better every week—emotionally and sexually. For the first time, we don't see each other playing a certain role—we each have a part of us that is total top and bottom.

Now our sex sessions last hours—maybe he chews my long foreskin (I'm uncut—9") something new he found he liked, or I'm on my knees worshiping his big cut cock (8" and thick) and sucking his shaved balls—roles we'd never tried until now.

Anyway, just wanted to tell you how much we like your magazine—and keep it up! Safe is hot!

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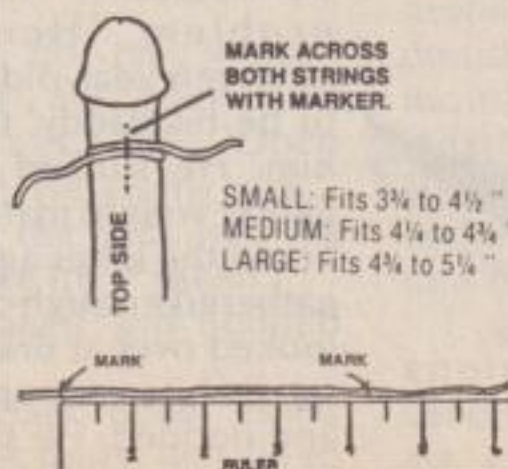
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THE MAKING OF A CHAMPION

Brad Hughes is a good wrestler, one of the best that this university's ever seen. From the first day he swaggered into my freshman English class, I thought that he was about perfect—young enough to be pretty, but old enough to be butch, like a young bull in first rut.

I hadn't seen him this semester, so I was eager for that night's meet—he was up for the conference title in his weight division. A big man with big muscles and a big attitude. But something about him...

As I walked into the arena, he was standing on a side stair that led to the locker rooms. "Mr. Carter, Sir. I have something for you." He slipped a white envelope into my hand and was gone.

I settled into my seat and opened the envelope with trembling hands. What could he have to say to me? I began reading "I never had a father. I have always sought the approval of older men, accepting their discipline..."

I looked across the floor to where he was warming up and read more. "Teachers and coaches attract me, but I also ache for love and warmth. I hope I find a daddy soon. I'm very lonely."

I was stunned, excited, bewildered—I had a new problem. Here was a nineteen-year-old asking me to be his daddy, to discipline him. He studied me as the lighter weight matches began. I read the letter again. I finally gathered enough courage and looked over at Brad where he sat in his warmups. I smiled and nodded. He smiled back. He beamed, his face glowing.

Finally Brad's turn on the mat came. Within a handful of seconds Brad grabbed his opponent by the ankles and flipped him over on his back, pinning both his shoulders to the floor. I watched as Brad jumped up and down, waving his arms above his head, displaying that magnificent body. His had been the last match; the crowd was thinning. Now what to do? Before I could stand up to leave, Brad came bounding up the stairs into the stands.

"Mr. Carter, could we talk a minute?" All the muscle crammed into that tight singlet! I wanted his full crotch and thick legs.

"You were good tonight, as usual, son," I said. Being this close to him and his heavy male odor made me hot. I felt my cock hardening.

"Thanks, Daddy." His voice was soft and trembling. It's good to see you." He shifted his weight, jutting one hip out, his basket thrust toward me.

"I've missed you," he admitted. "I always got hot watching you and your argyle socks. Tonight when I saw you smile I knew I'd win. I got the pin for you. You made me a champion. The youngest heavyweight conference champ ever." He rubbed his palm, over his stomach and down to his crotch.

"Yeah, I'm proud of you, kid." My hard-on throbbed. "You made your dad proud tonight. I'm glad you're my boy."

His face reddened, and his breathing grew heavier. His erection was clearly outlined underneath the thin fabric of his uniform. He spread his legs, tugging at his balls.

"I gotta wait and lock up. I'm the newest guy so I get stuck with the shit work. Besides—you're my Daddy now?"

"I've been your Daddy. Ever since that day we looked at each other across the room as you recited Melville." As I had watched him tell about Ishmael and the other sailors, I had wanted to do everything to him that closety Melville hadn't been able to do.

Alone now, we sat down. He slid low in his chair. We were both virtually panting. I dropped a hand to rub his bare thigh, his flesh sweaty and warm. It excited as no other skin ever had.

"Damn. I'm so happy to be here with you," Brad giggled. He moved closer, his leg pressing against mine. He rubbed the insides of his legs, running his fingers up to his cock. He fingered his curved cock.

He reached over and rubbed my cock, causing a drop of juice to ooze through my slacks.

"I like your body, your face, your mind," he almost cooed in my ear. "Sometimes I'd close my eyes in class and listen to your voice, pretending that you were talking to me alone, late at night as you tucked me in.

"Do you always wear boxer shorts?" he asked, catching me off guard.

"Yes," I replied. "Always. How did you know?"

"By the way your cock bounces. And one day I saw elastic showing above your pants. Light blue nylon—my favorite. I thought I was gonna cum right there."

"Hey, Brad," a voice called from the direction of the locker room. It's all yours. You'll be alone now."

Brad's eyes sparkled with a vitality and an impishness that excited me immensely.

"Okay," he shouted, standing. "It's just you and me now. Even the janitor's gone. We got the place to ourselves. A present from the coach and the rest of the squad. They all knew how much I wanted you."

He stepped into the aisle and walked toward the mat. I had never seen a better shape to a man's ass. It swelled out from his little waist becoming

huge, round muscle filling out his singlet perfectly.

"You wanna fuck me?" He asked as he headed for the mat. "I know how you watch my ass. And the way you ogled it in class. You like my ass, don't you?"

"I love it! And it belongs to your Daddy now," I growled as I slipped my belt free from my pants. "But not to fuck—not yet."

"Yes, that's what I need."

"Bend over, grab your ankles. And I'd better not hear you make any noise."

"Yes, Sir."

He obeyed, his ass stretching back to me, his hands tight around his high-top wrestling shoes. I brought the belt back and sliced it through the air. His ass cheeks tightened as the leather hit him. I raised it again. His cheeks clenched again. I gave him a third lash.

"You think that'll remind you to be a good boy?"

"Yes, Dad. I'll always be your good boy. Thank you for warming my ass."

This talk was getting me as hot as the belting had.

"Stay bent over, boy. Put your hands behind your back."

He crossed his wrists at the small of his back. I swiftly secured them in that position with my belt, leaving it loose enough not to hurt my boy's strong, tough hands.

With a slight shove against his hamstrings, I pushed him down onto his belly.

"Lie still, baby boy. Daddy's got a few more things to do to you."

"Oh, yes, Daddy. I love playing with you." He was moaning and sighing. This huge mass of man-boy wiggling and begging, I had to have him.

"You like my socks, boy?"

"Yes, especially if they're sweaty."

"Yeah—real sweaty. They smell like your old man's feet."

I kicked off my shoe. I pulled off my sock and wadded it into a ball. "Open your mouth. Here's my sock."

I shoved the sock into his mouth. "Like it?" I asked.

Brad moaned and nodded his head.

Moving back down to his ass, I slid his shorts legs up to reveal those juicy ass cheeks,

smooth, hairless, muscled, red from the belt. Three lines crossed his cheeks. I squeezed one in my hand. He raised his hips to meet me. I swatted his ass. He moaned, low and relaxed. I swatted him again.

"Daddy's spanking you because you're a good boy and you gotta remember to stay good. Right?" I spanked him again and again, his ass cheeks glowing as bright as his red uniform.

After ten swats, I flipped him over on his back. Tears streamed down his cheeks. I bent and removed the sock. I kissed his lips, moving my lips over his cheeks, tasting the salt of his tears.

He smiled up at me. "I always dreamed that that could happen, but now it's real. You did it, Daddy."

I sat rubbing his big chest. I looked down the length of his torso. The head of his cock outside his shorts, it bobbed in a pool of cum on his hip bone.

"I hope you're not mad, Sir. But I came while you spanked me, Dad. I tried to stop, but your hand burnt my ass until ... I loved it!"

He flipped his hair out of his eyes. "I want you to cum too. May I suck your cock?"

I hooked my fingers into his shoulder straps and sat him up. I untied his wrists. I yanked my zipper open, watching Brad lick his lips as I slid my slacks off.

I wrapped my fingers into his hair and slowly pulled him to me. On his hands and knees now, he crawled to me. He pushed the fly of my blue nylon boxers open and flicked the head of my cock with his eager tongue. He sucked my cock into his mouth.

He slapped a hand over each of my ass cheeks. His hands stroking the fabric did feel good. "Eat my cock, baby. Make Daddy feel good."

He swallowed the entire shaft of my cock, the head nestled in the back of his mouth. Moaning, he slid his mouth rapidly along the length of my throbbing prick. His head bobbed at my crotch, his teeth gently scraping the taut flesh of my penis.

I gazed down upon his enormous, well-muscled shoulders and beyond to his ass. I was obsessed with the man's ass!

"Let me have that ass of yours," I growled, pushing his head away from my cock. He whipped around, and I cupped his glutes in my palms. He moaned low, rubbing his ass against my face.

That's when I saw the hole in his singlet where the legs and the seat met. I shoved a thumb into the hole and pulled, ripping the seam open.

His asshole was surrounded with coarse, dark hair. I darted my tongue into the warm, musky darkness. He squealed, shrill and impatient. I pressed my tongue into his puckered asshole, the skin hot and eager. His sphincter relaxed, giving way. I rolled my tongue into a hard-thrusting cylinder, pushing its way into him.

"Put your tongue up my sweet ass. It's good—so good." He leaned forward, arching his back, his forearms on the mat, supporting his weight.

I strained to get more tongue in as his asshole swelled open. I tongue-fucked him, my hands playing with his cock and balls.

"Eat your little boy's ass," he said, his hands pushing my head deeper between his legs. "Get it wet. Spit on it," he groaned, spreading his buttocks with his strong, square hands. "Slobber on my asshole and then fuck me."

As my cockhead touched his hole, he moaned. "Oh, hurry, fuck me, Dad. Let me squeeze your cock up my ass. I need your prick in me, please, Daddy."

"Please, say 'Please, Papa,'" I told him, nearly taunting him.

"Please. Please, Pap. Fuck me until you cum inside me, Papa."

I plunged my cock into him, burying it. His asshole opened, engulfing me in soft, tender warmth. He knew what it was to get fucked, loved it, nearly worshiped the sensation of having a man inside him.

"Fuck me now. Hard. Fast. Make your boy into a man. Teach me, Father."

I was inside him, giving him my cock. He reared up, pressing closer against me. In one swift, unbelievable movement, he twirled beneath me and was on his back, his legs in the air. My cock remained

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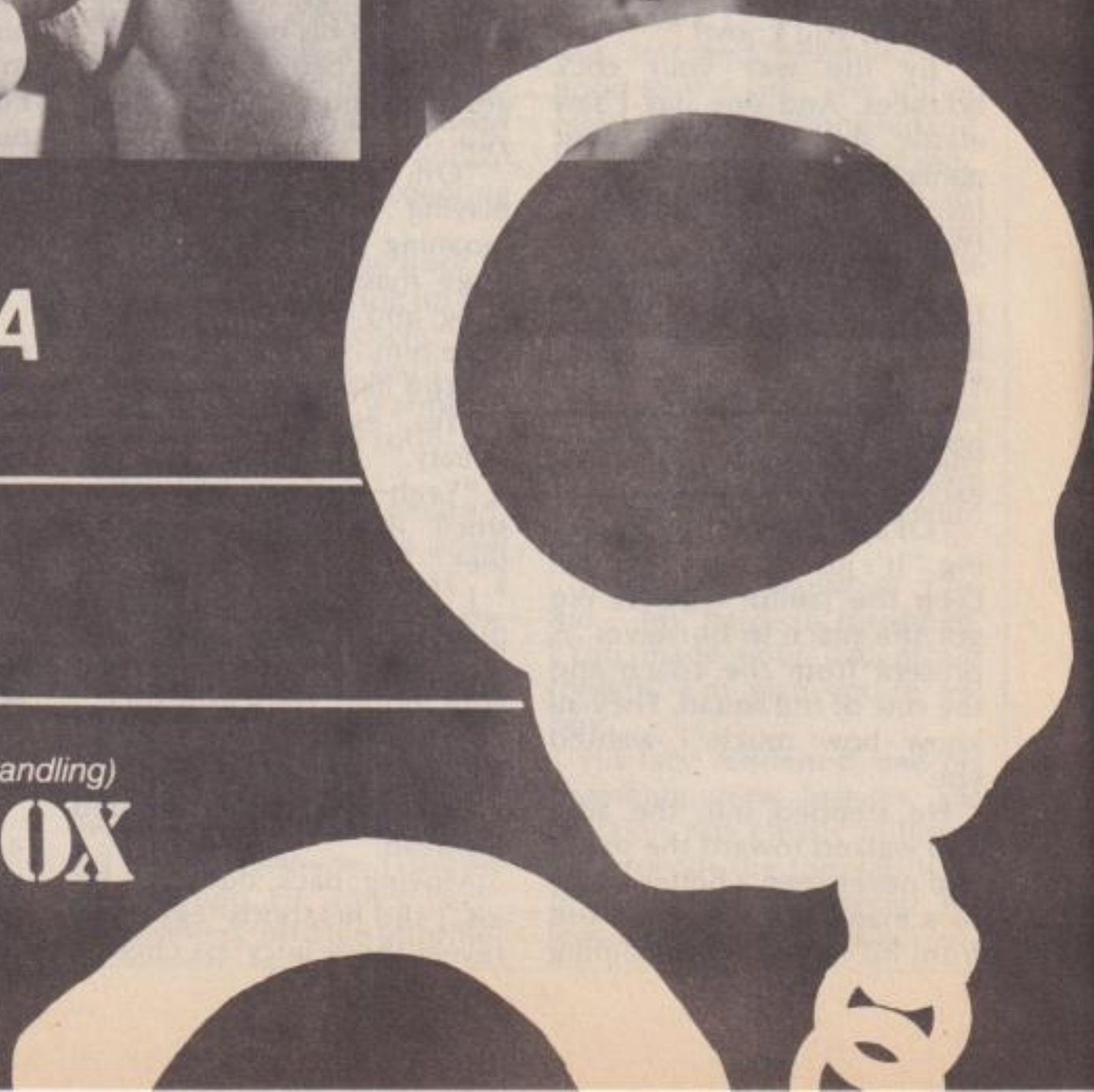
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firmly entrenched.

"I wanna see you fuck me," he said, smiling, as he leaned up on his elbows to watch my pole sliding in and out of his backside.

He wrapped his strong legs tightly about my waist, tilting me forward, sending my cock even deeper into him.

I bent close, our mouths meeting, tongue lashing at tongue, our breath hot and jagged. He moaned and sighed beneath me, his hips rocking against my loins, milking my cock. His legs spread wide, his ass grinding away, his basket heavy and throbbing. I wanted his cock.

I pulled his cock and balls out one leg opening. The fat, spongy head of his cock already was covered with clear, stringy precum oozing onto his thigh.

"Jack off," I commanded. "Now. Fast. I want you to cum again."

I let go and grabbed his ankles, spreading his legs high and wide, giving myself the best access to his anus. I rode, watching him roll his head from side to side, his hands working his thick cock and

loosely flapping balls.

"Fuck me," he whispered. A little boy pleading had entered his voice. "Come up my ass, Papa." He threw his head back, his eyes shut tight. He bucked even harder beneath me, rearing to meet my thrusts.

I felt the cum churning up from my balls, coursing through my cock. I clenched my own ass muscles, shoving all my cock into him.

"I'm cumming in you. Up your hot ass. Take it, pretty boy! Like a man!" I shouted as I felt the gusher start, a scalding spray in his ass. "Take it, baby. All daddy's sweet cream." Jolt after jolt shot into his bouncing ass.

Brad worked his cock harder, tugging on his balls, raising himself up onto his shoulders. He formed a perfect wrestler's bridge, his head on the mat, his back arching up as he neared his own orgasm.

His ass muscles tightened, clenching my cock. "Oh, yeah, this is it. Don't move. I want it to be perfect, Dad." He pulled on his cock faster, the cords in his neck standing out, all the muscles in his shoulders

and chest contracting into hard knots.

He threw his head back, yelling, "Here it comes. I'm gonna shoot!"

I swooped my head down, covering his cock with my mouth. I caught the first hot shot of jism, holding it in my mouth. I let Brad's cum gather in my mouth, savoring it, wanting more. Finally the last drop oozed onto my greedy lips.

"Kiss me," he whispered. "Put my cum back into me."

I kissed him, sharing his cum, feeding it to him. He clasped at me, pressing me down onto him, our mouths locked together.

He ran his fingers through my hair and eased my face away, looking me directly in the eyes. "Don't leave me. I need you. Honest."

"I won't," I assured him. "I'm right here," I said, twitching my cock inside him.

"I meant it when I wrote that letter. Not just to get to fuck you. I am lonely. I do need a man like you. I think I'm in love. With you, not just with a daddy."

"Good," I said, feeling the

smile stretching my face. "I like you. And I'd like to see if we are in love. Now that the season's over, you'll have more time."

"Yeah," he said, raising up on his elbows. "Let's shower. And fuck and suck in the locker room."

We did. And still do every chance we get. And he's working toward the Olympics, spends a lot of time in practice.

In the meantime, I have a drawer of boxer shorts and another of argyle socks, in every color and blend. And he's gone through quite a few singlets. His gorgeous ass always rips out the seat. But I'm not complaining, just bragging.

—Kelvin Beliele

Do you have a Daddy/son story to tell? Don't just sit there jerking off—get off your ass and write it out (or better yet, type it and save us the eye-strain). You'll get off when you see your story in print—and so will a lot of other Daddies and sons! Send to: Drummer Daddies, P.O. Box 42009, San Francisco, CA 94142-2009. □

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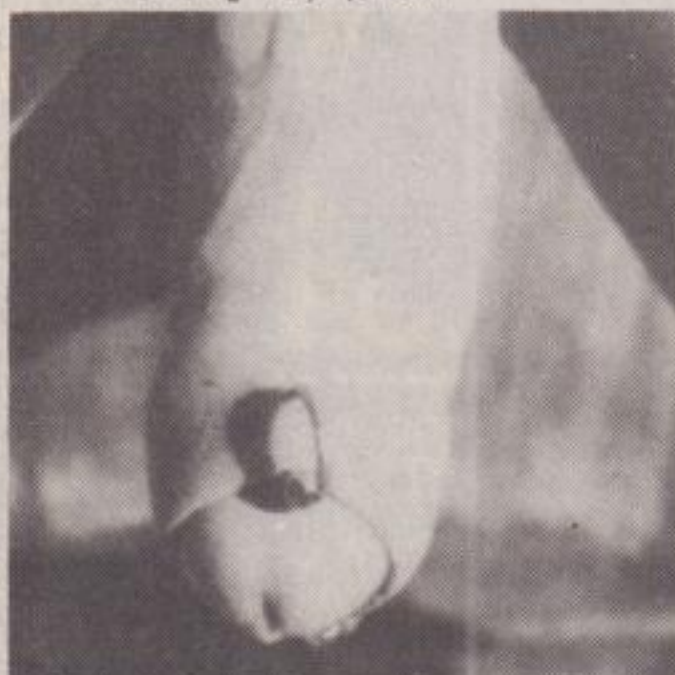
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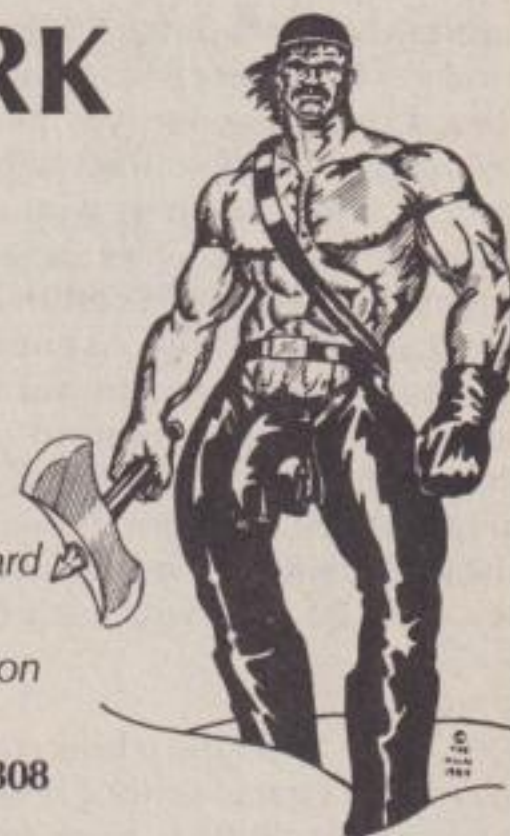
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LEATHER

NOTEBOOK BY LARRY TOWNSEND

Dear Larry,

I have been a fan of yours and of *Drummer's* for more years than I'd care to admit, but I've never seen any comments from either source on my main area of activity, or worry. I'm very much into enemas (which I know both of you have written about), but my concern is: Can this be considered "safe sex"? The scenes I've been involved with over the last three or four years have not involved such things as ass-licking or exchange of body fluids. And, of course, all the voided material simply goes down the toilet. Would you give me your opinion, please, and any suggestions? I really don't want to stop if I don't really have to.

Ward, Kansas City

Dear Ward,

Since the enema has never been my scene, I may overlook some aspect of the action more apparent to the aficionado. With that disclaimer in place, I would say that you are probably not in any more jeopardy than in a vanilla scene of sucking and fucking. (Using rubbers, etc.) I assume you are not using the same nozzle on different guys, nor letting any material back up into a tube so that it could get transferred from one gut to the other. Of course, any ass play involves the chance risk of contact between fecal material and any open wound on your hands, arms, etc. This is a universal danger, however, and certainly not confined to your specialty. As enema nozzles are cheap compared to bardex equipment, I might also remind you of the danger in using this more expensive paraphernalia on more than one person. A frequent wash up might also be a good idea. And be sure you flush the toilet!

Dear Larry,

My lover and I have been together for almost ten years, although we are both just short of 30. We have not had any outside sexual contacts for over five years, and we've both tested negative several times. I mention this only because I don't think the disease problem has anything to do with my question. My lover is really hot for "risky" sex. He is constantly trying to get me to suck him off in a park or public john, or to have some kind of a wild orgy at night in some deserted location. I keep telling him that it just scares the shit out of me to do this. I don't see any reason to risk arrest or other embarrassment, when we have our

own home (house and yard) where we could do any of these things without having to worry about the vice squad. Can you: 1) explain why he does this? and 2) offer any suggestions to cool him off on the idea? Thanks,

Scared shitless, Seattle

Dear Scared,

One night in the slammer will certainly cool him off, to say nothing of what it'll do to your pocketbook(s). These seemingly crazy sexual urges are unusual, but certainly not unique. (At least while you're doing these things with him, you know he isn't doing them with anyone else.) For many guys, the lure of danger definitely heightens their sexual enjoyment and stimulates the sensual centers in the brain more strongly than the sex itself. That's why. As to how you're going to stop him, are at least slow him down, I almost hesitate to make a suggestion. If I were in your boots, I'd probably set him up with a realistic, phony bust that would scare him badly enough to get him off the public sex kick for a while. But you'll have to figure out how to do that one. Of course, the way our recent Supreme Court decisions have been going, we are not completely out of danger doing these things in our own bedrooms.

Dear Larry,

Here's another "Dear Abby" type question for you. My folks are coming to visit in a couple of months. My friend (lover) and I live in a two-bedroom apartment. My folks probably know I'm gay, but it's never been discussed, and they don't know I'm living with another man. They are only going to be with me for three or four days, as they are driving across the country with a motor home, and will go on to the West Coast from my place. I really want my lover to stay with some friends (just down the hall in the same building) while my folks are here, but he won't do it. He says if I make him move out he won't come back. If I could just be sure of my parents' acceptance I wouldn't care, but I'm afraid to risk it. They're "bible-belt" people, and I don't want to be estranged from them. But I don't want to lose my lover, either. What should I do?

Worried, Phoenix

Dear Worried,

First, turn off the panic switch. Lots of single people, who aren't gay, share

apartments. Unless your lover's a flaming queen, they probably won't think anything about it. You say you've got two bedrooms; that would seem a perfect cover to me. As to your lover's attitude, he's perfectly right. I'd tell you the same thing. You might send the sling down to stay with the neighbors, though.

Dear Larry,

I have some friends in Germany who want to come to visit me this summer. They are pretty obviously gay/leather types. I'd love to have them, but I've heard that there is a quarantine because of AIDS. Will they have trouble getting into the U.S., or into California? (They are going to New York City first, then flying on to San Francisco.)

J.C., San Francisco

Dear J.C.,

There is (or was) a federal health service quarantine imposed a year or two ago to keep foreign homosexuals out of the West Coast area. I remember reading about it at the time. Since then, I haven't heard of its being used to interfere with anyone's travel to California. I would suggest that they not dress as if they are on the way to a leather bar, and no one is going to give them a second glance—certainly not in New York, where they will have to clear customs and immigration. Then it's a domestic flight to San Francisco, so again no one's going to question them. Even if there have been some horror stories that have escaped my notice, I'd still say not to discourage their coming. Just tell them to cool the "Gay Rights" T-shirts, and leave the leather in the suitcase until they're out of the airport.

Dear Larry,

I've seen some black latex "penis sheaths" on the market. (I think you've sold them, as well as others.) They look like big, somewhat thick prophylactics. Are they safe to use as rubbers for anal sex?

Name withheld

Dear Nameless,

I wouldn't trust them, and I have advised my customers accordingly.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via *Leather Notebook*, *Drummer*, PO Box 42009, San Francisco, CA 94142-2009.)

BOOK

SECTION

413716

GAY

1990

by

ROBERT PAYNE

and

BOUND FOR GLORY, PART VII

BY

MASON POWELL

1990

THE U.S. GOVERNMENT FINALLY DECIDES ON SOMETHING
TO DO ABOUT THE AIDS CRISIS AND 1990 IS ONLY
AN ELECTION AWAY. HALLELUJAH!

WILLIAM T. BELL

ROBERT PAYNE

The police were accompanied by men from the Agency who directed the raid on the Spike just after midnight. Twenty-seven of them in all crashed into the place, locked the doors and lined up the male patrons, a category that included about everyone. Each man, including the bartenders and other employees of the establishment had to show identification, which was confiscated. Some of the patrons who had been dancing had their shirts off and were not allowed to put them back on.

The police demanded to see everyone's health cards. Anyone with a POSITIVE stamped on their card was moved over to one side of the room. The whole procedure took a couple of hours. Some wondered why they were segregated since everyone was loaded onto police buses and taken away.

At the police station there was the strip search, dear to the hearts of all police departments the world over. Except that here the prisoners were not given back their clothing but marched down a long hall to a cavernous holding room where the "positives" were lined up with the others, then forced to copulate on the floor in front of the officers. There was much encouragement by way of nightsticks and leather belts.

Some of the officers were content with having the men simply suck one another off in a 69 position. Others insisted that the "positive" stride atop his partner and enter through the upraised anus. This all took a while as well and the officers and agency men thoroughly enjoyed the show. Then everyone's cards were restamped POSITIVE and the men were marched, still naked, to cells in the felony section of the city's jail. All other prisoners had been moved elsewhere.

Later in the night there was another forced orgy of cocksuck-

ing at the direction of the guards, but no official notice was taken of it. There were no phone calls for anyone until the next day when they were given back their clothing and moved to a federal holding jail. Before lawyers or bail bondsmen got into the act, the men were on their way to the new U.S. Health Department Internment Camp some seven hundred miles away.

The bus drivers wore government khaki and the windows of the buses were barred. As each pulled into the Dallas Health Center, the guard at the gate yelled, "Got another load of sickies for us?" and laughed heartily. The men filed out through the parking area and into a mess hall, were fed bologna sandwiches and Coca Cola, marched through the lavatory, put back onto the buses with new drivers and guards and headed east.

It was January, 1990, the inauguration ceremonies were about to be held in Washington DC and the new Liberty Internment Camp had just been opened in Georgia. The senior Senator from North Carolina had been the speaker for those opening ceremonies and he, the Attorney General and the Reverend Falgout hurried back afterward to be on hand in the capital for the inauguration.

The remarks of all three indicated that here at last was America's solution to the terrible AIDS crisis that had reached epidemic proportions. Whatever the cost, the threat was being met in this the first of the internment camps being built with undue haste across this country which had just celebrated the bicentennial of its Constitution and was looking forward to a Constitutional Convention soon in the new President's home state of Texas.

There wasn't much about it in the media, but most of the homosexual males were being shipped to internment camps in the South or the Rocky Mountain West, mostly Georgia, Arizona and Utah. First it was announced that for health treatment for men diagnosed with the AIDS virus the government was establishing camps. Then, included were shipments of men whose tests had shown positive to the test at the big new health centers in the larger cities. Included of course were food handlers, school teachers and health workers (in spite of the fact that there was a severe shortage of that category) who never knew the results of the tests they were forced to take. They were merely suspected of being homosexuals and high risk. These days, the government decided, you just can't be too careful.

The internees came by buses, trucks and what was left of the railroad system in those areas. The IRS, a branch of the Treasury Department, which is now a branch of the Justice Department, confiscated all the belongings as prescribed by the new law which the administration had finally gotten through congress. After all, it was costing the government plenty for the care and internment of these thousands and thousands of health risks.

The VA hospitals were filling up with the really sick and there were infirmaries set up in the relocation camps. But the bulk of the men were able-bodied enough and there was considerable indecision as to what to do with them. The camps were getting like the prisons that were filling all over the nation.

The porn raids were netting more and more perverts of another kind. In one home alone, agents found a garage full of smut. The man had a complete collection of Playboy dating back to issue one, as well as Penthouse and Hustler. The film of that collection being burned by Treasury agents, along with a huge marijuana harvest from northern California, made the network news. Newsmen were not allowed near the camps however. For reasons of national security, the government felt that there were still too many liberal writers who would harken back to the Japanese-Americans of the second world war. Neither Georgia nor Utah nor Arizona were particularly hospitable to escapees from the detention areas. More camps would have to be opened because of the increasing numbers of men com-

ing in every day. Government officials were surprised to find the large numbers of faggots it discovered throughout the nation.

Religious leaders, at least the more vocal ones, praised the administration's action in taking these health risks out of the general population. Now they could turn toward other fields to harvest their good works, like the abortion problem, for instance, which was proving very difficult to control. Women were getting themselves knocked up all over the place with not enough institutions to handle the product.

One thing could be said about the faggots. They weren't breeding and they were predictably dying off in huge numbers. Everyone, or at least almost everyone, agreed that the money the government had laid out for research into the disease was mostly wasted. No one had come up with a cure. A much better use of the tax money could be made putting those most likely to get the disease or to spread it around into camps where they were isolated.

The military had cooperated completely, in fact had been at the forefront of smoking out the most likely candidates for the disease. Every man-Jack in the armed forces had been tested long ago and all anyone had to have was a positive reaction to the antibody test and off they went to duty in the Internment Centers. It was a stroke of genius, having them guarding one another. Most of the soldiers were bound and determined that wherever or whenever they were exposed to the virus, it sure as hell wasn't by sucking a cock in some gay joint. And they'd prove it by how they handled their prisoners who were in their estimation less than men.

Another thing that all of the nation's pressure was producing was that all these freaks would be going back into the closet. Everything that was claimed for the nongay lib thirties and forties was nothing compared to the present situation. Gay parades were a thing of the past. There wasn't an admitted gay politico to speak of and, in business, industry, advertising and show business, it was as if there had never been anybody gay.

Whether or not you approved entirely of their methods, you had to admit that this administration was effective. The President spoke to the nation from his ranch in Texas, telling of the

drop in AIDS cases in the major cities. Of course the ACLU and a few doctors would retort that the numbers were down because the people with the disease had been moved somewhere else or that many of the cases went unreported and untreated. But the media made very little of it and the AMA was effusive in its approval of the care being given in the government hospitals. The ACLU likened the crematoriums constructed nearby for the disposal of those who succumbed, to those of the German concentration camps. However, the ACLU was pretty busy defending their own affairs as the IRS boys closed in on them after their tax exempt status had been taken away.

With the new crowd of federal judges, the ACLU stigma was the kiss of death anyway. If they were lucky enough to win in a lower court, it would be appealed higher where the conservatives had real clout. And everybody knew what the present Supreme Court had become. There hadn't been a pro-Bill of Rights decision out of that group in recent memory. You had to hand it to the Attorney General. He was *Time's* Man of The Year for good reason. And they all said he would be the worst Attorney General since Edwin Meese. It just goes to show.

So how did I get assigned to the Liberty Health Internment Center as deputy commander? Well, my connections with the council to the Washington Bureau of NRA got me introduced to the chief of security for the FBI's new Health Risk Unit.

One of the problems with the growing numbers of men in the new Liberty camps was discipline. These were not your run-of-the-mill prisoners like you find in the jails and federal prisons. Many were well-educated, formerly with good incomes. Many were professional men, albeit creative and unstable. We were reminded that they were capable of revolt. After all, the gay movement had begun with revolt in New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco. And the majority weren't sickly either, unlike those in treatment centers or the hospitals.

My background with the military in the South American conflict had put me in good stead. Believe me, I had learned how to treat prisoners personally from the rebels in Nicaragua, the governments in Chile and Brazil and the military in Argentina. These people get results. And although our government's handling of the homosexual situation was getting pretty mainstream, there were still pockets of reaction and even occasional rebellion that could be taxing to both the Treasury boys and even the domestic CIA. A revolt in one of the internment camps would be hard to cover up and might make it look like the government wasn't doing right with these sickies or couldn't handle them.

So here I was in Georgia with a whole new batch of problems. Housing and feeding all these men was a big task, although they were assigned to do most of the work themselves. KP duty, groundskeeping and maintenance don't require any outside help or budget. The whole place was run very much like an army post, without weapons of course. The men were exercised and marched. They raised their own crops like most Southern prison systems and processed as much of their day-to-day needs as possible.

Unfortunately, we were short of many supplies because of the extraordinary demands of the military in South America and other American peacekeeping missions around the world. There was even a shortage of uniforms, so other than for marching around the countryside and parading occasionally for official visitors, they were allowed to wear remnants of what clothing they brought themselves. In the Georgia weather at that time, warm clothing was not a problem. In fact, outdoor uniforms of the day consisted of cut-off denims. Footwear was for marching and with their clipped heads and ID chains around their necks, they were easy to spot and not likely to run off into the countryside.

In my efforts to show my superiors in Washington our self-sufficiency, I had the privilege of declining much of the heavier equipment that the other camps had required for road building

and plowing. Since there was an abundance of manpower, it was obvious that these able-bodied cocksuckers were husky enough to pull a plow or a wagon or dig ditches and roll paving. Some of the sons-of-bitches looked like they lived all their lives in gyms. Those that didn't when they came here were beginning to show the benefits of some hard work. My theory was to keep them busy and productive. Lord knows, they'll never be reproductive.

I was often asked about our "interrogations." What in hell did we have to interrogate them about? Of course, our fellows were often here to study them, what makes them the way they are. And our medical staff was trying to find out whatever it could about the disease itself. It was playing hob with parts of the general population, although only the male homosexuals were billeted here of course. Maybe if the government had been a little—no change that—a lot more responsive to the outbreak in the first place, we'd have been further along. Who knows?

But our problems at the time were the commies. And every few days we'd get a few of those. Who cared if they were homo or not? They couldn't do any harm here where we could keep an eye on them. And it probably wouldn't be too long before they'd catch this fucking disease in one way or another. Sort of self-liquidating you might say. There had been talk of mixing the regular prison population with these birds, but not all those guys are in for life. Infect them and who knows what. Although by the time they got out of the joint, they were homos anyway and could be shipped directly into here after they flunked their test. The public health boys knew how to read those tests too.

Of course we could use all the men we could get in the armed forces, what with the wars escalating like they were. But damned if any of the armed services wanted these assholes anyway. Infect the whole military organization it would, and I don't mean only with the fucking virus either.

These men were where they belonged and this country owed a great deal of thanks to the Attorney General and the whole justice system. And anybody who tells you that mine is a cushy job doesn't know what the hell he is talking about.

I am sitting on a power keg.

Right after Jerry died they came to the house and started asking questions. "Just a formality," they said. It had been an awful year and a half and, as I watched him fade away, I was too exhausted to think about what would be coming next. They examined me at the health center and while I tested negative, they decided I was too high a risk. I was told to be packed and ready to go by the end of the week.

The IRS confiscated all of Jerry's belongings, his car and the furniture. The landlord didn't dare give them any trouble, and our attorney, the one who was handling Jerry's estate, said I was better off just going along with them. We could have fought it in court, but the government would have appealed it until I ran out of money. And the higher courts are all administration appointees, he said. He looked relieved when I agreed, like he didn't really want me for a client.

Our group came to Georgia by bus from Houston, since Houston is considered on the eastern part of the country. Otherwise I would have ended up in Utah, I guess. It was a lot like the army at the beginning.

We drove up to the reception center and got out of the quarantine bus. There was another medical examination, an interview to see what we were good for and best at. Since I had done heavy construction, I was assigned to the company that was putting up barracks in the expanding part of the camp. I don't know what I had in mind when I brought the clothes that I did. I wished I'd had more jeans because that was all there was to wear. Because we were in construction we were allowed to keep our boots, but everyone in most of the rest of the camp was running around barelegged and barefoot.

The doctors at the reception area classified me as 1-A, just like the old draft classification, because I tested negative and in

"superior condition." That meant that they would experiment with me to see how resistant I was to everything they knew that spread the disease.

First they tried to see if the disease could be induced by sex among the 1-As. Any doctor worth his salt would tell them it couldn't. But three times a week I had to go to the "game room" at the lab, strip down and perform for them. I guess if there was anything about this place to enjoy, this would be it.

We were assigned a second classification, like the "aggressive" or the "passive" no matter what we really were. First I was "passive" for a full month and got my ass reamed by about a half-dozen guys a session. Because that ain't my style, they strapped me down at first with my ankles fastened to my wrists. Then the next night I would be on my hands and knees sucking another group of guys off. And let me tell you it wasn't only the internees I was having to suck off.

You had to call everybody in uniform "Sir," no matter what their rank, because we didn't have any status whatever. And because I was 1-A, and not much of a health risk, I had somebody's cock in my mouth most of the time, at least when I wasn't busting my ass on the job.

But that was nothin' compared to what they did to us during the interrogation period back in Texas. While they were questioning me as to whom my friends were and whom I had had sex with for the past three years, they worked me over pretty good. I was sitting in the hall waiting for another session with the health agents when they brought a couple of college guys in. It was probably in the middle of the night, although it was hard to tell with the lights on all the time and no windows. One of these guys had been brought in in his pajamas. The other had on pants but only an undershirt and no shoes or socks.

They made them take off their pajama bottoms and the other guy's pants and "examined" them right there in the hall. They were handcuffed and made to bend over spreading their buttocks with their manacled hands. One kept yelling that he wasn't queer, but the agent just told him that was what they were going to find out.

The medic took blood from them while they were bent over and then told them they would have to jerk off into a plastic cup. The agent thought that was funny, what with them being handcuffed and all, so he made them jerk each other off one at a time. I thought the guy that said he wasn't queer was never gonna shoot, but when they made the other guy get down and give him head right there in the hall, he came all right and the guy in the pajama tops spit it out in a cup that the medic put under his nose.

Finally, the agent unfastened their handcuffs and put one set back on his belt. With the other he fastened the two guys together by their ankles. "Now that you two are lovers," he taunted, "you can stay together." He made them kiss each other in front of everyone. Then I was led buck naked back into the interrogation room where the agents took turns working me over with rubber bludgeons while I told them everything I knew and some things I didn't know.

Again I got set aside while they brought in a young guy who was carrying his shoes and was in his underwear. After a while, we began to hear blows and screams and the laughter of the agents inside. Soon the door opened and he came flying out, barefoot and carrying his underwear which had obviously been off while he was getting his balls busted inside. The door opened again and his shoes were thrown out after him as he was chased back into the lineup.

Then a second man was chased over to the door. Not knowing what awaited him inside, he entered and the performance was repeated. When my turn came they had me lying naked on the asphalt tile floor and I had the choice of protecting my head or my balls from their boots. I chose my balls, since they are more used to being covered. By this time I was getting used to being referred to as "cocksucker," "faggot," "asshole," "sweetheart," and "dearie," by these representatives of my government.

Eventually we were all herded back to our cells for a pretty damned sleepless night. You would think all this would have taken my mind off Jerry's death, but all I could think of, besides what could be coming next, was the time we had together. There was one consolation. At least he was out of it.

It was close to midnight in Washington, D.C. and the heat if not the humidity of the day was finally subsiding. Not that there was any weather or time difference in this air-conditioned fluorescent-lighted government office. It looked like almost every other office in the city—bland, modern and without character. But the man whose name was on the door was of some importance. So there were draperies, a full-sized standing American flag, dark beige carpet on the floor and framed certificates of one kind or another (mostly medical) on the wall.

The man sat behind the desk in his shirt sleeves. A coffee cup was on the uncluttered desk along with a whiskey glass and a bottle of Jack Daniel's.

The other man slouched back in the Naugahyde chair. He wore a uniform of sorts, not military, but still government green. His tie was loosened and his boots were up on the coffee table. He held his glass in his hand. He felt at home in this office, although he had never been on the other side of the big Formica-topped desk. Maybe some day he might be behind it, the thought occurred to him every once in a while. That depended very much on how well the man behind the desk did in the governmental hierarchy. Which, he liked to think, depended on the man in front of the desk.

"What do you mean you're worried about Meyer in Liberty? I thought the camp was on schedule and costing a lot less than Harrison's in Utah," he questioned.

"That part's alright. We know that Meyer is using internee labor in place of the contractors. The contractors don't like that, but who gives a fuck. I don't give a shit how much they donated to the President's election campaign. I got five more camps to build in as many years. The trouble is," and he lowered his voice, "I think Meyer is on the take."

"Meyer?"

"Yeah. We're issuing disbursements for construction and road surfacing that I know the son-of-a-bitch is using internee labor for. He's getting fifteen- and twenty-dollar-an-hour help for free and he is billing us for at least half that."

"So tell him you are onto him and to knock it off. Hell, you could use him and his faggot labor force in some of those new Army camps."

"That's exactly what I'd use 'em for, but the military is scared shitless of AIDS."

"So what. They don't plan to fuck 'em, just work 'em."

"You know the military. Sometimes I wonder how they ever win anything, even against those half-starved South American troops with no real military gear."

"Well, they sure as hell aren't doing too well at this moment, not much better than in 'Nam."

"Too bad we can't send some of that manpower in the internment camps to fight. Of course they are just faggots and probably wouldn't be much good on the line."

The man in the armchair took a better look at the man behind the desk. Shit, he really believed that? It was one thing to take advantage of a group of people, persecute and exploit them, but don't ever underestimate them. He had served in Vietnam with men who were later expunged by the Corps as undesirable. They still had their medals and the men whom they had saved were still alive.

There were fighters, men of strength, among the thousands in those interment camps. He himself wasn't particularly fond of blacks, but he sure as hell wouldn't want to tangle with them physically and particularly in the courts. The niggers had the law on their side, which was more than you could say for the gays.

"How is the camp on the West Coast coming?" he asked.

"There is too much opposition in California, particularly in

the nothern part of the state. You can dump toxic wastes anywhere in the deep South or the Southwest states and all they can see are the jobs it'll create. But Washington and Oregon don't like outsiders or the government for that matter. They don't like faggots or AIDS, but they don't like anybody else either. No, I think Utah and Arizona are about as West Coast as we are going to go for a while. San Francisco is still a hotbed of political action and still has an awful lot of gays that are retaining a lot of Jew lawyers."

"Well, let's drink to AIDS. May they never find a cure." He raised his glass. "How the fuck did the Health Service get away with all those inoculations, anyway?"

The whiskey showed signs of loosening the good medical man's tongue. "We tested strains we found both in Africa and in Haiti on animals, but the reactions in chimpanzies are not the same as in humans. We started out in drug clinics with addicts. Their eventual sickness and death was easy to attribute to drug use, even overdose. It wasn't until the Agency stepped in with the idea that homos could end up fucking themselves to extinction that we tried clinics in New York. We needed to know the incubation period, the effect of antibiotics and whether or not anybody was immune. Of course, with the crossing over of the bisexuals we ended up infecting some of the general population. Speaking as a scientist," he cleared his throat for effect, "we could use a little population control anyway. The way the Bible belt is breeding we'll be up to our necks in Born Agains."

The man moved his feet from the coffee table and finished the last of his whiskey. "What happens when they find a cure?" he asked, "or a serum?"

"Now that the general population is affected, we are making headway. Remember when the Salk vaccine was released and the government suddenly found it had not made any provision for the demand. There weren't enough facilities, let alone enough vaccine. It won't be any different this time. Hell, over a century ago half the population of Hawaii died of measles when they were exposed for the first time. It wasn't long before this country took over the Islands."

"You saying that AIDS has accomplished its purpose?"

"Sure, just like the missionaries convinced the Hawaiians that their ailments were God's punishment for not being Christians. Look at the ammunition that our test-tube disease has given our fundamentalist allies. They took public opinion samples back in the late seventies to see what would get the Bible belt off its ass. Giving away the Panama Canal didn't get much of a rise out of them and you can only go so far by scaring them with godless Communism. But just mention sex and their juices start flowing. Pornography, homosexuality, abortion are buzz words for the eighties. Jerry Falwell was the first to hit the big time using them. Hell, he claimed he was pulling in a couple of hundred thousand a day from the faithful just with those three causes."

His listener changed the subject. "What the devil is the government going to do with all the men in these camps?" he asked.

"They'll die off, infect one another. To the public it'll be adding to the tragedy of the disease and their lifestyle. It is a good example for our youth. But in Utah they are being put to a more practical use."

"What the hell is that? Makin' 'em into pet food?"

The man behind the desk smiled. "Some of the 'treatments' being used on them are actually new warfare chemicals. We now have all the guinea pigs anybody could want. And the Russians know we not only have a virus but we are learning how it can be spread."

"I thought it is a venereal disease. What are you gonna do, send the fruits over to fuck the Russians to death?"

The medical man said nothing. He decided he had talked too much already. But he couldn't keep from adding a conclusion to the point of it all. "I tell you that some of that chemotherapy is chemical warfare of the most experimental nature. I wish I could be there to help in its development. I would like to have a bigger part in strengthening this country."

The other man put his feet on the coffee table and wished his chief could be there too.

The barracks were always at their quietest just before they became a beehive of activity. It was time for reveille and the men were sleeping their soundest like any military camp would. But this place was different. It had been an army barracks in another day. Plain plywood walls, metal bunks and footlockers were all arranged military style in the long rows. In the dim glare of the solitary light over the door to the can the men didn't look different from any other barracks. All youngish, all avoiding the inevitable call to the new day's dawning. The pride of their country? There you would be wrong. These youths were outcasts and even more than an army platoon, they were not there through choice.

The supervisor entered the front door and turned the lights on. "Okay, sweethearts, it's morning. Get your fuckin' asses up and stop playin' with yourselves until I tell you to."

He kicked the end of the first bed. "Come on cocksucker. Get it up and get it at attention!"

The men began climbing out of their cots and standing at the fronts of their beds. Some were nude and some had undershorts on. Some of those wore undershirts or T-shirts and a few had pajama bottoms. Many showed evidence of morning erections prior to "piss call." All stood at attention while the supervisor walked down the aisle. He completed the length of the barracks, turned and bellowed, "Strip!"

Off came whatever had kept them from being completely nude, which they now indeed were other than for a metal dog tag which hung on a short metal chain around each neck. Military tags usually hang at about the center of the chest. These chains barely made it completely around the neck. There was another dissimilarity. There was an absence of hair on the bodies of these men. Erect penises stood out from hairless crotches.

"Alright girls, start pounding your pee-pees. It's better you do it here than in a dark corner somewhere when you should be working. March!"

They walked single-file in a line toward the bathroom, pumping their cocks hard enough to satisfy the man in charge. As they entered the bathroom, they lined up in their designated spots with the glass vials on a shelf in front of them. Each vial had a number which corresponded to the one on their tags. One by one they ejaculated into the vials and placed the rubber stopper on top of each one. They handed it to one of their number who placed them in a box which had the number of the barracks lettered on it.

The supervisor told them to hurry it up, get their showers over with and get dressed. He emphasized his remarks with an occasional sharp slap across a bare ass with his nightstick. They showered for the prescribed sixty seconds each and ran out the side door to stand at attention outside. There were no towels: each man was expected to drip dry in the desert air, then together they would dogtrot to the mess hall, damp and naked.

Once a week they would be allowed to shave under more supervision than was available this particular morning. There was no talking. Several had bruises on their groins, backs and buttocks by way of learning that hard and fast rule.

Geoffrey Sterling wasn't gay but Geoffrey had enemies in high places. He was even only part Jewish, which gave him his name and his dark curly hair. He had been something of a jock in school and was the hope of much bigger things in his father's eyes. But Geoff's dark good looks, his athlete's frame, shirtless and punkish attired at the discos, his questioning attitude on campus caught the attention of a clique that was not without influence.

Geoff was not particularly religious, but his continued remarks in a class on Ethics did not endear him to the leaders of the Campus Crusade. AIDS testing was mandatory in the school

every six months and it was a relatively simple matter to get the results of Geoff's test changed. When he was requested to drop out "for the good of the institution," he went home where his father promptly disowned him. Unemployed and at loose ends, he was picked up in a sweep of the streets, his record checked and his next destination was, of course, Liberty Camp.

Geoff had never had much feeling about homosexuals one way or the other. Suddenly he found himself surrounded by them as well as by the men who were in the position of controlling them. Of the two, his empathies stretched in the direction of the inmates.

He referred to a guard as "shithead" one afternoon and found himself in the Interrogation Center. Who were his friends before he was interred? they wanted to know. With whom had he had sexual relations? How had he become infected? To his credit he named as many names of the members of the Christian Campus Crusade back at school as he could remember. No need denying whatever their opinions were of his sexuality. He could claim his virginity from now until doomsday (which seemed more and more imminent) just as many others there kept doing. It wouldn't get him out, but maybe he would get even, he reasoned.

Prompting his disclosure of these names was his treatment at the hands of the camp staff. One staffer delighted in twisting a prisoner's testicles with his gloved hand. The same man's boot kept landing on Geoff's bare toes to emphasize the question of the moment. When the uniformed inquisitor tired and took his break, his replacement had a tendency to lead Geoff around by grabbing a handful of chest hair, then pubic hair. It was at this point that Geoff decided to "cooperate."

But when the report came back some weeks later that the Campus Crusade had finally convinced the health authorities that somebody who was being grilled was lying through his teeth, Geoff was called back into Interrogation. Ball squeezing and hair pulling had been mere child's play. Geoff had a complete Interrogation's version of a health examination.

His head and body were gone over, first with clippers, then with a razor. He was as hairless as any Buchenwald inmate of fifty years before. Now, instead of a handful of hair to use to lead him around with, a nipple or again his balls would be grabbed and twisted or pulled and he would be lifted up by it while the interrogator was screaming into his face.

He learned in a few minutes to bend over and display his backside, spreading his buttocks apart for further examination. A rubber-gloved staff member searched for who-knows-what while his patient came close to passing out. Much of the questioning was done with the prisoner on his hands and knees on the floor, hands still clasping his buttocks, spreading his violated anus. The inquisitors seemed to have no names other than "Sir" and every sentence had to be accompanied by a "Sir." He no longer had a name either, constantly being referred to by a large vocabulary, with "cocksucker" being a favorite.

There was no good now in denying his homosexuality, try though he might. He had admitted to it back when he named names. But he kept trying and his questioners did their best to convince him the error of his ways.

They brought in another prisoner, a blond about the same age, who was the very opposite of Geoff's square-cut build. The fellow was led in nude but still had his body hair. He sported a considerable tan, broken only by a small bathing suit line. Geoff was already on his knees and the man was pushed up to his face.

"Suck your boyfriend," commanded the interrogator. When Geoff pulled back, a heavy leather belt landed across his back. Again and again. Then a gloved hand pushed his hairless head against the new man's crotch. Geoff opened his mouth to shout something and suddenly found it filled by the flesh of another man. A hand pushing on one man's ass and the back of the other's head began a rhythm which continued until Geoff felt the expanding of the man's cock. His mouthful was a new sensation, a strange one, uncomfortable but not entirely unpleasant. It sure beat having that belt across his back.

Eventually the man ejaculated and there was semen running down his face. Then it was the man's turn to get down on the tile floor, this time on his back and to have his legs lifted in the air. Geoff was surprised to find his own prick already stiff. Fucking this guy wasn't too different from fucking a girl. He spit on his hand, rubbed his cock and stuck it into the blond, just like his captors told him to do. It was a good fuck even if it took forever for him to ejaculate. After all, it was his first time and he wasn't used to an audience.

The next fucking however was more painful—much more. Mr. Gloved Fist was first to enter Geoff's stretched hole, followed by Mr. Are-You-Now-Or-Have-You-Ever-Been? Mr. Gloved Fist enjoyed slapping Geoff's face around while he plowed into him. When everyone was through, they kept the two prisoners around for an hour or two, buck naked, licking their government-issue boots while interrogating other prisoners with a barrage of questions.

Back in the barracks his fellow prisoners asked about his shaved head. No one asked what else had happened to him. He wondered if the blond really had AIDS. That didn't matter quite as much as the knowledge that he may have already caught something from him through no fault of either of them. Geoff was a certifiable cocksucker. Maybe even that was better than being one of the assholes that ran this institution.

Bif Hanson lay on his back in the sand near Wickenburg, Arizona. It was hard labor in the desert sun but Bif was used to hard physical labor. He was also used to many of life's luxuries. George had been a star of sorts in the NFL team he had recently "resigned" from. That had been painful enough but even more so had been the confiscation of his apartment house and his stock portfolio by the IRS to pay for his keep in this Godforsaken hole.

The team had mandatory blood tests for drug use, which wasn't Bif's problem. In fact he didn't know he had a problem until a second scan, ordered by the club owner, showed antibodies in the blood sample.

Bif's life had been pretty circumspect after he was drafted from Brigham Young University. His parents were very proud, particularly his dad, and his athletic career had shown good, solid advancement. God, nobody admitted they were gay in Bif's world. His Mormon schoolmates were the last people he could confide in next to his family, which included his older brothers. His teammates had to be kept at arm's length as well. There was very little room in Bif's world for personal enjoyment, other than leasing a new sports car every year, accumulating property and good solid investments. A tenth went to the church, of course and, happily, a large part had gone to his folks to put his younger brothers and sister through school as well as to pay for their new house. At least the government hadn't touched that.

The team's lawyer had suggested that they prove his exposure to the virus had come from a blood transfusion during an operation on his knee. But there had been no operation, just treatment. If it had been for something other than this fucking faggot plague, the team's medical staff probably would have faked it. But the owner said no and Bif Hanson got shipped to Wickenburg with as little publicity as possible. After all, there is a large part of the public that refuses to believe that sports heroes and movie stars have private lives that include getting in the sack with another sports hero or movie star of the same sex. Particularly a hunk like Bif Hanson.

He lay there in a pair of cutoff khakis with sweat running down his massive torso, making little streams that carried away the dust in a pattern. His quarterback legs had a light crust of sand clinging to the sweat on the backs of his thighs and calves. The size twelve boots were dusty but still showed shiny well-waxed portions amid the scuffs and dirt. The platoon leaders insisted on that.

Bif's bruises and cuts had healed, leaving a mark or two among his other scars from playing the game. But it was a much

worse game they played when Bif first arrived at the burgeoning camp. Here was a celebrity, an antithesis of everything everyone expected to find in a camp of interned faggots. This big supposed all-man had fallen into their hands and sure as hell had plenty to spill out to anyone who asked the right questions.

They had stretched him out between two heavy beams and ripped his Ralph Lauren shirt, his Calvin Klein designer jeans and his Gucci loafers off of him, followed by the removal of his undershorts and socks. In came one of the camp barbers and off came the hair on his chest, his groin, armpits and ass. All the while this was going on the questions kept coming, along with the taunts, the accusations and a steady stream of beltwork across his ass, back and belly.

His interrogators took turns, a couple roughing him up and one nice guy who really didn't go along with what was going on, but since it was beyond his authority, why didn't Bif just cooperate and tell them what they wanted? Like who were his friends? With whom had he had relations? How long had he been this way? Whom had he infected? What other players had he slept with? The same stupid questions over and over with the constant bludgeoning and/or the sting of the belts.

Finally, after what seemed like half the night, they released him and ran him around the outside of the building buck naked. They ran him until he was ready to drop, then made him get down and do pushups until he did drop in the dirt. They handcuffed his wrists behind his back and led him around the halls with one of the belts used as a collar and leash around his neck. Maybe it was his own belt. They got him on his back, raised his legs up and shoved the rubber truncheon into his anus, while Mr. Nice Guy sat on his upper chest and made him suck him off.

They unfastened the handcuffs and he had to crawl back to the interrogation chamber while one of the guards rode on his back. Then they really beat him. He came to in the infirmary. Nobody asked questions of course and in a couple of days he was pronounced fit to get into his work clothes and start on road work. The camp was expanding fast.

He lay there in what little shade the scrub tree provided. What in hell was he doing here? What had he done to deserve this? The extremes between this and his old life were too hard to rationalize. Were these men around him? Some were obviously gay, to a degree that the old George Bif Hanson would have avoided them at any cost. Some of them could have been schoolmates or teammates. There was nothing effeminate about them. Hell, they were suffering just like him. What had they left behind? What had been taken from them?

He felt the admiring glances his way, but he was too big, too imposing for any but the boldest to approach him. And there had been very few opportunities for conversation during his indoctrination period.

He felt as alone as at any time in his life. Maybe this was the end of his life. Mr. Wonderful, the man who has—correction had—everything had not only hit the skids, Christ, he had hit rock bottom. This was infinitely worse than being drafted into the army. It was worse than being sent to jail. He was a noncitizen with no belongings and no future and he wasn't even thirty yet. The all-powerful Mormon Church and their all-powerful God had disowned him. So had his family.

He looked over at the foreman, the only one in the group of about twenty with a shirt on. The foreman looked at him and growled, "Alright, cocksuckers, let's get to work. That means you, too, sweetheart."

The tall thin man kicked one of the youngsters who was bent over on his tail, examining a blister on his foot. It was a needlessly hard kick, meant to show authority and it landed on the small of the fellow's back. He yelled in pain and got a slap on the back of his head.

"I said let's go, asshole."

Bif got up a little faster than he had started to. "We're all victims here, why do they pick on one another?" he thought.

Bif stood up just in time to stand in the foreman's path. A step and they were eye to eye. Bif took a handful of the man's shirt and drew him closer.

"Pick on someone your own size, sleazeball." Everyone was deadly quiet. The man raised his arm to hit Bif, then thought better of it.

"Get away from me, asshole."

"Yes, Sir." Bif pushed on the man's chest and he went reeling back, falling over the boy who was still kneeling on the ground. He ended up on his back and there were laughs. He stood up, brushed himself off with what dignity he could muster. But he avoided further contact with the young man he had fallen over, who was still rubbing his head.

"I'm just tryin' to keep on schedule so we don't get in trouble," the man whined.

"Then let's get the fucking road going, guys. Our foreman here is going to apologize to our brother."

It was magic. It was team play. The foreman reached down with his hand to the fellow he had struck and helped him up. There were smiles, however strained. Suddenly Bif Hanson was the man in charge and they spread more gravel in the heat of that afternoon than they had for the first three days of the week.

That evening after mess, they were in their bunks waiting for the lights to go out. Everyone was dog tired but with a new feeling they were far more understanding. The dark-eyed kid with the short curly hair came quietly over to Bif's bunk, got on his knees and bent over Bif's surprised face. He kissed Bif right on the mouth and another surprising thing happened. George Bif Hanson wasn't embarrassed for the first time in his life. He put his arms around the boy and they stayed like that for several minutes. They held one another, fulfilling a need both had felt ever since they arrived in this hellhole.

"Get in bed, kid."

"But the guard'll be in in a minute."

"So what." Bif sat up and looked over at the bunk the fellow had left. Two of his neighbors were stuffing pillows under the cover to take the place of its missing occupant.

The youngster crawled in and pressed close to Bif in the narrow confines of the cot. Bif pulled the covers over their heads and within minutes the lights were off. He held the boy close with a hunger he had never expressed. Most of the barracks felt the boy was a surrogate of their own feelings that night... even Geoffrey Sterling, who really wasn't gay but who had been part of the road building crew that afternoon and slept in B barracks.

The Chairman of the Board sat at the head of the table in the luxurious board room. The blue-grey fabric walls and the expensive pieces of art tonight didn't evoke the pride of ownership in him of other times. The heavy chrome, glass and rosewood table, surround with soft padded grey leather and resting on specially designed carpeting was filled with some anxious faces.

One vice president announced that the new issue had gone to press that evening. Another assured the nervous board that a certain questionable article had been killed, along with a photo spread that had been the subject of many hours of debate through the past two weeks.

The chairman was also the publisher. He had been that before he ever had a board to be chairman of. He had also been the art director and the production manager in the early years of the company. Now there was a staff, a huge, expert and expensive one to make all the decisions. That was until the religious nuts decided he was the biggest and most vulnerable target around for them to begin collecting IOUs from the administration for past and future votes, whether real or imagined.

The magazine had thrived on controversy. So had its sister publication, which had a cover price of half again as much. In fact, the publicity department had tried in other times to create controversy for them. An accusation they could prove wrong or

at least deny, a little local banning in Boston or one of the redneck municipalities. It helped sell magazines and made headlines in the mainstream press.

But this was different. There were boycotts and threats of more boycotts in giant chains of retail outlets. Even if each little store only moved a hundred magazines, if the chain had a thousand of them, that was more circulation than he had started his empire with. They could fight off the religious nuts but now the government itself was stepping in. Legally or illegally, the retailers were scared shitless of the thinly disguised threats. Even if nothing came of it, it could cost everything a businessman had to defend the case in the courts for the years it would take. The Justice Department had more money than it knew what to do with. First Amendment lawyers were known for their expensive tastes.

The editor-in-chief was speaking. "But the ACLU verified conditions in the camps and gave us notarized statements about the property the government is seizing from the individuals it is shipping there. Goddamn it, this is Nazi Germany back in the forties all over again."

Homosexuals, not individuals. It was the Jews the Germans were after back in the forties—maybe homosexuals, too. He remembered reading about pink triangles. Or was it gypsies? He was publishing a girlie magazine and its readership may or may not have homosexuals among it. But their problem was pussy. And tits. Not cock.

The bluenoses hated sex, at least admitted sex. They probably fucked like rabbits and drooled over the tantalizing flesh so lovingly laid out on the pages of his product. So they had to keep toning it down, diluting the contents. His lawyers kept warning him. Every eager steely-eyed assistant district attorney in every redneck state was looking for something to enjoin against his publishing house. They would call in the feds to do the work for them. If the town was backwater enough and the state redneck enough, there would be a case to send a legal team to. It wouldn't get too far up in appeals before the case would bite the dust. But the district attorney would have ammunition for his next election and could brag to his cronies how he had taken on the big boys and made 'em eat dirt.

There had been a time when the chairman would have loved such a fight. But he was tired and he was comfortable and he had a lot to protect. Where the hell were *Newsweek* and the *Washington Post* on stuff like this? If *Time* found itself dumped off grocers' shelves, you bet they would scream like a scalded eagle.

Why him? Hell, if they wanted to get rid of obscenity, start with those foul tabloids at the checkout stands. Now that homosexual magazines were outlawed, he had toyed with putting a male body in some of the female/female photo layouts. He assumed that females occasionally liked to look at male bodies. And, no matter what his demographic experts told him, he knew he had homosexual readers. What with a tenth of the population that way, how could he not?

The discussion continued. The lawyers viewed with alarm another feature of the new issue. Shit, why didn't they just put out another *Ladies Home Journal* or *Reader's Digest* and forget what had built them into one of the top ten publishing houses.

"In our meeting with Reverend Altman, we assured him there would be no pubic area and no bare breasts, sir."

"Christ. What do you think they buy our magazines for?"

"We are all aware that last month's issue had an article by a Peabody Award winner, an interview with a Pulitzer Prize winner and excerpts from the *New York Times* list top seller."

The publisher had never aspired to win any of those awards himself and his only attempt at a novel hadn't hit anybody's top seller list. But back in his office he had a couple waiting for him to put on a show that would sell out the Shubert and he was looking forward to joining the exhibition for a menage a trois.

Let somebody else fight the fucking battle. They'd sit this out. After all it couldn't last forever. The preachers were just looking for power and the public would tire of their antipornography

tirade in a while. After the homosexuals he wondered who the next scapegoats would be.

"It's a wrap," he announced. "Let's go to press. And Webster, I want you to book a photo session for a couple of really hot models I'm going to send over to you in a day or so."

They were lined up at the infirmary for their bimonthly checkup. It was a humiliating experience, somewhat like an induction examination over and over again. They were stripped of what portions of their uniform they were wearing of course, and had blood drawn. Their skin was checked, the soles of their feet, then the "Bend over and spread your cheeks." Specimens of everything, skin scrapings and feces, then semen, was taken. But then, they were used to standing in a row and masturbating, except here the interns and staff seemed to get such a kick out of it.

Bif Hanson fascinated them. So did Geoffrey Sterling and a couple of other men who showed none of the tendencies attributed to gays in the minds of those in charge. So afterwards six of them were led down the hall to a large, almost vacant room in the pretext of further examination.

The man in the white coat required that they pair off and kiss one another, then that they lie on the cold tile floor head to feet and suck one another's cocks. Each had already ejaculated for the tests, but they had to put every bit of enthusiasm they could muster into the performance. The staff saw to that.

Sterling and Hanson made an impressive pair. The hair on their bodies had begun to grow back, Bif's Nordic blond and Geoff's Mediterranean dark. They went to work on one another's genitals with more enthusiasm than either had thought possible, considering the time and place. Each thought, "Here is a man, a real man." The hell with the where or when or why.

The place where Geoff's big legs came together seemed like a shelter to Bif. He buried his head there like he never wanted to come up for air. Geoff had Bif's big balls in his hand with as much of the rest of his equipment in his mouth as was possible. "Goddammit," he thought. "This is going to be the best fucking blow job this guy ever got." In no time at all each shot like it was the first ejaculation of the day and they were ordered to lick it up, not to waste a drop. Somebody was trying to prove something.

Next they were forced to fuck one another. At that point it took awhile, first for Geoff to orgasm, then Bif. They were both exhausted as they lay side by side while the staff worked over another pair. In a low voice Bif said, "You're not half bad, buddy."

Geoff looked over and forced a smile. "Have you had about enough of this shit?" he asked.

"Of this shit, yes. Of you, I'm not so sure."

"What do you say we do something about it?"

"This evening in the barracks? My place or yours?"

"I'm not talking about sex, you pervert."

"Whatever you got in mind, buddy, I'm with you all the way. As long as sex is part of it."

This time Geoff opened up and laughed and got a well-placed kick from a well-shined GI boot. □

1990 is a forthcoming book to be published by Alternate Publishing. Should more excerpts be available prior to next month's issue of *Drummer*, we will in all likelihood include them in our book section.



BOUND FOR GLORY

UP IN THE VOLCANO

Part VII by MASON POWELL

If you want the benefits of the volcano, then you must be prepared to pay the volcano's price," said Kevronis-at, the old man who had been a priest of the volcano god since before the days of human sacrifice.

"And what benefits are there from a volcano?" Gonar asked from the pallet where he lay recovering.

The old man laughed.

"You are not a farmer, that much can I tell, Gonar of Jhent! Why, the ash that falls when the volcano erupts is a boon to make the land rich! Better than anywhere do the crops grow in the shadow of the volcano. If once or twice in a lifetime the lava flows, that is a small price for the bounty the god delivers. Yet the rulers of Rhengfel have ignored the teaching of the god, thrust aside those of us who knew the god of old, and replaced our doctrine with one of blood. Foolish they are indeed to think that throwing a few virgin boys and girls into the crater will sway the deity who dwells there. Even more foolish are they to try! . . . And only so that they can build a stone city! How contemptible! They have traded a full storehouse for an armed citadel, and soon the god will punish them! Famine is already near. They must go further and further afield for slaves and foodstuffs. . . . When will Humankind learn that treasures of the spirit are more important than monuments to dead kings? . . . But enough of philosophy: for you, the chief benefit of the volcano is a route by which you made escape. I do not impose this initiation upon you capriciously, Gonar, for I know how much you have suffered at the hands of the falconmasks; but if any knew the secret ways who had not faced the god, then those ways would not be secret, and your escape would not have been possible."

"And Chom, my Master, has already taken this initiation?" Gonar asked. He had not seen Chom since the day after their arrival in the curious temples that the worshipers of Wa-at had built in the walls of the crater itself. Chom had trusted him to Kevronis-at and gone ahead to try and raise troops against the falconmasks.

"He has," said the priest. "It was his wish to wait for you, but it was obvious to us all that you were in no condition to face this initiation until you had healed."

Gonar nodded. They had let him take his time healing, but necessities had taken them all, one by one, away from him: Chom, Ketis, all those who had helped and who had escaped that day the giant lizard had raped him in the arena. The day Ketis had set fire to the Queen of Rhengfel.

"I have worshiped Roghgota all my life," Gonar said at last, "and I would not abandon that god for another. You, priest, know these things; how will this initiation stand with the god of my ancestors?"

The old priest smiled.

"True gods are not so petty that they demand impossible loyalties. Wa-at asks this of you because you need something of him. He will not bind you to him when you return to the land of Roghgota. Neither do I think that Roghgota will be offended. Would a merchant of rugs be upset because you bought your food from one who sold food? . . . Of course not! Just so with gods: they have their enmities and jealousies, even as we do, but they are not petty."

"All except Dworkrimian!" said Gonar.

"Dworkrimian!" the old man repeated, and he spat on the floor. "Not a god at all, but a devil! Wa-at works in the world through the volcano. Roghgota works in the world through storms and lightnings and floods. But Dworkrimian works only through accursed priests, and brings nothing into the world but more shame and evil! Someday the gods will rise against the effrontery of the Dwork and all those dark temples will be thrown down! May it be soon!"

"May it be soon!" affirmed Gonar.

There was a moment of silence in which their eyes met, joined in a rage that surpassed and underlay the current dilemma. Then Gonar sighed.

"I have delayed here long enough. The medicines of Okaeli have healed me, even as they did in Rhengfel, and Ketis has done as well by me as he can. It is time I added my strength to this cause."

Kevronis-at nodded.

"I will see that everything is prepared. Tomorrow you will meet the god Wa-at."

The nature of the initiation was such that it had been necessary for him to heal. Rape by a giant lizard left one incapacitated in a number of ways and only the soft foods they fed him and the strong medicines they gave him made his recovery swift. Now he would need all his strength in every particular.

In a tiny room in the volcano's wall he was stripped and his hands bound behind him. A fillet was wrapped around his head to keep the sweat from blinding him, like the scarlet fillets the several priests of Wa-at wore. They slid a big plug up his ass, a

plug of almost even thickness; there was only the slightest taper.

"This plug can slide out unless you hold it tight," said Kevronis-at, pushing it in the last little way. "Your buttocks must be strong to hold it, as your buttocks must be strong if you must run from the god's anger. Only those who can run when they hear his voice will survive."

Two younger priests opened the doors to the room and a blast of heat rushed in. Gonar looked out into the crater of the volcano, a weird and beautiful vision of shadows lit by dull red light seeping out of occasional cracks.

"The lava is mostly cool now," said Kevronis-at. "It rises hot and the surface cools, then it retreats. You can walk across it safely in some places, but in others it is a thin crust. If it cracks you may fall into an abyss, or into the living lava. Now look!"

He pointed and Gonar saw, high up on the opposite wall of the crater, a small shrine. Its pillars were rudely carved, the canopy over the idol rudimentary. There was a broad altar stone on which to burn sacrifices. But the statue of Wa-at, slightly larger than lifesize, was a figure of the most intense power. The body was a model of masculine strength and beauty, perfect in every way. It had a large, upcurved erection, appropriate to a god who gave harvests through fertility of the land.

The eyes were fierce, and the mouth was fanged.

"How long it will take you to reach the god is a matter of your intelligence and skill," said Kevronis-at. "You must watch your way carefully. You must hold out against the heat. Your feet will hurt, but you will not be burned. When you reach the shrine you will drop the plug you carry before the god, then mount upon his prick. If you lose the one you carry you must return here for another. There is danger, as there is in even the simplest initiation, but I believe you can do it, Gonar of Jhent."

Gonar stepped forward, setting his feet to the hot rock.

"May Wa-at watch over you!" said Kevronis-at, and the other priests echoed him. Then the doors closed behind Gonar and he was alone in the mouth of the volcano.

Even before he took a second step the heat was overwhelming, and the sweat poured from his body. He felt the plug up his ass slip a little and he tightened his hole to retain it, then moved forward. He examined the ground ahead, wondering which way was most secure. A cloud of hot air hit him and he almost choked on the foul smell of sulphur. It occurred to him that there was another possibility than the ones the priest had described. He could take too long crossing the crater, lose consciousness from loss of water in his tissues, fall unconscious and suffocate in a pocket of the volcano's foul gasses.

The danger, plus the stimulation of the plug up his ass, made his cock harden. He was suddenly once again in his element, and he stepped forward, off the smooth rock and onto hot, gravelly ash.

It took only a few steps for him to confront the danger of the ordeal.

Stepping firmly on what appeared to be solid stone with a light coating of ash, he felt the ground move, crack. His weight started to shift.

With reactions made quick by training in warfare he hurled himself backward as a chunk of brittle lava gave way and the path before him collapsed, falling away, with a sound like crashing ice, into a dark pit.

Gonar felt the hair on the back of his neck stand on end. Despite the heat a chill raised gooseflesh all over him. He took a deep breath and looked around for another way; one that might be firmer. He scrutinized the ash carefully, looking for tracks where his friends might have passed.

To the right he descried just the faintest trace of evenly spaced depressions, like week-old tracks in the snow. With his eyes he followed the trail they made, out over the surface of the lava. Near the center they ended next to a pit such as the one he had just escaped.

His heart skipped a beat. Had someone gone down there? Was it one of his friends? Perhaps Ketis? . . . Or Chom?

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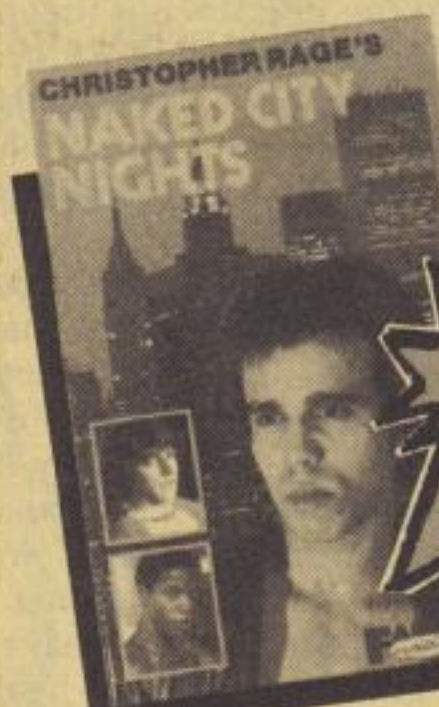


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He licked his lips. Whatever had befallen those he loved or admired, he knew that such concerns now were a sure road to his own destruction. He forced the pictures of his loved ones from his mind and looked around again, seeking a happier trail; and, keeping his mind firmly on his own survival, when he found another track (one that wound across the lava, amidst boulders, seeming to reach the slope at the other side) he followed it.

The ash was harsh beneath his bare feet and soon he left moist prints of blood behind him where tiny cuts criss-crossed his soles. It might not be the case that Wa-at demanded the lives of virgin boys and girls, but it was clear that blood sacrifice was required. The ash itself made the cuts burn, so that he felt as if he were walking on hot lava rather than the stuff that had moderately cooled.

There was strain in his belly as he took each step. He had to put his foot carefully forward and ease his weight onto it, tensing his body for a spring backward at the first sign of a collapse. There was no guarantee that the path was as solid now as it had been when the tracks were made, nor was there any sign of the size of the person who had made them. It might be that his great size and density of muscle was enough to break what his predecessor had not.

His calves and his thighs began to ache with the strain, and the plug slipped a little with each passing step. Repeatedly he had to squat and use his heel to push the plug back up him, deep into his bowel. His cock began to relax, the stimulation of pressure and danger no match for the concentration he was having to give to his journey. It occurred to him that the basic difference between torture and ordeal was whether or not there was anybody to enjoy the pain one endured. His cock stood half-stiff in the classic condition of prolonged torture, but as there was no one to enjoy the fact, what he was enduring was only an ordeal... Unless one took into account the god who received his pain as initiation gift.

He glanced up at the idol of Wa-at. For a moment the heat

made his vision waver. Despite the fillet, drops of sweat made their way into his eyes and blurred his vision. It seemed, for only a blink of the eyes, that the idol moved, inclining its head toward him, as if to focus its fierce eyes on his passage.

He blinked again and the illusion was gone. He had never yet seen an idol take on life, however many stories there might be!

He moved forward.

The path came close to one of the great cracks from which orange-red light issued, and Gonar looked down into it at a sight terrible and beautiful to behold. Red-gold it moved, like the sluggish scum that bubbles on the surface of a summer swamp. It was so hot that even high above the vision burned against his face. This was the thick blood of Wa-at, he thought, this was the heavy, hot semen of the god that in eruption flowed out through the tubes and caves of the volcanic cone, surging out, boiling out, covering and condemning all that lay in its path yet, curiously, replenishing the land and giving new life.

Gonar remembered the story of the man who had been fucked by the volcano god and he felt his cock stiffening again. He looked up to the idol and he could understand how such a legend could be born.

Did the idol move?

He crouched and bent and wiped the sweat from his eyes against his thigh. He looked up and once more the idol was still. He knew that he must get across the crater more quickly if the heat was making him hallucinate. Yet, he wondered as he moved on, was it possible that gods might still incarnate in the world? His mind wandered and he thought of arriving at the shrine to find not a stone statue but a living, breathing deity; one who would yank the plug out of his asshole, throw him down, and fuck him as no mortal ever could. Would it not be a remarkable way to die? To have hot lava shoot out of a huge prick, deep within ones bowels?

He pulled his mind away from the fantasy. What was happening to his mind? Was there something in the thick air of the volcano that was like the smoke Chom had used on him in

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Rhengfel? He dare not let his mind go astray, for his mind was now his only guide, his only safety.

Ahead, where the faint tracks led, there was a scattering of boulders where the wall of the cone above had given way. If the cooled lava was strong enough to support the boulders then it was likely strong enough to support his weight: and yet, there was still that delicate balance, the point where even a feather more could be too much. The tracks led up to the rubble, but the slide had been recent enough that there was no fine covering of ash. The tracks vanished, then reappeared further on. For a distance then, Gonar would have to pick his own trail.

He weighed the two possibilities carefully: to walk near the larger boulders on the assumption that the crust there was strong, or to walk near the smaller ones, further from the wall, on the assumption that his weight would offer less stress. He chose a path near the smaller ones, started to say a brief prayer to Roghgota, out of habit, then stopped and offered the prayer to Wa-at, looking up at the idol as he prayed. This time the idol did not seem to move.

He was halfway past the obstruction of rubble when the lava beneath him cracked and he started to fall.

With all his strength he threw his torso toward the firm edge, and as the surface beneath him vanished, his face and chest slammed down on sharp rocks and jagged bits of lava. His feet dangled and he felt a blast of heat come up around him and his heart beat wildly. He dared not breath for a moment, terrified lest any movement make the precarious ledge on which he hung fall as well.

After the last sounds of falling rock died he let the dusty air into his lungs. He felt the plug start to slip out of his asshole and he carefully tightened the muscle, still afraid that his movement might be too much.

He arched his back slightly, digging his shoulders into the sharp debris, then he inched his chin forward and dug that in. Using his chin as an anchor he walked his shoulders forward, letting his chest and belly provide traction to keep him from

sliding backward. Then he drew his chest and belly along, tiny increments at a time, moving almost like a snake as he drew himself forward.

His lower belly came over the edge, his hips, his cock, pressed tightly to the ground and lacerated by the sharp rocks. When he had half his thighs up and over the edge he felt secure enough to risk the counterweight of his legs coming up, bending, and finally making it onto the ledge. He crawled forward, then finally put his head to the ground and climbed painfully to his knees, then his feet.

He glanced back and saw that the hole which had come close to devouring him was huge. The lava at the bottom still glowed white hot, uncooled yet by the fresh air. He faced forward again, gauged his path again and moved on.

The footprints reappeared, he followed them, and soon he was at the slope that led up to the shrine. The way was steep, but at least it was not over a honeycomb crust of lava. Had his hands been unbound it would have been easy; as it was he fell and tumbled a number of times but eventually came to a place where a true path had been carved out of the side of the cone. Then he was at the shrine.

He stared up at the carved image of Wa-at, the Volcano God. What he first noticed was that the image was not carved from lava but from dark red stone, like the stuff of which Rhengfel was built. It was highly polished, as smooth and fine of texture as real human flesh. Even the hair in the armpits and the crotch was done with consummate detail. It was the work of a great artist.

At the base of the pedestal on which the statue stood there was a basket, and in the basket were a dozen or so of the plugs such as he wore in his ass. Gonar climbed up on the pedestal, squatted and let the plug slide down and out, falling into the basket. He sighed with relief. It was one thing to be fucked; it was another to be required to hold a plug in!

He looked again at the god, this time concentrating on the

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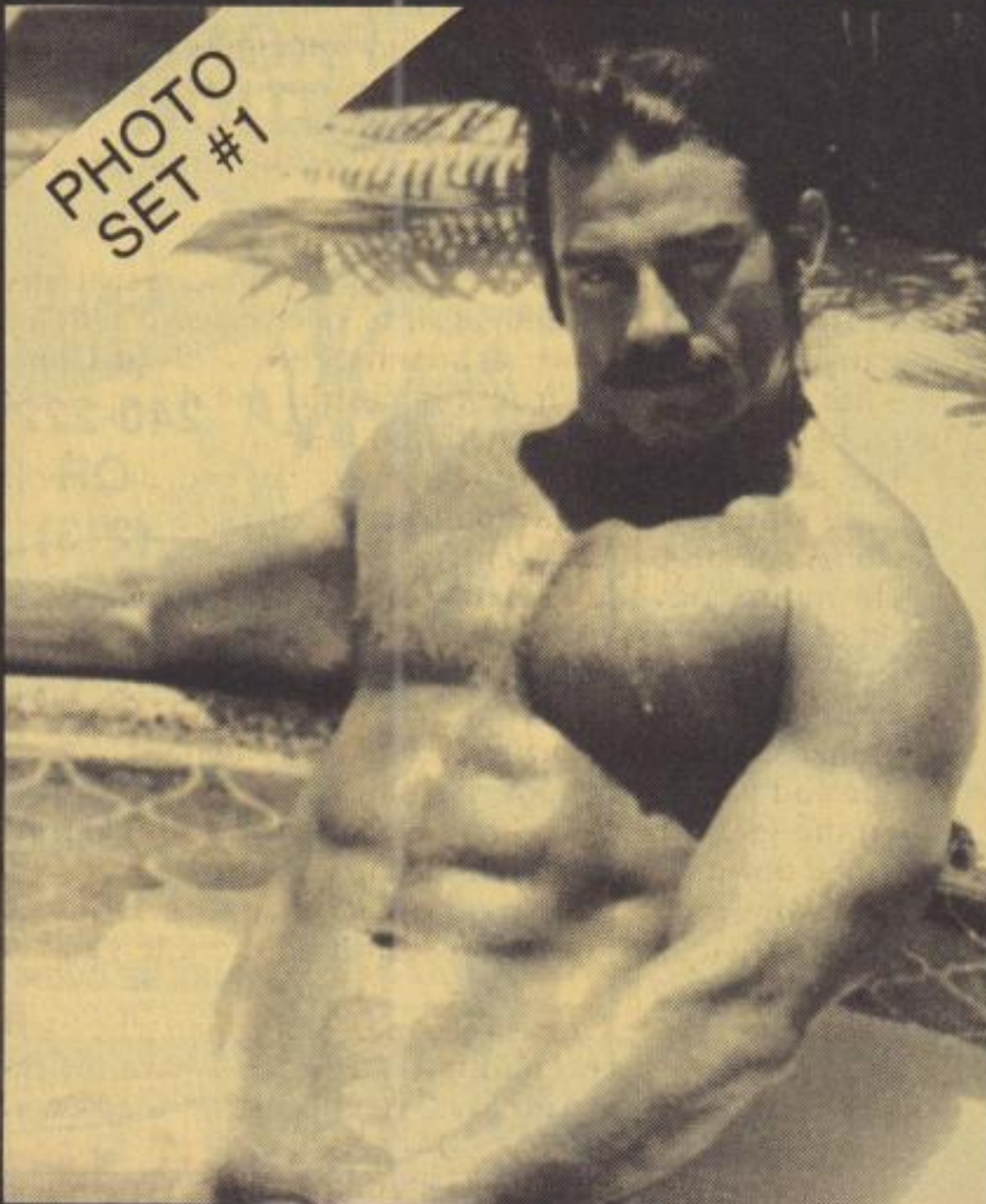
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huge, upcurved erection. He had to mount that prick, but the statue was bigger than a man and his hands were bound behind him. It was not going to be easy.

He leaned against the smooth body of the statue and was startled to find it warm until he realized that stone in the mouth of a volcano was not like stone in the cool shade of a temple. He lifted his leg high, got it over the big cock, then slid up to where he was astride it, his body pressed against that of the statue, his face against the god's powerful chest.

So far, so good!

Now to get up to where he could slip his asshole over the stone head of that big, stone prick.

He thought his actions through carefully before trying them. He didn't have the energy for failures, besides which a careful consideration of actions was often as good as doing them. The maneuver he finally decided on made use of his hands, which up to this point had been useless because they were bound behind him.

He wrapped his fingers around the stone cock behind him, then he raised his powerful legs and wrapped them around the idol's waist. He lifted with his arms and shoulders, hoping that he wouldn't break off the idol's cock, then holding himself up with his arms he moved his legs upward, one at a time. Next he used his thighs to hold him up while he moved his hands up the cock; then he repeated the first move.

The tricky part was balance, for he had plenty of strength, even in his weakened condition. If he moved a little wrong he might slide to one side or the other. It took a while, but he managed it, eventually getting his hole positioned on the stone prick head.

He squirmed his ass around, making the big head fit in, relaxing his sphincter so that he would not be split yet again. He had been torn quite enough in Rhengfel! When he got the head of the thing into his asshole he relaxed a little more, let some of his weight down on it, then, with a sigh, he relaxed completely and let the big dick slide up inside him. The last move was to release his legs from the statue's torso, so that they hung down and so that his weight was completely released. He was now completely impaled on the god's dick.

His own cock was now almost as hard as the one in him. He felt that the filling in his belly must surely force him to shoot his load, and he wanted to; but there was no motion, and he could not just reach around and pump himself. He leaned forward and rested himself against the god's powerful chest. He tried to move his groin so that his hard cock slid against the god's stone belly but it didn't work.

He stopped moving and calmed his mind. Now that the god was in him (literally!) there was nothing to do but wait. Eventually the priests of Wa-at must come and take him down, and do whatever else was requisite to the initiation. He certainly could not get down by himself any more than any other impaled man could free himself.

Time passed slowly and the dim shadows of the volcano grew dimmer. He realized that night was coming on. After a while only the red-orange glow of the lava fires lit the place. He rested his head against the god's hard chest and tried to sleep for there was nothing else to do. Was it a vigil of the whole night? he wondered.

He knew that he dozed by the sensation of coming awake. Something had disturbed his sleep but at first he could not understand what. He was as he last remembered being, impaled on the god's cock in the volcano; but what was different?

Nothing changed so after a while he dozed again. But suddenly he was fully awake as he recognized what had awakened him.

He looked up at the face of the god, terrible and beautiful in the red-orange glow, then fearfully put his head back to the god's chest.

It was there!

Very slow, very faint, but steady... A heartbeat!

Gonar shook his head, trying to drive away the daze that must surely possess him. The air of the volcano must have a drug in it, something that made him...

There was a movement inside him, a pulse as when a man stiffens his cock at will, bounces it. His eyes shot back to the glaring face, tried to discern something there but carving. The pulse inside him came again.

The sweat that was pouring off him turned cold. He had grown up on stories of the Other World but he had never seen any evidence that the Other World was more than fancy. He realized now that he only half believed in gods, or demons or afreetes. He had been content all his life to say prayers to Rogh-gota, secure with the view that the gods moved in ways unseen by mortals.

The stone dick in his bowels pulsed again, and now he felt the faintest possible movement of the hips against him.

He stared hard at the stone face of the god; into the fierce eyes, at the fanged mouth curved open in the utterance of some unknowable word. Stone idols, he had thought, were only representations of gods, not true likenesses. They were only meant to suggest the qualities the god possessed, not what

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the god might look like in incarnate form. Gods, he had been told, were not like people at all; they were more akin to ideas or forces. One only carved an idol to provide a point of reference, an object on which the mind could focus...

The head moved just slightly. Now the stone eyes stared directly at his face.

Gonar trembled.

The eyes ceased to be dull. They were no longer stone, but liquid like his own. The belly against which his own belly leaned began to move. Up, down, as breath went in and out. Gonar felt the hot breath coming from the nostrils and the open mouth even before the face softened into flesh.

The arms, upraised in menace, slowly lowered, descending in a circle around him, enwrapping him with strength.

Gonar's teeth began to chatter with terror.

The mouth moved and a voice came forth, a voice deep as the roots of the rivers, old as the ice of the glaciers, powerful as the weight of the seas.

"I am Wa-at!"

Gonar shook like a small boy. He was as helpless as a rag doll in the god's arms. The huge cock slid a small amount inside him, then the god moved. Holding Gonar against his chest, Wa-at stepped down from the pedestal and went to the altar. Without withdrawing, he laid Gonar down on the altar of sacrifice, lifted his legs so that his knees were against his shoulders and began to fuck him.

The story came to Gonar yet again, of the man who had been fucked by the volcano god. Would he now have his bowels burned out by spurts of hot lava? Would he truly die as sacrifice, claimed personally by the god?

The god began to fuck harder and faster. The passion of the

assault was like nothing Gonar had ever experienced. It was both frightening and loving, an act of aggression and tenderness. He found thoughts of consequences swept aside as the huge cock, still hard as stone, pounded into him. His own prick felt almost as stiff as the stone one in him, but he was still bound, still could not reach it to stroke. He moaned.

Wa-at leaned down between Gonar's legs, his fanged mouth open. Gonar looked into the god's eyes and saw fire. Wa-at's mouth fastened on his and Gonar tasted a hot tongue, probing, thrusting, not to be denied. He felt the fangs bruise his lips in the demand of the kiss.

His terror cracked, and out of the crack there flowed desire. He began to respond to the god's fucking, to push his ass back hard to meet the god's thrusts. An ecstasy seized him.

Wa-at withdrew his mouth from Gonar. He knelt upright as he fucked, then he bent, his body more supple than his musculature should have allowed. His fanged mouth came down on Gonar's cock, sucked it in. The hot mouth and tongue rushed over the engorged member setting it on fire. Gonar thrashed in the powerful embrace, his cock being sucked by a mouth of flames. His balls drew tight, ready to shoot.

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Wa-at pulled his mouth from Gonar's cock and licked up Gonar's chest. The fiery tongue sucked at Gonar's nipples, made them stiff. The fanged mouth bit them. Gonar struggled, fought to free his hands though he no longer knew why. His head rolled back and forth and his throat made guttural sounds. The god smiled and the fangs gave to his face an animal joy and ferocity that drove Gonar wild.

Again Wa-at kissed him, harshly. Gonar's lips cracked and bled, salt flooded his mouth. The huge cock pounded in and out of him, faster and faster. There was a roaring in Gonar's ears, a shaking in him like the earth beginning to slide. Surely the god must soon reach his orgasm!

...But Wa-at was not so weak.

His speed increased, his hammering tool driving Gonar past the stage of frenzy, past the stage where he cried out, past the stage where he screamed with desire. The god was not subject to time or mortal constraints. His fucking was a thing beyond mortal fucking. He drove and rammed and thrust, and the sheer force, the passion of it, drew Gonar up, out of the realm of mortal submission and into a new realm, a place of demigod lust where the peak was not the highest possible place, where the possible was not a limit.

Gonar went mad; knew that he was mad; knew in his bones and his soul the Divine Madness that seizes mortals who deal with gods. Had he remained a mortal in those moments he would have been shattered by such desire; but the god was kind to him, drew him out of his mortality, took him to the place where the gods had conceived sex, made him a part of that creation. He was in the Land Beyond, the place to which sex was a gateway. His nerves sang, screamed, shattered: and still he rose. His whole body and being became an orgasm about to happen, and still he ascended!

Now he was not in the mouth of the volcano: he was the world, into which the volcano erupted. All that was good and bad met in him, all that was pain or pleasure. He knew now the place he sought in Shegri. This was what mortality strove for. This was the goal of submission of will, the goal of seizing the will of others. It was all done in the hope of being taken beyond; and now he was beyond!

The god spoke, and the words were thunder and earthquake:

"Gonar! I am in you now, and I will stay in you when my seed is shot deep in your bowels. I have come to you as flesh, the way few have seen me. I give you this boon because of your honor and your courage. You have taken up the sword against mine enemy, Dworkrimian, who is the enemy of all truth and all true gods. You have done this without vain glory because it was the right thing for a man to do, and I honor you. Because you are a man, Gonar, I am come to you; and because you are a man, I now come into you!"

Wa-at's eyes glowed, his body glowed. Where their bodies touched, Gonar felt the god transform. He felt the hard-pounding cock in his asshole transform. The god ceased to be flesh, became instead a living lava, a blazing white hot plasma that burned and seared and glorified. Gonar screamed as his flesh was burnt, as smoke rose from the body of his immortal lover. Wa-at thrust hard one final time, then shot his load of blazing lava deep into Gonar's bowels, a flood of scalding molten rock that seared and burned and exploded outward, setting Gonar on fire from the inside, filling him with flames and roaring winds and planet in eruption.

At that moment Gonar was transfigured and ceased to be, his dross body burned away in immortal fires.

When he awoke he was lying on the altar stone. His hands were still bound behind him and his body ached. He lay on his side with light falling on him. That meant it was noon. The sun must be shining straight downward into the cone of the volcano. The brightness made the smoky air glow.

Two naked priests stood to either side of the altar, men young and attractive. He could tell they were priests by the scarlet fillets that bound their brows. They dripped with sweat, even as he did.

Gonar pulled himself to a sitting position, his legs spread wide. His ass hurt mightily. He felt dizzy, and there was a tingling sensation running through his blood.

"How did you get down?" asked the younger of the two priests. He had dark hair and was perhaps twenty-five summers of age.

When Gonar did not answer the other priest spoke. He was perhaps thirty, but there were streaks of white already in his black hair.

"I am Norem-at, and this is Dobrem-at. Kevronis-at watched you across the volcano last night and saw that you climbed upon the god's cock. We thought to find you still there this morning, but you have somehow escaped your impaling. Will you tell us how?"

Gonar swallowed. He was terribly thirsty, and his voice sounded harsh when he spoke.

"The god brought me here. He laid me upon this stone and fucked me."

Neither of the priests registered any emotion, but Norem-at asked: "Why would the god do that?"

"Because I have taken enmity with his enemy," Gonar answered. "Because I have opposed Dworkrimian."

The priests exchanged glances, then nodded.

"We feared it might be so," said Dobrem-at. "It means a holy war between the gods. The omens have pointed to this since the Dwork began to spread. Many will die, and those who do not choose sides will be ground up in the millstones. We must prepare to empty out the caverns."

Without further comment, Dobrem-at turned and left through an opening behind the once more quiescent statue of Wa-at.

"I don't understand," said Gonar, his mind still as misty as the air.

"Dworkrimian manifests in the world as corruption," said Norem-at. "If there is war, Wa-at will manifest through the volcano. We must hurry, for soon the lava will flow and the ash will fall. When the god is ready his action is swift."

Norem-at untied his hands, helped him up, and led him through more tunnels. The tingling sensation continued, but it was not unpleasant, just strange. It was not like the drugs the falconmasks had given him, or like anything else he'd ever known. But that was not surprising: he had never been fucked by a god before.

They came to a cavern fitted out as a common room. There were tables and chairs and chests and cabinets, and an open hearth on which clay pots simmered, sending forth delicious aromas. Gonar realized that he was hungry as well as thirsty. He headed for a table on which cups and wine bottles rested, then forgot his stomach as Chom came into the chamber through another entrance.

"My Master!" Gonar cried out, and he hurried to Chom and threw his arms around him.

Chom was dressed in fine armor; a brazen breastplate, a heavy scarlet linen kirtle over which hung bronze labels, brazen cuisses and greaves to protect his legs. He wore a bronze helmet with scarlet plumes and a good sword hung at his side. His black eyes flashed merrily as he embraced Gonar.

Gonar's cock went hard.

"They tell me you have met the god of this place," said Chom, breaking the hug and holding Gonar at arm's length. He reached down casually and squeezed Gonar's big dick, then gave it an affectionate stroke that made Gonar gasp. "Will I ever again be able to satisfy you?"

"My Master," said Gonar, "it was like..."

He was suddenly at a loss for words. There were no words with which to describe what had happened to him. He looked at Chom, stricken. He wanted so much to share with his Master everything that had happened to him, yet now...

Chom put a finger to Gonar's lips to silence his effort.

"Be still, Gonar, my Gonar," he said. "What happens between gods and men is not the same as what happens between men and men. I know that you still love me."

Gonar felt a weight lift from his heart. That he had been fucked by a god was all very fine, but it was not a thing to interfere with his love of Chom. He stood, grateful, and looked at his Master with love and the respect born of understanding.

It was many heartbeats before he noticed that others had come into the room with Chom. When he did notice he recognized some of them: Okaeli, the chiurgion; Ketis, his creamy skin now flecked with more freckles and a little bit tanned; a tall woman who had left Rhengfel with them, probably a noblewoman. There was also Chebid, Chala's brother, whom the falconmasks had castrated. He wore a long tunic now to cover his loss. For a moment Gonar felt embarrassed as the boy looked at his big, hard prick.

"Lord Chom," said Norem-at, when everybody seemed to be in the room, "What has happened during the night may preclude the necessity of a war against Rhengfel. If Wa-at is awake and angry, the tunnels by which you traveled will soon fill with lava and the evil city will be buried in ash. There will be no need to waste lives."

Chom's glossy black brows raised in surprise.

"Priest Norem," he said, "the purpose of our war is not the destruction of Rhengfel alone. We have prepared our forces to rescue those still in bondage. If the volcano destroys the city before we can make our rescue, then those we hope to help will die as well as the evil ones who deserve it."

The tall woman, whose hair was blond and bound in a knot, now spoke: "Lord Chom is right; there are many victims of the falconmasks who must be rescued. But there are also citizens of the city who have not acceded to the foul rule of the King and Queen, people who have helped us but who have not yet fled.

Those who stayed to oppose the evil that has grown there. They too deserve a chance to escape the destruction."

"The Lady Lharna is right," Chom said. "Were it not for her, and others like her, there would have been nobody to open the gates of the arena when Gonar and I faced the lizards. There would have been nobody to introduce me to Kevronis-at, and make our escape to this place possible."

"But if Wa-at is awake, and prepares the destruction of the city..." protested Norem-at.

"We have no word from the god that he plans the destruction of Rhengfel," said Chom. "At least, no word that I have heard."

"There have been omens," said Norem-at vaguely, "signs that the god was awakening. If the volcano erupts, the destruction of Rhengfel is inevitable, for that is where the tunnels lead."

"Could we not just tell them about the eruption?" asked Ketis, who had been a slave in Rhengfel since childhood. "Let them all escape?"

"And carry their evil elsewhere?" asked Chebid, speaking for the first time. His voice was harsh, his eyes filled with rage well-earned.

**Gonar screamed as his
flesh was burnt,
as smoke rose from
the body of his immortal lover.
Wa-at thrust hard one
final time, then shot his load
of blazing lava deep
into Gonar's bowels.**

"They would not listen," came the familiar voice of Kevronis-at as the old priest entered the room. "When the omens first appeared we sent word. The corrupted priests who support the King had him flayed alive and thrown into a pit of maggots."

Suddenly the tingling in Gonar's veins increased. He felt as if fire coursed along his limbs. Sweat poured from his pores and in his mind something cracked open like an egg. He felt a presence merging inside him, an alien something that seized control of his being. Through eyes he no longer owned he watched as the others in the room drew back from him; even Chom. He heard, felt, a voice speaking through his mouth, a voice he recognized but which was not his own.

"I am Wa-at, and this is my vessel, this fragile flesh you call Gonar. Hear my commands, priests who serve me! Your brother has been destroyed by those who serve falsely in my name. My bowels burn! My cock stands tall! My rage grows! In fourteen passes of the sun I will spew my seed upon this land. The wicked shall die! Then will the crops grow tall. Go to Rhengfel and rescue the righteous! Follow my prophet in all he directs and you will live through the Rain of Fire! Fail me and you will burn in the Grave of Ash that I shall make of the city. I am Wa-at, god of fire and molten stone. Worship me or die!"

Abruptly the presence was gone. Gonar shuddered, staggered. Chom rushed forward to catch him as he fell, but pulled back with a cry when Gonar's flesh burned his hands. There was silence in the chamber as Gonar fell to his knees, then finally looked up and around at everyone. Kevronis-at moved forward, sank to his old knees in front of Gonar, and kissed the floor.

"I have heard, God of Thunder in the Earth. I will obey," he said, and his voice trembled.

Slowly others in the room knelt and kissed the stone floor. Gonar felt sick, then giddy, then foolish. He was not the god! The god had only spoken through him!

"Chom!" he choked out. "What happened. What did you see?"

Chom licked his lips.

"Gonar, my Gonar," he whispered, clearly awestricken. "You are possessed by a god. When you spoke you glowed like lava. Only now does it fade. Are you well?"

"My Master," Gonar said. "I am afraid!"

They treated Gonar like a sacred animal. He was bathed and dressed in fine silks of ceremony, all scarlet appliqued with flames of yellow and orange. Armor was made for him like that which Chom wore, but it was worked over with designs of fire in yellow gold. He was expected to sit at council as they planned the war, though he had nothing to say. All this because he was possessed by a god who might appear at any moment.

He understood why it was done but he still felt silly. He was not a strategist. He had no concept of the sweep of war any more than he understood the complex issues of religion. He felt

Gonar craned his neck back and began to work his tongue toward Chom's dark asshole, letting the wet balls slide up over his nose, settle voluptuously on his eyes. He caught the smell of Chom's crotch wetted with his own spit.

as if he had been turned into an idol, a thing made of stone to put in place until the true god showed himself. This somehow made him less than he had been, for now the person he was was only a marker.

He waited for Chom to make some point, and when they turned to him he nodded his agreement with Chom. He only hoped for Chom to make no mistakes; else might Wa-at appear and gainsay him, and he, Gonar, be cast in the role of shaming his Master.

They brought him a sword, and that he understood. It was a gleaming thing of silvery bronze with a ruby set in the pommel. It was ornamented with flames wrought of gold and it balanced perfectly in his hand; a weapon of superb craftsmanship.

But the ruby made him think back to the ruby firestone that Chom had worn in a brooch, the prize that Chom had offered in the fateful game of Shegri that first brought them together. The game that had sealed Gonar as Chom's slave for life, and for love. He had not seen the ruby firestone since they'd left Jhentfel. If it had been in their bags as they traveled then it was surely now booty for some falconmask, and lost.

That night things got worse.

It had been a long time since he had been able to make love with Chom, and the desires between them were like coals too long banked. They were given a separate chamber carved out of the stone, with a large bed, many chests; even a full-length bronze mirror, the kind of treasure usually reserved for a queen. When they asked about the mirror they were told that the chamber had once belonged to a High Priestess, in the days when Wa-at was revered above all things for the fertility he bestowed.

They had supper together, relishing the time together even

more than the desire they knew they would later unleash. They ate preserved ducks eggs, quail roasted on a spit, dark bread smeared with a paste of lizards' livers, pears and persimmons in honey; all the kinds of luxury foods that could be offered them, the kind of things that would be placed on an altar as an offering. There was rich, sweet wine as well, and cheese.

They talked about the things they had not had time to discuss. Whether Fillian and Chala might live. Whether or not Prince Hrendel was still alive, and whether or not they might still rescue him from the Dwork. The chances of success in the war they prepared.

Chom made apologies for the things he had done to Gonar in Rhengfel. Gonar told him he needn't, for he understood that the things were necessary. He had always trusted his Master to work in his interests. He was grateful that they had both come through alive.

"I am only glad," Gonar said, "that I had the strength to survive what I did. That I was able to help you."

Chom smiled at him warmly.

"I knew that you would survive, Gonar, my Gonar, for I know your strength even better than you know it. And I knew that if we both survived you would understand, for that is the way of your beautiful honor. But I felt I must apologize because what I did was not of my desire but out of necessity."

They talked, in short, of the things men talk of: men who are warriors, lovers, friends. But they avoided talking of Wa-at. Gonar was afraid that to speak of the god in any way was to summon him. He felt the presence of the deity like a spying nurse behind the arras, ready to pop out and take control should the children play with fire. He did not want the god to appear. He wanted, very much, to be alone with his Master.

They finished their repast, set the wooden trenchers outside the door for the temple servers to clean, then slid the long, wooden bolt that closed them in.

Gonar took off the elaborate clothes he had been given and hung them carefully over the back of a chair. He stood naked and expectant in the center of the room. He clasped his hands behind him and looked at the floor, wondering what his Master would choose to do to him. He glanced briefly at his image in the mirror, just to be sure that his time of recovery had not diminished the body he had worked so hard for beauty.

Chom undressed slowly, stripping to the buff then putting on a leather harness such as one might wear in war to fasten on a shield at one's back. It crossed his chest, outlining his firm pectorals, highlighting his dark nipples, and attached to a wide belt at his waist. From the belt hung a small, many-thonged whip: one of Chom's favorite toys.

"Come here and kneel before me," Chom commanded softly, and Gonar did it. "Look up at me!"

Gonar looked up at his Master, his cock already stiff. Chom's black eyes stared down at him out of a face so handsome it made Gonar want to weep. The small nose, the close-cropped black beard, the tilt of the smile: the light flashed off the earring Chom wore. The lips parted, white teeth showed evenly.

"Lick my balls," Chom's smooth, dark voice said.

Gonar stuck out his tongue and began to lick, washing his Master's balls the way a bitch would wash her puppies, but more hungrily. Chom's long dick flopped against his face, then began to harden.

Chom moved his feet further apart, stood arms akimbo as his balls hung down for Gonar's tongue.

"Lick further back," Chom said.

Gonar craned his neck back and began to work his tongue toward Chom's dark asshole, letting the wet balls slide up over his nose, settle voluptuously on his eyes. He caught the smell of Chom's crotch wetted with his own spit. He moved his knees forward, scooted between his Master's legs, feeling safe and secure for the first time since their capture by the falconmasks. His tongue reached Chom's hole and he licked around in little circles, then plunged it in deep.

Chom did not moan or give any other indication of pleasure, but after a while Gonar felt his Master's asshole twitch around his tongue and he knew that he was doing what Chom wanted. He darted his tongue in and out, tasting the muskiness of his Master's ass, feeling his dick start to drip.

"Lick your way back up," Chom commanded, and there was just the slightest edge to his voice.

Gonar licked forward, reveling in the way the big balls slid off his eyes, down over his nose, across his lips and tongue; making his face wet with the spit he had used to coat them. He started to lick up Chom's big cock.

It was all he could do to keep his hand off his own shaft; but in some ways that was the best part. He was where he belonged now, totally subservient to his Master's will, doing nothing that was not at Chom's bidding. His tongue climbed the big tool hungrily, finally reached the head, sucked it out of the foreskin with such passion that his heart beat furiously.

"That's right, Gonar, my Gonar," said Chom, and now his voice betrayed the same tension of desire that Gonar felt. "Suck me! Suck my cock, suck it all the way down your throat. Make me feel how much you have missed sucking my cock!"

Gonar sucked madly. How he wanted Chom to feel just that! How he wanted to draw Chom to the same precipice of insane lust on which he now tottered. He swallowed Chom's dick, choking on it, taking it all the way down his throat then sliding his lips almost all the way off before swallowing it again. He nipped it near the base, drew his teeth along it, sucked again: and was rewarded by just the slightest groan from Chom's throat.

Chom grabbed his hair, started to fuck his mouth, holding him, ramming the big cock in savagely. Gonar was thrown off balance, nearly fell, but Chom's grasp on his hair held him upright, prevented him from falling, prevented him from dislodging the huge cock from the back of his throat. He gagged, fought for air, was ecstatic that he inspired Chom to such lust.

Chom fumbled at his belt for the whip, got it free. Gonar

tensed, forced himself to relax, welcoming the pain that he knew would come: the fulfilling pain that was different from any other because it came from Chom's hand.

The lash landed across his back, his shoulders.

Fire boiled up in Gonar's stomach.

Something was wrong, *desperately wrong!*

His head swam, his veins filled with tingling alien fire. He fought, tried to force it down, but the lash landed across his back again. He felt the force of the god within him, rising up triumphant over his paltry mortal defiance. He felt his flesh melt into fire, his mind retreat from the assault that swept aside his tenancy of his own body. As if from a great distance he saw Chom fall back, his black eyes reflecting a light where light should not have been.

Gonar felt his body climb to its feet. He felt it move forward, grab the whip and yank it from Chom's hand, tossing it away.

"No!" Chom cried, but the god ignored him.

Gonar felt his body seize Chom, hurl him to the floor, grab his legs and throw them up. He saw his hands, glowing like lava, grasping Chom's calves. He felt his body glance down, saw his cock probe for Chom's hole.

But it was not *his* cock anymore! It was a huge thing, glowing like fire as it pushed into Chom's hole, rammed, thrust deep, all the way at a single thrust.

Chom screamed. His face, so beautiful a moment before, was a mask of anguish and horror.

The god inhabiting Gonar began to fuck, hard, ruthless, his rod a fiery brand.

...And as the god fucked he looked up, looked across the room to where the bronze mirror stood, and in the mirror saw (and Gonar saw also) his reflection. Like a man covered in flames, his body perfect, huge, but with fanged teeth and terrible eyes.

Gonar felt the approach of the eruption. □

(To be continued)

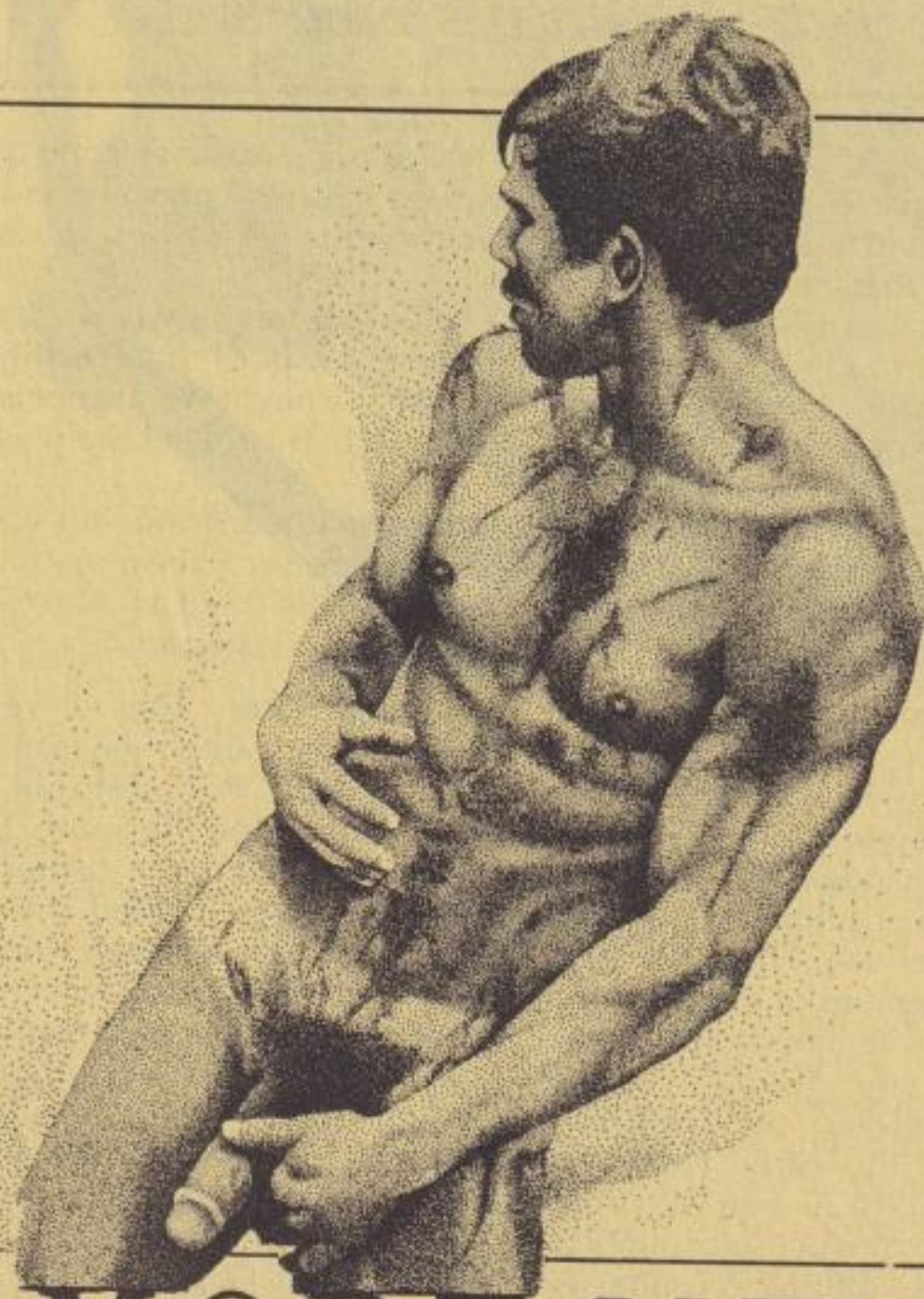
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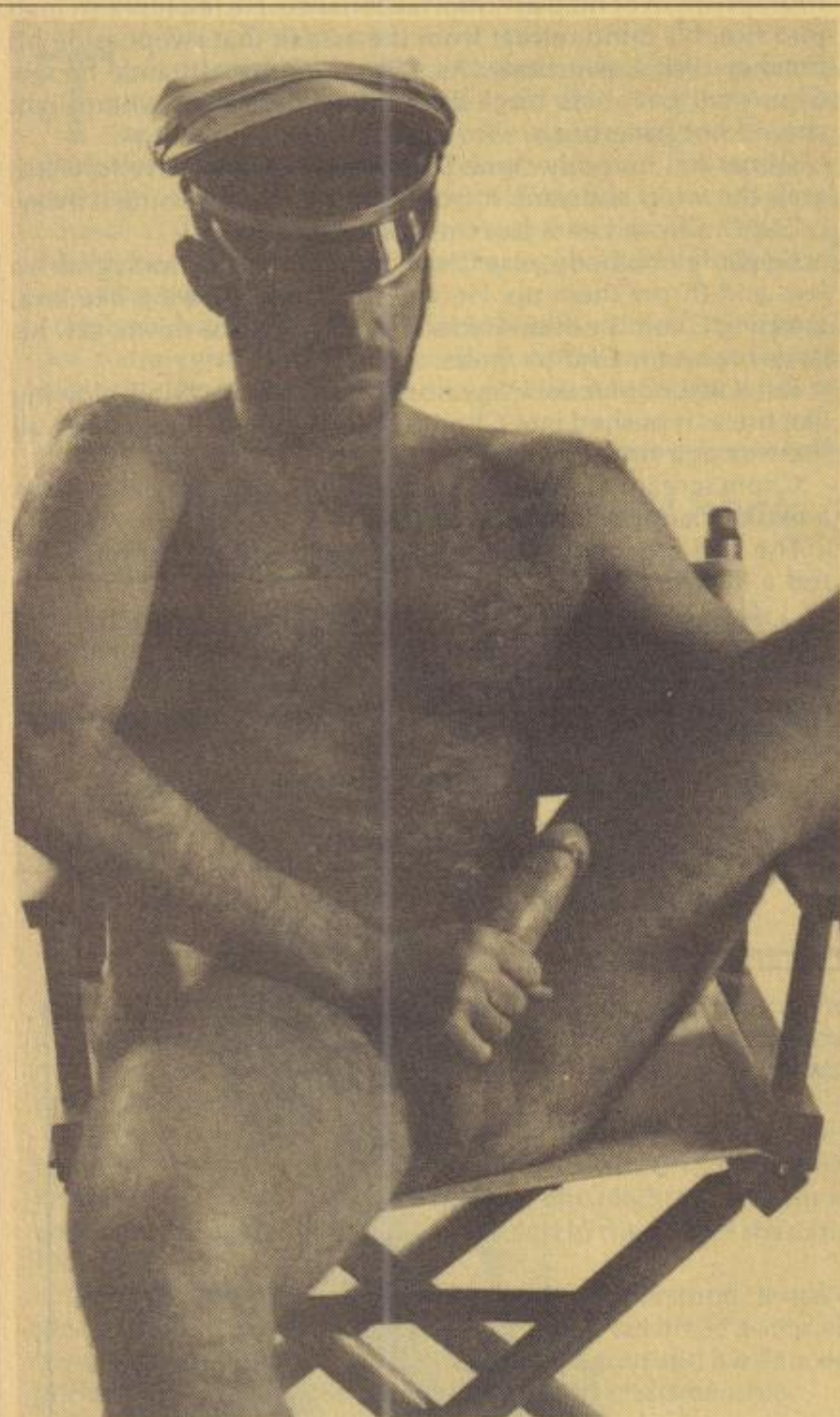


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LEATHER

BULLETIN BOARD



The late item in the last issue (*Drummer* 96) did not permit me to say what I wanted. Here is an opportunity to spend time in a lodge with thousands of acres of adjoining land with a leatheman. There are all of the amenities of a country inn with those important extras. Have you thought about Thanksgiving or Christmas? It's not too early. The lodge holds up to 20 men with bunk room to luxury accommodations. It's off I-81 in Tennessee which makes it within good commuting distance to all the urban centers of the sur-

rounding states. They have been getting leathersmen from Washington, Philadelphia, Ohio, Illinois and the South. I have talked with the owner and have corresponded with him. He is a serious man who has a unique place which those of like mind could really enjoy. If you're interested in getting away from it all, whether for the holidays or your vacation, and want to let it all hang out, then write to: Box 65, Bulls Gap, TN 37711. Send him \$1 for his brochure to help defray the cost of having it printed.

I have always had a warm spot in my heart for the French-Canadians. They have got to be the hottest men that you could ever hope to meet. Want to meet some hot French-Canadian leathersmen? Here's your chance! **MIGRATION 86** is being held August 22-24 in Montreal. Besides the events of those dates there will be a lot of activities from the Wednesday before to the Wednesday after the run. Put off your trip to the World's Fair in Vancouver, or go before Migration 86. Who's putting it on? The **MC FAUCON**. This group was established in 1979 and their motto is *Joie de Vivre*—"The Joy of Living." For those of you who are planning to go to the Chicago Hellfire's Inferno the week after Labor Day, this would really get you into the party mood and you might well see some of the Hellfire associates there. Interested? Write the M.C. Faucon, P.O. Box 833, Station A, Montreal, Quebec H3C 2V5, Canada. Oh, yeah, the run fee is \$80 U.S. A bargain for three days you'll remember.

Let me say something about runs. The soft, prissy people might not enjoy it. So many masculine men might intimidate them. These people would probably not enjoy a run. A run is a declaration of camaraderie for men of like spirits. The friendships made at these runs last long after the run is over. Do not go to a run with any expectations. Go with the idea of enjoying the men you meet. I have never been disappointed by a run. It is the best place for meeting other men with similar interests. You get out of a run what you are willing to put into it.

Remember that *Drummer* comes out just once a month, so I have to know a few months in advance when you are planning to have a big event. This column is for you. One club told me that they were inundated with letters

after I had announced their run, but they only had a few spots left since their space was limited. I don't recommend clubs unless I know something about them, or know of them personally. Of course, I cannot guarantee anything, but who in their right mind can expect that.

I never usually get political in this column, but "Whizzer" White frosted my balls this week. It's all right if a man or a woman go down on each other, or a man fucks his old lady in her poop chute. For two men to do this, the Supreme Court says, is unnatural. Screw the Whizzer! Some weak nellies will freak out over this Supreme Court ruling and look for the closest closet. Forget it! We've come too far and put out too much sweat and blood to reach where we are now to let four old men and a frustrated broad tell us what we can and can't do. The thoughtful individual will come to the realization that it is merely a minor setback. We are too strong and too well organized to allow this ruling to stop us.

Back to the Chicago Hellfire Club. If you are fortunate enough to know associate members in your community, then you must be getting ready for the biggest bash of the year. Good news for all concerned! The next Inferno will be held in 1987. Plans were to put it off until 1988, but the CHC membership decided to go ahead with it next year. If you can't make it this year, then 1987 might be your year.

If there is anything that you would like me to touch on in this column, please feel free to drop me a line at *Drummer*. Remember, this column is written for your benefit. I know that you might think that it is really for my benefit, but you can forget that. I don't get paid a cent for writing this. I do it for you! I hope you enjoy it.

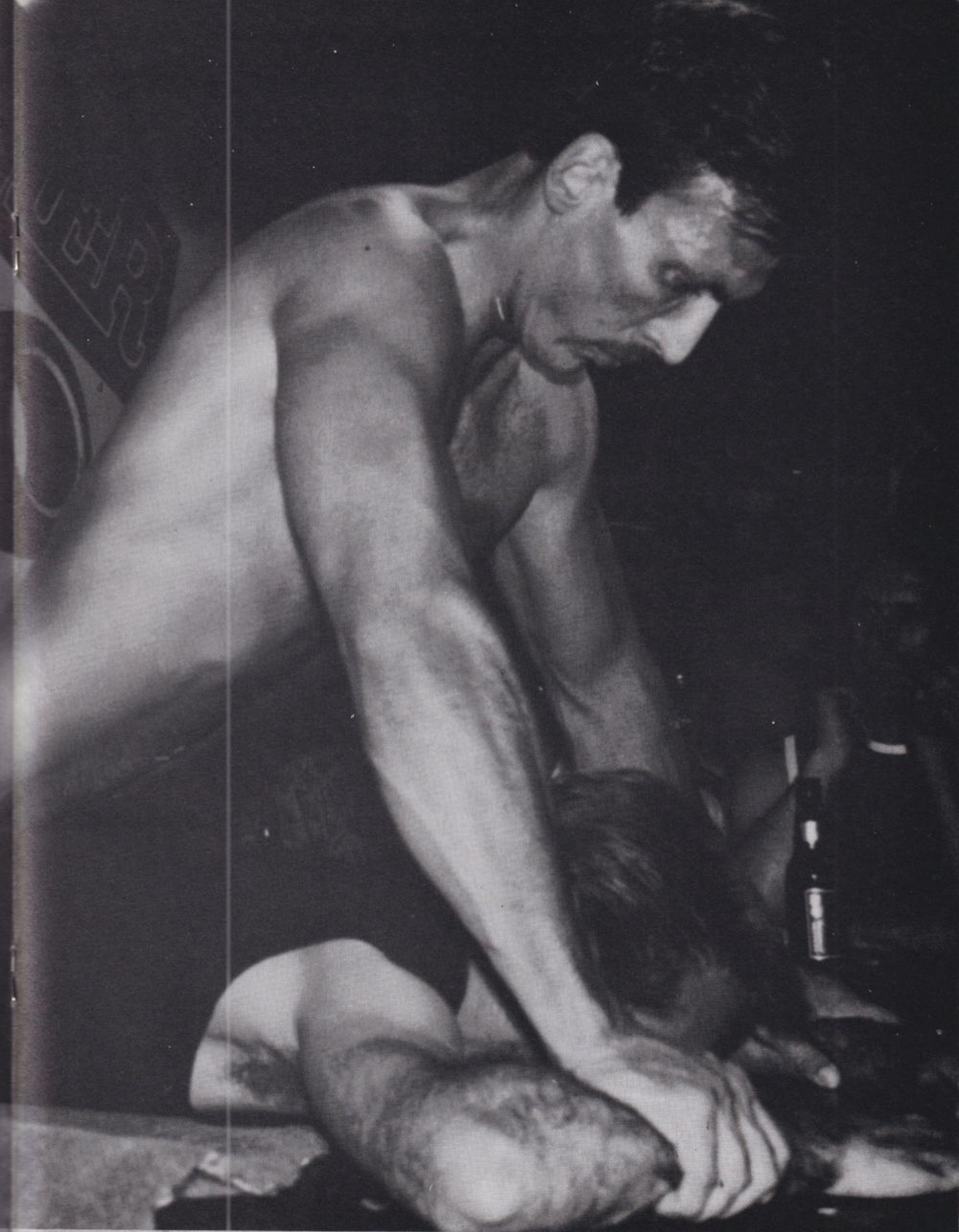
—Frank O'Rourke



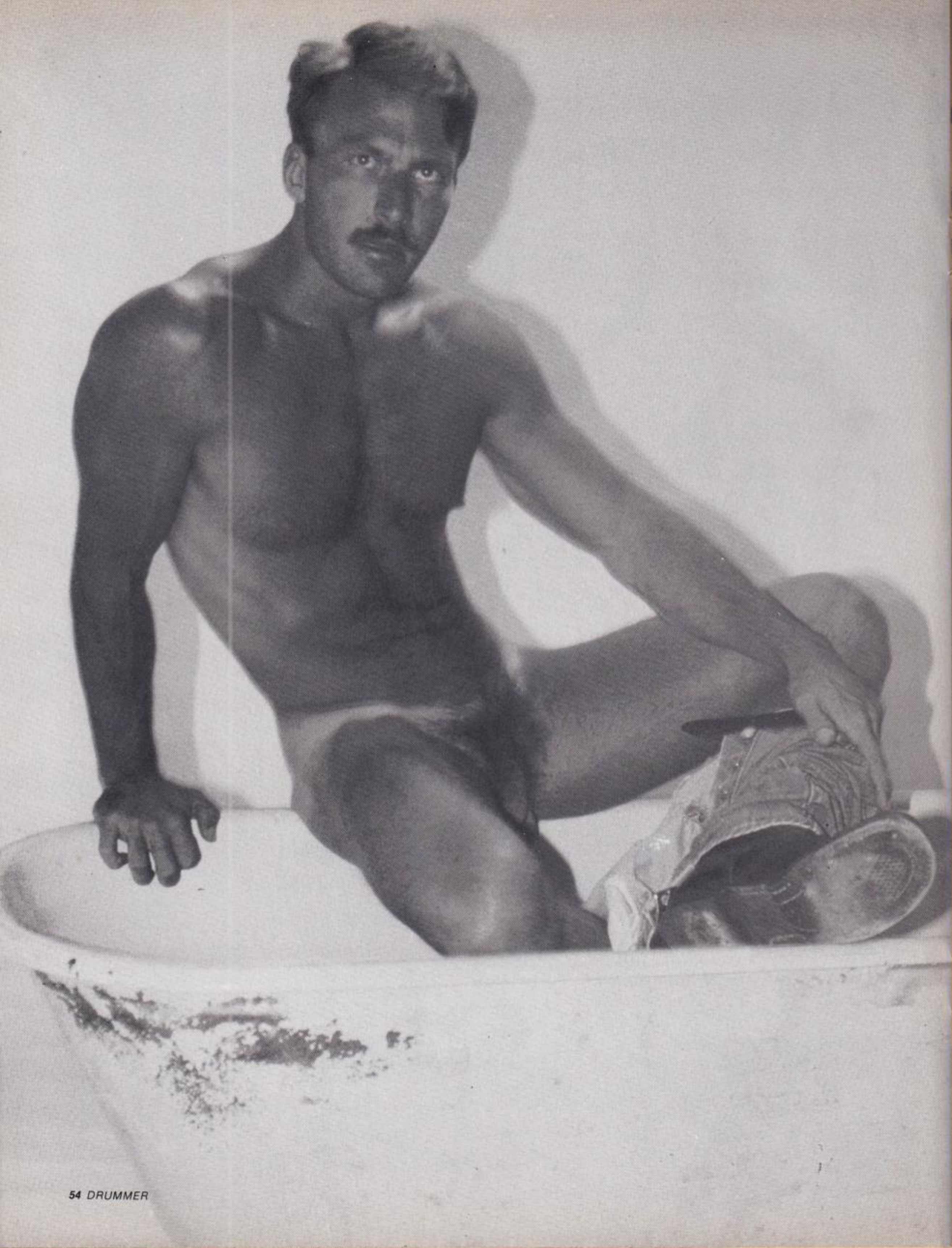
MR. DRUMMER '86

Introducing our Mr. Drummer '86, Mr. Mike Murry who is also Mr. Southern California Drummer '86 and hails from San Diego. He is well over six feet tall, wears a size 13 shoe and is articulate as well as charming. Leather is his style and he is taking being Mr. Drummer for a year very seriously. He feels Steve Reiswig has set a level for the title and he hopes to raise it even further. We look forward to Mike's year with anticipation and pleasure.



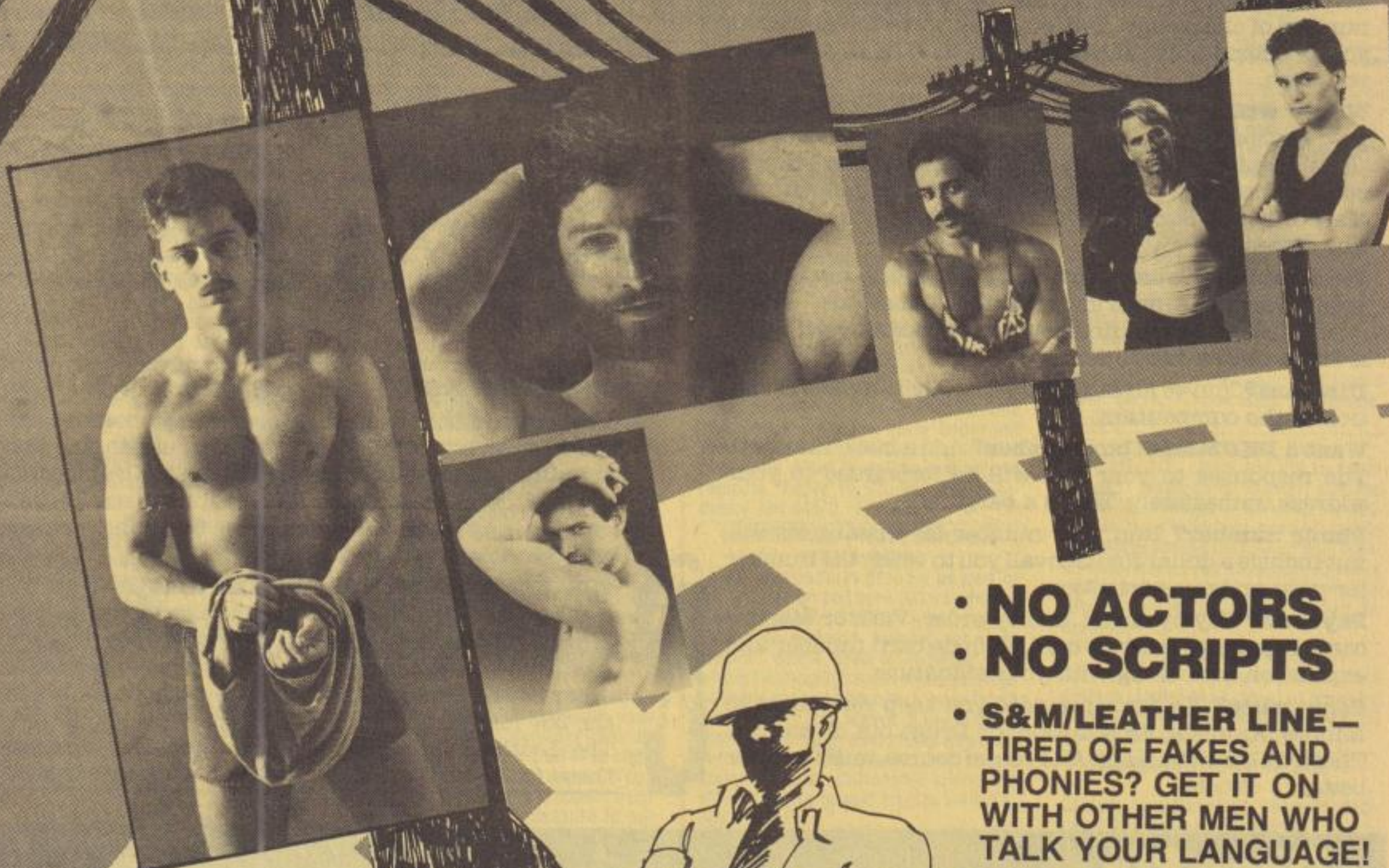


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DADDY SEEKS SON

Good-looking, healthy, GWM, 6'1", 170, 41, DC area, seeks submissive son who craves both affection, tenderness, caring and dominance, direction, discipline. All applicants considered. Into safe but adventurous sex, TT, BD, discipline, respect for limits. Send letter and photo to Box 5208.

MASOCHISTIC DAD

seeks two sadistic sons for SM family. Dad will be sons' whipping, sex and toilet slave. Sons must be 18-30, healthy, handsome and cut. Brains a plus. If you qualify, send face photo and sincere letter to Box 84, Downstairs, 132 W. 24, NYC 10011.

BIG BB LOOKING FOR HOT DAD

GWM, 27 years old, 6'2" tall, 220 lbs., black hair/beard, dark eyes, 49" chest, 32" waist, big hairy pecs with super-sensitive tits. Looking for a Master/dad with similar description. Please send photo or slides. Travel frequently in U.S. & Alaska, infrequent trips to Europe. Please write soon, Dad. I'm on my knees! Box 5154

LOVER/MASTER WANTED

GWM, 31, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown hair/blue eyes, ex-farm boy, masculine, bottomman. Seeks hairy-chested, masculine, dominant, aggressive topman for permanent one-to-one relationship. I especially like farmers/ranchers, but will answer all who respond. I can relocate. Sincere only. Jim, PO Box 421568, San Francisco, CA 94142.

QUIET, SERIOUS

good-looking, straight-acting, well-built, 38-year-old, white submissive, 5'11½", 185 lbs., hairy, cut. Longs to be captured, kept prisoner and trained to be total, lifelong, full-time slave. Wants to be collared and leashed. Forced to wear skin-tight leathers, Levis, nylon panties, rubber, etc. Seeks domineering, imaginative, sexually-sensuous Master to control every aspect of slave's life. Will relocate. PO Box 31347, San Francisco, CA 94131

VERSATILE, SAFE-SEX, LEATHERMAN

LOOKING FOR: GWM, approximately 28-45, in shape with warm personality, similar interest and preferences, for friendship and possible relationship. **MYSELF:** GWM, 38, 6', Br, 180 lbs, warm personality. Into: SM (especially mental & verbal), leather, uniform, TT, fantasies (both visual and mental) scenarios, role reversal head trips. Enjoy: BB, boating, swimming, hiking, other outdoor activities, opera, symphony, ballet, other theatre too, exploring, having fun and trying new things. **NOT INTO:** Drugs, dope, smokers, alcohol, plastic people and fuck buddies. If interested, respond with recent photo to Box 5005LF.

SLAVE WANTED

Surrender to me your body, mind, and will. Freely give to me your unquestioning obedience, servitude, and worship. Become my property, to do as I please. Wear with pride the leather collar I will custom make for you. There is no other way. You will have a long list of regular household slave duties, which you will perform naked. You may be required to work at a conventional daytime job on the outside, maybe one beneath your skill, and turn your earnings over to me, but you will know that it is right and proper for you to do so. Your reward and pleasure will come from providing service and pleasure to me and my life partner, and, perhaps, another select man. You will be ready at all times to submit to a wide range of S/M related sex, usually as passive, occasionally as active. For rebellious action, careless performance of duty, or infraction of orders or rules on your part, your physical and mental punishment will be inevitable, severe, and painstakingly sadistic. A major part of your life of service will involve leather and motorcycles. You should be between 25 and 45, masculine, reserved. Your body should be in reasonably good shape. You must be in good health. You may use moderate amounts of alcohol and tobacco. Send a recent photo of yourself and a letter detailing reasons why I should consider sending you further details and an application. Master Les, PO Box 511265, Salt Lake City, UT 84151-1265. (LF4733)

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Expert white cocksucker, asslicker, endurance champ, almost straight, seeks oversexed, insatiable, uncut, hung-thick, bull-necked, big white beefy, hairy partner, 40-80. Whiskers, balding, beergut, ugly OK. Shaven, heroic, handsome OK. Dominant, submissive OK. Mate for life. Box 4721LF

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Slim, boyish Asian male 5'5", 130, ready to submit body and mind to hunky white Master for total servitude

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MASTER NEEDS SLAVE

GWM, 37, vice president of leather/Levi club, seeks slave or trainee into Gr/p, Fr/a, CTBT, S/M, B/D, toys, for permanent live-in personal slave. Attitude and desire to serve more important than looks. Send photo and phone in first letter. Must be willing and able to relocate. Reply to PO Box 752, Sandusky, OH 44870. (LF4958)

UNIFORMED PROFESSIONAL SEEKS SAME

I wear my uniform proudly as part of my profession and seek others who do. I am 37 GWM, 5'10", 175 lbs., who's willing to undergo training for right Master, who's head is together and who is financially stable. Most services possible for right person. Live in North Carolina but can travel. One-nighters, friends or lasting relationship all possible. Not into role-playing but simply enjoy sex and relationship where the other is in charge and insures I know it. Box 4937LF

TICKLER TOP

seeks hunky tickle slave. Extreme ticklishness, plus warmth and affection a must! Box 5276

AMERICAN SCOT

seeks photo exchanges with beefy, raunchy Scotsmen everywhere. Let's see what you've got under your kilt. Write B.J., Box 4973.

THE CONTINUING QUEST

Looking for man under 38 (plus or minus) who will appreciate Master/daddy, suburban, West Coast, Florida lifestyle, some of life's finer things. Must be straight-appearing and know how to act publicly from posh parties to leather bars. Willing to work and contribute to good home life. Your limits will be respected and expanded to reach the level 12 years experience has given me. No fats, alcoholics or drugs. Serious, respectful reply includes name, address, phone and returnable photo. Box 4930LF

LIFE IS PAIN—SEX IS PUNISHMENT

The best sex is a brutal, violent act of hatred. Your cock is but one of many tools at your disposal to inflict pain. It is an angry weapon, charged with a steaming load of viciousness and contempt.

Terror is my only hard-on. Total screaming fear and torture wanted. No limits, no mercy. I supply the body, you supply the torture for as long as you want.

Destroy my will. Deliver me with intense pain. Skilled sadists into advanced/extreme torture and brainwashing only. Box 5026

BONDAGE PARTNER WANTED

WM, 5'11", 180, seeks partners for bondage sessions, light SM. Can be top or bottom. Slender, muscular preferred. Age not important. Travel PA, OH & FL. Box 5071

SPECIAL HOT MAN

wanted by special hot man, 40, 150 lbs., 5'10½", well-built, handsome (black hair, brown eyes, trim beard and moustache), very masculine, strong, smart and successful. If you're exceptional, patient, mindfucking man, I'll knock your socks off. Letter with photo gets mine. Mitch, PO Box 9395, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. (LF5077)

GERMAN SLAVE-PIG

35, 5'11", 170, offers his life to experienced, demanding Master. Let me know the privilege of fulfilling my destiny in your absolute control and in complete submission to your will. Master sets limits. Free to relocate. Serious replies to this unworthy animal, please: UPJ, PO Box 10 1154, 6000 Frankfurt, W. Germany

SERIOUS SADIST SOUGHT

by masochist who seeks the ultimate session. I offer the highest of pleasure to any sadist cold enough to enjoy it. PO Box A3704, Chicago, IL 60690.

PERMANENT LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

Can you be submissive, obedient, dedicated to pleasing your Master? Do you need heavy CB&TT and bondage of all kinds? If you're thinking "Yes, Sir," then I want to own you, boy. I am tall, trim, hung, 35, stable. My leathers, restraints, CB&TT tools, and dungeon equipment will be used to train and discipline your mind and body. I will have total control and use of my slavedog. Expect rules, punishments, chores, pain, other scenes. I want you to find happiness serving me, so you'll also get proper care and attention, even rewards sometimes. DSB, PO Box 20835, Reno, NV 89515. (LF4015)

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

HOUSEBOY FOR MASTERS

Full-time, obedient slave to be relocated for the use of 2 hot Masters. Send photo with background. Complete training provided. Box 5272

SHIT, PISS

Tell this shit slave how you'll dump and squirt it into my mouth. 6'2", 185, 29. Letters, photos, videos, asswipes. Let me be your toilet, Sir! Box 5275

PIGS, PERVERTS, WILDLIFE

lovers with any dirty top, bottom, mutual fantasies. Scat, UC, jocks, pictures, correspondence of any kind. Let's see your load. Box 5306

TOTAL SADIST

seeks abuse-craving WM masochist for heavy S/M pain trips. Emphasis on TT, whipping, CBT. Start slowly and work up to heavy action. All pre-agreed limits reached and pushed. Good build required (BB given priority). Sadist is 43, 6', 170 lbs., blond, HOT! Safe-sex guidelines followed. Box 5278LF

CELIBATE FOREVER?

Celibate male, 30, is looking for a permanent "solution" for celibacy. Can you make me chaste forever? I don't want to be able to change my mind. Prefer a young, hairless Master to donate my chastity. Be creative—solution must be final. Box 5285

BOTTOM SON WANTS HOT TOP DAD

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs., br/br, moustache, masculine, good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine well-built, not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Also interested in building a relationship as a good son to a younger, very masculine Dad. Letter with photo to Box 423, Kenai, AK 99611. (LF4403)

HOT, LEATHER TOPMAN

GWM, 34 years, 5'11", 185 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, hairy pecs with big, rock-hard nipples. Looking for similar hot tops/bottoms to 40. I am a stable, well-educated, healthy professional. Interests include photography, BB, hiking. Enjoy mutual titwork, long hot J/O sessions, jockstraps, toys and safe, hard workouts. Can be a hot Dad for the right man. Especially into uncuts, Cowboys, Asian men. No drugs or fems. Send a hot photo and/or phone to Box 4675LF

DAD LOOKING FOR SONI

If you are fem or into bars, games, drugs, or any other kind of bull shit, move on to the next ad. But if you need a REAL dad with a lot of love for you, let's talk. SON will be GWM 18-35, quiet, intelligent, industrious, loving, obedient, affectionate, submissive, very much daddy's little boy, and enthusiastically bottom. He needs a permanent, lifelong, protective and totally monogamous relationship with his dad, who will give him the love, security, parental guidance and dominance he needs. Legal adoption a possibility. DAD is GWM top, 37, bl/bl, moustache, 6', 210, professional with many interests and a lot to offer his son: permanence, security, direction, protection, love and affection when earned, bare-assed punishment when deserved. WE will live in the country and develop mutual interests that will encourage your growth as my son, while we have fun, become best friends, and develop a sexy and healthy father/son family relationship based on respect and discipline. You will submit a complete description of yourself, your life and background as well as your needs in a relationship with your dad; you will include your address, telephone number and two photographs (snaps ok, revealing not necessary) no more than six months old, and you will receive as much in return—same day. So snap to it, kid! D.A.D., 11900 Winterthur Ln., #101, Reston, VA 22091. (LF4524)

BOSSMAN RANGES FROM ROMANCE TO ROUGH

Stats: Healthy, hunky man, 47, 5'7", 155 lbs., well-built, rugged good looks, self-ish yet caring, bright, warm, imaginative, sensual, tactile, bearded, balding, big-dicked, tattooed, successful professional, wears leather, Levis, boots as well as suits, ties & jocks, diverse interests; and a nice guy. Looking to meet another man/buddy, over 40, together mentally and physically to horse around with, for a night or lifetime. Write with your phone number to RCS, PO Box 1064, New York City, NY 10022. (LF4749)

USE AND ABUSE MY COCKSUCKER

I want a long line of studs to use their throbbing tools to turn my cock slave into a permanent, human suckhole... whose reason for existing is to suck men's meat. The requirements to abuse my cocksucker includes your spit to turn it into a human spitoon; your piss to turn it into a stinking urinal; your cum to turn it into a slurping, human scumbag. After fucking the Hole... it's submission will be complete. It's whore-mouth will always be hungry... dropping to its knees and opening its dick-eating mouth... anytime—anyplace—anywhere. Write to me—The Stud—to discuss further training techniques. Your imagination in mind-control trips are of particular interest, plus your ideas on using Suck Hole's nuts as our toys for fun and games. Stipulate approximate dates you'll be in Northern California to coordinate training session times when we'll remove the big dildo from my cocksucker's mouth and replace it with the real thing. Box 4805LF

MEN IN UNIFORM!

I proudly wear a uniform as part of my profession. Seek same who wears his uniform naturally and not part of fantasy/ego trip. Am GWM, 37, 5'9", 170 lbs. Looking for someone my age group or older to be my Master/lover/companion. Looks not important, but integrity, honesty, tenderness a must. For a true man I can be most flexible. Box 4869

LEATHERSEX WANTED

Horny white male, 31, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded, versatile (top or bottom), into FF, Gr, Fr, WS, D&B, leather, S&M, more, seeks partners. Reply with photo. Bridwell, Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686.

LIKE TO WRITE?

Let's write and exchange fantasies and experiences. I like to receive and answer letters about any kind of sex. Write to Box 4731LF.

WANTS MUSCLE-DADDY

Unguided boy/slave wants very dominant body builder type willing to take on a boy in poor physical condition and make him over into Daddy's masterpiece through workouts, dominance, spankings and TLC. Needs a Daddy he can worship and emulate, who will push hard for maximum results. The boy is 28, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown (balding), blue, has a bushy beard, handlebar moustache and tattoos. Strongly desires to relocate and become Daddy's total slave and eventual prized possession. Send stats or photo (returnable), phone no., desires and expectations. Sir, to PO Box 5894, Kansas City, MO 64111. Serious offer: serious replies.

HOT, HUNG AND READY

Big-dicked, 27-year-old, fun-loving dude with hot ass seeks other well-hung men for long assplay sessions. I'm 6', 165 lbs., moustache, hairy chest and very sexy. Leather is my biggest turn-on while also enjoying cockrings, dildoes, ballstretchers, tit torture, poppers, light to heavy bondage, and heavy assplay. Equally experienced at top and bottom scenes. My body is solid, my dick is hard, my health is excellent. Letters with photos get first reply, but I promise to answer all. PO Box 5454, Louisville, KY 40205

NEED CASH? SHOOT YOURSELF

Cash (MO) paid for muscle pix of cute, hunky BBs or construction workers. Blond/blue, long hair or small hung are pluses. Polaroids fine. Sample/info. Please respond to Drummer Box 5282.

TLC FOR DEHNERS

Call (818) 913-3819.

PROVINCETOWN BOUND

Why waste time tea dancing or hanging around bars when you long to be shackled and have your tits and balls creatively tortured. Your butt may glow after an intense session, but it won't show under your speedos. Tall, bearded leatherman (40s, 170 lbs.) in P-town July 8-16. Send photo and letter to Box 4988LF or ask for Cliff at Sea Drift Inn.

MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9½", 145 lbs., seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes. Into being fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrotorture, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture, to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

EAST COAST SADIST

Asian, Latin or other small/thin lads sought for bottom/top trade-offs by tall, white, pot-bellied sadist, 6', 170, 50s. Box 4991

WM SON WANTS BLACK DADDY

40-year-old Master black daddy for full-time service. Total submissive, expand my limits. Novice in WS, bondage, C&BT and servitude. I can relocate and be self-supporting for the Black daddy that wants me. Prefer 50+ male. Bisexual action enjoyed or whatever the ole man wants of me. I want to serve for life. I am 5'11", 180 lbs., chunky, hairy build, 8" cut, large balls, tattooed. Write me, please, Daddy—I am eager and waiting to serve. Box 5093LF

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE

Manacled to a St. Andrew's cross, you try to curse through a mouth stuffed with a moisture-robbing foam ball, as newer and weightier tit clamps send twists of pain through overloaded nerve circuits. Then pleading, your cries become gasps as a toothed-parachute harness presses insistently into your encircled scrotum. Gasps become sobs as distended balls bear more and more weights. Eternity passes as buttocks redden from paddles swatting them into tortured firmness. Your asshole, stretched from its dildo-topped perch, now yields to one toy after another. Then darkness. Encapsulated in isolation from sight and sound, your nerve endings flush from sensuous strokes of leather across distended testicles, even as they recoil from drip after drip of hot wax. More than yesterday's torture, less than tomorrow's. When will it end? Will you collapse before your 40-year-old GWM Daddy gives the final rub-down with hot oil and says, "You passed, son. Cum." The tape recording of your agony will be a turn-on if you never serve another Master. Within 150-mile radius of New Orleans, can pay my own travel expenses. Can occasionally combine pain and business trips to Atlanta, Birmingham, Denver, Spokane. Most scenes, but medically-aware trips only, however heavy you ask for. Masters: describe your playrooms. May use your facilities in clients' cities. Send age, height, weight and past disappointments—be candid—to this ruthless, 6'4", 215-pounder at Box 5034LF.

ASIANS FOR FANTASY

Do you have a kinky side? Borderline fetish? Let's explore each other's fantasies. The time is now. Relationship is possible. I am 25, GWM, attractive, 6', 145 lbs. Send detailed letter/photo/phone to G.H., 495 Ellis St., Suite 204, San Francisco, CA 94102.

SON/SLAVE WANTED

33, 5'9", 145 lbs., Master/Daddy is looking for a 21-35 for training. Into C&BT, S/M, TT, B/D, WS, toys, leather, uniforms. For permanent, live-in relationship. If you think you're the right one, get with it, asshole, and send photo and phone to Butch, PO Box 9305, Ogden, UT 84409. No fats or fems.

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

PIG/SLAVE/TOILET

Handsome body builder, 26, 5'9", 180 lbs. of muscle wants life of total permanent slavery, need abusive, sadistic Master/owner to pierce and tattoo this pig. I need branding, bondage, shit, piss, puke, filth, humiliation, cages, chains, rubber, leather, whippings, kicks, obscene tattoos (including face), mutilation, piercings (many enlarged), beatings, medical experiments, total mind control, shackles, nipples enlarged, asshole stretched beyond limits, mummification, shaving, electrolysis, exhibitionism, brainwashing, sewers, dungeons, kennels, discipline, torture, weights, confinement, verbal abuse, cigarette burns, damage. Sir, if possible, please send photo, though age, race, looks aren't important to me. What is important is that you're serious about transforming me into your mindless, groveling slave. Box 5104

DRUMMER MAGS

for sale. *Drummer* 1 thru 90 plus 8 supplements. Excellent condition. \$420. Collector, PO Box 21025, Long Beach, CA 90801.

TALL, MUSCULAR SLAVE

Seeking hung leathermen for action. Phone/photo/description. PO Box 11292, Kansas City, MO 64119.

COLLEGE VARSITY ATHLETE

25 y.o., muscular, all-American looks, 6', 185 lbs., 44" chest, 31" waist, seeks similar for mansex. Box 5269

HORNY BUDDIES

I get off on pumping iron, funky music, fishing, camping, horseback riding, horny parties, getting buck-ass naked with my asshole buddies, drinking beer, taking a long piss in a thirsty mouth, getting my wang sucked and butt eaten, fucking hot pussy bitches, wrestling naked on the bone, sucking dicks, eating shit holes, drinking piss and getting the snot jacked out of my horny-snake until the mother fucker's bone dry. Tell me about it, dude. Your letter gets mine. Box 5290

READ THIS

Are you into self-abuse? Inflicting your own enemas, catheters, TT, shaving, ball beating/weights, cock whipping, drinking your own piss/cum? Fucking yourself? I'm 24 yrs old. Let's exchange hot photos, videos and ideas. PO Box 18886, Baltimore, MD 21206-0886.

DOMINANT PIERCING PIERCED TOP DESIRED FOR STARTERS

Multiple pierced, including Prince Albert, man's man, youthful, handsome, responsible, professional, 40, 5'8", 130, bottom. NY, CT, RI, MA areas. One ad only. Box 5297

HERNIA?

GWM, 35, 6'1", 160, hot body, moustache, seeks man 30-50 with large hernia for hot sex. Safe sex. Will travel. Box 5256

WANTED SLAVE—ALBANY, NY

Dominant GWM, 38, seeks submissive white live-in self-supporting slave. Looks, age not as important as cleanliness and loyalty. No drugs. Affection and good home for right person. Call (518) 489-2797 between 7 to 11 P.M. One time ad.

HOT GWM

31 yrs., 6'1", 190 lbs., hairy, muscular, anal, fisting, dildoes. Box 5238

MASTER

White male, 45, does not fit usual leather scene mold. 6', 190 lbs., wears glasses, beer gut, out of shape, smokes, drinks, reader, book collector. Requires slave/dog. Demands total submission/obedience. Expect to be used. New to scene and I have a clear conception of what I want. I intend to live it as lifestyle, not game. Preference given to Southern California, but serious thought given to all. Plea to Box 5241

S/M BUDDY WANTED

By 39-yr.-old, 6'4", 230 lb., very muscular, masculine, quiet, bright businessman/BB with 52" chest, pierced nipples, 19" arms, 33" waist, handsome, looking for sharp, well-built, masculine man between 35-60 for mutually satisfying S/M encounter or ongoing multifaceted sexual/mental S/M friendship/relationship. Dominant mind set, positive attitude, aggressive nature important. Interests include tit work, balls, pain/pleasure, J/O, safesex, codpiece pants, harnesses, hoods, gloves, uniforms, mirrors. Fantasies wanting to be realized include: Tit Master, Ball Master, Pain/Pleasure Master, Control Master (Master meaning "expert" and "authoritative"). Reality includes a hot, capable, aware, worthy partner for the right man. Trim beard, hung, sense of humor, appreciation for the ritual, bonding, pleasure and dynamics of S/M are pluses. San Francisco/Bay Area preferred; other locations considered. Reply with photo to: Box 486, 584 Castro, S.F., CA 94114.

CHAIN-GANG SLAVE

Master, WM, 40s, heavy build demands a slave, WM, 20s-40s, who is well-built, very affectionate, humble, obedient: ready for full-time, permanent, chained service as boot boy, body slave, field hand. Expect hard labor in heavy chain from a harsh slave owner. This position is not for the insincere. No drugs, FF, scat, damage. A photo is required with resume to Drummer Box 4855LF.

BOOTS, BIKES,**BLUE COLLAR WORKERS**

Full-time blue collar worker by day and occasional part-time outrageous cycle slut has fetish for high boots, black motorcycles and blue collar men. If you wear your boots at work and ride your bike to get there, maybe we can practice safe sex in your garage, playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men, muscles from hard work outside not pumping iron in a mirrored gym. Attends many bike runs and bar anniversaries in and out of the West and Rocky Mtn. area. Positive NO NO's: drugs, paper pushers, tennis shoes, computers, rock videos, opera and high-tech preppies & clones. Slut is 35, 6'1", 220 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, and requires same who is a rider on their bike in bed and with their boots on. Box 2707LF

STRAIGHT AND RADICAL

In looks and attitude, this hot, horny muscle stud/model is looking to meet other exceptional studs who dare to be different. Love huge muscles, humorous endowments, long hair, tattoos,

exhibitionism, raunchy high tops and boots, going barefoot and barechested, tight sweatpants and 501s showing off big bulges, half shirts, worn denim and leather, Harleys, muscle cars, 4-WDs, and more. This cocked stud is 29, 5'10", 170 lbs., and all the above, and looking to meet other cocky, straight-minded, radical dudes that share this same attitude, appreciation and lifestyle; straight, bi or gay, for long, hot, sexually uninhibited, healthy, man-to-man action, correspondence and wild times. If this is you, then go for it; one exceptional man deserves another. Absolutely no fats, fems or clones. Pic a must. Moving to Fla. summer/86. Duke PO Box 165, Kings Park, NY 11754.

HOUSEBOY WANTED

GWM wanted for houseboy. Room, board and small allowance provided. I am 45, 6' Master into TT, C&BT, B&D, etc. I cycle, wilderness backpack, whitewater canoe, ski, etc. I have a new townhouse, well-equipped, including a blackroom. You would be expected to run the house, assist in my business, enjoy outings with me and meet my exacting demands. You are 18-29, capable of learning and desiring a demanding Master/dad. Write to: Boxholder, PO Box 1564, Cambridge, MA 02238, with experience, background, desires, description and phone no.

NEED SOMEONE TO GIVE YOU DIRECTION?

Just out of the military (or similar) with no place to go? Then apply to become my houseboy/slave. Gentle, caring and intelligent Master will provide for you and help you grow. Master is WM, 27, 6', 190, black/brown; seeking a handsome WM, 18-25, to serve me and all my needs. If you're right for the job, send detailed application and photos immediately. Successful applicant will receive orders and ticket to Master's East Coast home. Serious applications only. Box 5293

SLAVE SEEKS PERMANENT LEATHER MASTER/LOVER

Spanking, light torture, fantasy, kinky, SM, B&D, gags, masks, gloves, cigars, black rubber, game room, verbal abuse, toys, humiliation, rape, force, plenty tit action, frequent long sessions. No abuse. Me, 6'1", 170 lbs., 32 yrs., military haircut, trim moustache, totally bottom, devoted, loving, hetero acting, discreet, domestic, art and design education. Dark hair, over-sexed, big nipples, honest, hard working, masculine. Will relocate. Don't like bars. Box 5294

GELDINGS
Box 5299**MUSCULAR LEATHER SLAVES**

Are you tired of the bullshit yet? Frustrated because your potential and abilities have yet to be fully realized? Does your destiny remain unfulfilled? Still waiting and needing to be trained, used, displayed and challenged the way you should? An experienced and respected Leather Master (WM, 44, 6'1", 210 lbs., 8", uncut) has a vacant cage waiting for the right, untested, raw, muscular animal; who is ready to be stripped, chained, motivated, tormented and loved. Everything that you might have been up to this point is history. If you have the guts and strength of will to submit totally to the dynamism and rewards of a real-life sadomasochistic relationship, then submit a letter stating qualifications, photo(s) and telephone number. Relocation to Southern California mandatory. Box 4729LF

LEATHER AND MOTORCYCLES

WM, 47, 6'2", 170, seeks WM as a friend and traveling companion who is also into motorcycling to ride along with me on my Honda Gold Wing. There is no such thing as too much black leather. I like to ride dressed in leather from head to toe. I am a mature, well-educated professional who likes to live a life well above average. Box 5028LF

BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

Retired bottom searching for experienced top. Prefer L/L type, wish live-in with top who wants to own bottom. Hopefully, in time, top would love bottom. Slave has tried all scenes; heavy into assplay, all types, bondage, hoods, light discipline, W/S, safe sex. Prefer East U.S. but would consider other locale. Send photo and what you expect if really interested. Box 5186LF

LOOKING FOR ACTION

and friendship. Traveling to NYC, CA and FL one time a year and travel Ohio to Nebraska, Wisconsin to Texas and Tennessee all the time. I am submissive, but can be top for right stud. 30s, 5'10", am into Fr, Gr, FF, spanking, light SM and recycled beer. Write with photo to Box 5296LF

ALABAMA**MASCULINE AND DOMINANT**

Professional WM, 38, 6'1", muscular, 190 lbs., seeks obedient, faithful, submissive partner/servant under 30. Box 5295

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA**KINK**

Kink is the name of the game. If interested, write. Letters containing photos will be answered first. Box 5307

HUNGRY MOUTH FOR RIPE HOLE
Good-looking black, 32, wants your dump! Masculine body builders only. Ben, 441-6909.

ATTENTION FISTERS

GWM, blond/blue, humpy dude looking for versatile ass players. Let's get together for all-night sessions. Box 5271

GWM, 45

6'4", slim, novice slave, looking for eventual full-time Master who rewards subservience and obedience with much love and affection. You are also slim, 25-55, any race. In time, anything goes that's safe. I like collars, chains, menial labor, symbols of submission and more. I'm very Greek passive. Box 5308LF

SAN FRANCISCO

Seek perm. relationship. I'm 41, 5'10". Interested in daddy or son, torn clothes, dildoes, oil, porn, leather, photography, music, theatre, movies, quiet eves. Photo replies answered only. Box 5267

NOVICE SLAVE

Willing to learn is 47, 5'11", 140 lbs., looking for WM into domination, TT, spanking. No druggies or kinky sex. Box 5288

UNIFORM POLICE OFFICER WANTED

WM, 34, 5'9", 165, moustached, in very good health and shape. Looking for motorcycle and mounted officer in his tall boots—Dehners—breaches, leather or uniform. Full gun leather, black leather, gloved hands and cap or helmet. I'm into the taste, smell, feel, sound and the look of black leather. Bondage, motorcycles, camping, JO

and safe sex a must. Sir, I'll take care of all your needs and in return all I ask for is to be your leather bondage prisoner. C. West, 1900 Eddy, #8, San Francisco, CA 94115. Can travel. (LF5292)

NIPPLE WORK

Lean, smooth, defined GWM looking for satisfying mutual chest work with trim, in-shape, imaginative men. Safe sex only. PO Box 14257, Station G, San Francisco, CA 94114.

FANTASY ASIAN

In good shape, boyish, Chinese, 30, 5'9", 155 lbs. New to the U.S., seeks hot time friends age 20-32 who care about their bodies and want to look good. For naked, tied up, wear dog collar, shave, beating ass, hot wax, fuck (use rubber) and J/O. I'm mostly bottom. Let's do it together. Photo appreciated. All answered. Box 5302

RUSSIAN RIVER

Until September unless? Me, 24, 12% body fat on smooth, muscular body. Love clean military, leather, healthy, good-looking MASCULINE MEN. Dave, PO Box 623, Monte Rio, CA 95462.

SEX SLAVE OPEN FOR MASTER

into deep penetrations using wild toys, into groups and horse-hung, hairy men. (415) 552-6786.

KNOWLEDGEABLE MASOCHIST

WM body builder, 42, seeks patient sadist to expand pain limits. Hung, very horny only. PO Box 5233, San Francisco, CA 94101. No FFA/drugs.

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM

needs booted/gloved/leathered/uniformed top interested in training a boot licking, cock sucking asshole. I need to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with attitude! A mean streak and a kinky knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA, moderate SM, hoods, gags, gas masks, enemas, boots and toys. This horny, hairy WM, 29, 6', 160, brown hair, beard & moustache needs cigar-smoking cops and leathermen to show me my place and keep me there. Will correspond. Photo for photo. Box 3711LF

HOT HARD LEATHER ACTION

Full leather, chains, tit clamps, ball stretchers, huge, meat-filled studded codpieces, raunch, pierced nipples, tattoos, bikers, rock-hard pecs, defined rippled washboard stomachs, solid arms and legs, tight, hard butts, fat cocks, uncut cocks with loose foreskin, low-hanging, shaved balls, crotches and buttholes, beards, moustaches, clipped chest hair, shaving, heavy C&BT, TT, BD, SM, gloved FF, piss, sweat, spit, grease, working out, non-stop sloppy kissing, drinkin' beer and gettin' stoned!! I'm into all of it and want to share all of it with the right type of no-bullshit, no-nonsense leatherman! I'm 28, 5'10", 160 lbs., with a rock-hard, defined gym body, firm pecs, arms and legs, a rippled washboard stomach, smooth skin, and a stubbled beard. I've got a big, fat cock, shaved, low-hanging man-nuts, a shaved-out butthole! I'm real versatile and real energetic! If you are under 35, work out and have a hard gym body, a big dick a lot of leather and a wild imagination, then you're definitely the stud that I'm looking forward to meeting. So pick up the phone and call Buddy at (415) 864-1285. Let's get together for a hot and sweaty night of nonstop man-to-man muscle leather action in a very health-conscious environment. (LF4574)

TOP THIS DADDY

GWM, bottom, 40, 155 lbs., 5'8", good condition seeks student jock for daddy/son relationship. CP/VA/HUM. Box 4677

SLAVE BOYS WANTED

White daddy, 30's, accepts pleas from submissive, obedient bottoms to serve him. Open to many fantasies. Letters with photo answered first. Box 4723

SLAVE/DOG

29 years, 6', 175, masculine, handsome, healthy slave/dog—mentally/physically strong, submissive, totally obedient, into S/M, B/D, FF, TT, WS, and more, looking for hot, handsome, masculine, demanding Master/Trainer serious about his business. Suite 205, 2040 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109. (LF4554)

MAN SEEKS SON

Dad, age 45, good build and healthy, wants son for leather service. Should be masculine, aged 25-35, and healthy. Facial hair a plus. Must have desire to please and be willing to expand limits. Standards are high but so are the rewards. Goal is to find a long-term father-son relationship. Send photo and resume. Box 4944LF

MASSIVE MUSCLES

Don't go to the gym, use my body for a workout! Get off on pumping up in front of the mirror using my nipples for dumbbells, my balls for cable pulls and punching bag, my face for squats and lunges! The only thing that interests you is watching yourself work out on my hapless body. The fact that I am handsome but out of shape and no comparison to you drives you to beat the shit out of me, pose before me, make me worship you. I disgust you as you overcome me with sheer strength until you verbally humiliate me. The sight of your own vein-studded body sends you into uncontrolled tit ripping, nut crushing, face slapping action until you can't do another rep. Now it's time to relive all that swollen glory. Go for the burn! Sick-minded muscle jocks write, with photo. SF Bay Area only. Box 4943LF

BIG GUY—LITTLE GUYS A TURN-ON?

This little guy needs a man over 5'9" who prefers short men and knows how to use the difference in our height and strength to your advantage and our mutual excitement. With a little guy, do you ache to: pin him down, pleasure him until he screams (but not stop), win his trust over time, and then initiate him into light bondage? Do you yearn to explore and expand each other's erotic responses to D/S? *Objective:* monogamous, safe-sex relationship based on open communication, affection, growing together, and deeply-shared sexual needs; a relationship that won't be equal in the bedroom, but *will* be outside of it because you want this little guy as your partner, and not just as a sex buddy. Me: WM, boyish thirties, 5'5", 120, handsome, bearded, responsive. Likes: beach, mountains, music, candlelight dinners, cuddling, surprises. You: 30s/youthful 40s, masculine, attractive, fit, healthy, affectionate, nonsmoker, drugfree, progressive thinker. Optional: bearded, outdoorsy, artistic. Letter/photo: 584 Castro, Suite 609, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588 (LF4952).

DRUMMER DADDY

WM, 40s, 6'1", 160 lbs., bearded seeks that special man who needs to be stripped and chained up by a Leather-master in his dungeon. You should be lean, muscular bottom, any age whether a boy (with body under development) or a mature man (who has kept in shape). If you are man enough to take rough treatment like B/D, TT, C/BT and whipping, then you earn my respect and possible affection. Body shaving second session to mark my

ownership and your commitment. For health reasons you will not be required to eat ass or take my load, but everything else goes. Will discuss your limits and a program to expand them. Application with nude photo given preference. Box 4988LF

MAN WITH EXPERIENCE

is 35, 5'9", 160 lbs., muscular, hairy, moustached, tattooed, pierced, with a thick, stiff 7½ inches. Looking for a boy who is a boy by virtue of his mental attitude, not necessarily just his age. My interests include: BD, VA, TT, GA, FP, FFA, boots, ass-beating, cigars, bondage, leather. Father/son scenes a specialty. You need not share all the above interests. Safety-conscious but not hysterical. Offer a firm, experienced, yet affectionate hand to responsive, enthusiastic bottoms. All ages, races considered. Photo a must. Write AL, Box 5038

HEY BOY

Your Daddy is looking for you. If you are affectionate and want a caring, communicative relationship, call (916) 391-9755.

SEEK BEARDED DADDY-MASTER by 38-year WM for serious, no bullshit mental and physical exploration. Need the mature energy and guidance of a hairy, successful older man. (415) 863-9756.

BODY WORSHIPER

Hot bodybuilder, 41, 5'9", 195 lbs., wants too bow down at the feet of another body builder bigger than me and worship every inch of your massive body. I have 18" arms, 31" waist, 50" chest. Only those better than the above need reply. Box 5220

SF LEATHER DATE

6'2", 31 yrs., discriminating, English (SF resident) leatherman wants to meet similar, fun-loving locals and visitors. Box 5251

HOT MUSCULAR STUD

into rough sex of all kinds with other muscular men. Sweaty workouts, heavy B&D, wrestling matches, ropes and chains, tit torture, wax, floggings. Muscle vs. muscle. Write with photo to PO Box 162518, Sacramento, CA 95816. (LF5222)

HELP ME INTO SM

Self-torture sucks. WM, 6'2", 170, cut, 7½", needs experienced Master or top for nipple, ball, cock work, munching, electrostimulation (mutual with shaft, balls tied together a real turn-on). Bondage. Increase limits. Hot wax, shaving clothespins. Box 5184LF

HUNGRY MANSEX

GWM, 33, 5'7", 155 lbs., brown hair, bearded, attractive, seeks hot, horny, hairy men for anything-goes pig sex. At lunch, before work, after work, anytime...SF residents or visitors send photo/phone and your favorite turn-ons. Box 5151

SM FRATERNITY

Slave would like to form a network of Masters and slaves in the No. Cal. area to enhance sexual experiences and to possibly match demands/needs for Masters/slaves. I am 24, 5'8", 135 lbs., brwn, grn. Inquiries welcomed. Box 4820LF

REALLY INTO LEATHER?

If LEATHER really turns you on and you own LEATHER pants, jacket and boots, keep reading. If you like to be dominated, worship your master's leather and boots and enjoy j/o, keep reading. If you are looking to find a master to explore your LEATHER slave fantasies with, keep reading. I am GWM, 39, 6'1", 220 lbs., good-looking, stable, professional and sane master who is really

into LEATHER. Turned on by the sight, smell, touch, taste and feel of LEATHER. Also into very tall boots. NOT into drugs of any kind, smokers, anal sex, losers, heavy S&M. Relationship is possible. Now reply with phone and photo to: Jim, 1850 Union St. #69, San Francisco, CA 94123. (LF4807)

HOUSEBOYS & SLAVES

Which is what you were born to be and you know it. We are willing to train the right 21-35, husky, amenable man for complete service. You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showpiece. You will serve men older than yourself. Strong discipline. No bullshit. Send something about yourself and a photo to Box 1000. *You can call me Sir!*

SONOMA COUNTY

WM, 44, 6', 190 lbs., SM, TT, C&BT, etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking, even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! C'mon, invest 22¢ in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too!!! Box 5150

RAUNCHY SLEAZE

I am thirty-one, white, 170 lbs., 5'8½", brown hair and eyes. I'm into raunchy sleazy, kinky sex. Not into scat, heavy pain. I'm a dedicated leatherman that needs a dominate, aggressive Daddy/Big Brother to train me, use/abuse me, discipline me like I know I need to be. I am ready to submit to a Daddy/Big Brother who is not modest, is into dirty talk and verbal abuse, is not afraid to strip me, collar me, finger-fuck me, use me at anytime and much more. If you are mature, over thirty-five and want a boy that's real then please send detailed letter about yourself, what you want to do to me, along with a hot, revealing photo, if possible. All answered. Box 4858LF

BB SLAVE NEEDED

I want your well-muscled rugged body to struggle, sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough torturous set of curls ignoring your screams for mercy. Your BOSS is into hot slave/animal training, oiled-up, flexin', hot wax endurance trips, CB/T, TT, 4-wheelin' rock, smoke and country ways. Not into phone trips or bullshit. If you're not in the area, write: BOSS, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598. If you're in the area and are ready to sweat, call (415) 944-9984 before 10:00 P.M. on week nights, anytime on the weekends. Keep America Mean! Box 5001LF

BREECHES

Older GWM, 5'11", 175 lbs., waist 34, wants young WM (or Asian) dressed in boots & breeches (provided) for possible B&D. Advise phone to: Pierce, 305 Franklin St., #34, San Francisco, CA 94102

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE

Willing to train husky young man to serve older men to perfection. Hard worker, good body for hard workouts. Drive, cook and serve. Northern California, Russian River and San Francisco. No Phone-ies. (707) 869-0945. *Call Me Sir!*

NICE SURPRISES CUM IN SMALL PACKAGES

Shortie, 5'4", GWM, brown/blue, 135 lbs., interested in meeting versatile men over 6'. Interests include, but not limited to, leather, bondage, tattoos, piercing, motorcycles, computers. Usually bottom, but who knows? Object: long-term relationship. Reply to Lambda BBS address code ORAY, or Box 4136LF.

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave, 5'6", 150, seeks slim/muscular little guy into domination, verbal abuse, discipline, humiliation, leather. Into body worship, armpits, bondage, wrestling, J/O. Blacks, Asians and muscles a plus. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101.

GOOD DEAL FOR RIGHT SLAVE

Two men, 30s, private home with pool, seek permanent live-in nude slave/houseboy. You are into total submission. Collared, shaved, bondage, discipline and much more. Smaller cocks welcomed, so don't be shy about your size. Your looks are not as important as your attitude. Your limits respected, but both your body and mind will be slowly and safely expanded as the relationship grows. You will be totally kept and cared for in an environment that evolves into that special SLAVE/MASTER love. You will come to realize absolute trust and security in your submission. Good slaves are hard to find. So are good Masters. Send detailed letter about yourself and how to contact you for interview and in-depth discussion. This could possibly be that once-in-a-lifetime opportunity you've always fantasized about. Box 5188LF

HOT-ASSED GYMNAST BEGSI

Please, spank my muscle butt! Hungry fuckhole bucks hard on dildo, crave lesson with gloved fist. Pert nipples to rough up. I need it bad from one day-time steady. Hot mid-30s, no fluid exchanges. Please tell me working my ass turns you on. Tim Hunter, PO Box 140, Carmichael, CA 95609.

SPREAD YOUR CHEEKS

and slide down my long, wet tongue. Hot WM, 29, will worship your butt. Deep throat also. George, PO Box 2071, San Francisco, CA 94126.

BAREBACK SLAVE/SON

Your needs: to please Master/dad, 38 yr. GWM. Medium bareback whippings, shirtless—proud of welts, serve hand and foot, total military discipline once a week, your place, military physical training. No sex, no drugs. Photo/phone required. Your goals: disciplined mind/body, new friend. Box 5262LF

HARLEY TRASH SEEKS BRO

Want to meet esoteric men of HD interests. 31, greasy, tats, muscular, kinky PO Box 1842, Guerneville, CA 95446.

DEAR SIR—WHERE TOPS AND BOTTOMS COME TOGETHER!

TOP MEETS BOTTOM

Drummer ads get results and Ric in Eureka and Mike in Sacramento have now gotten together starting a great life together with a monogamous relationship. We would both like to thank *Drummer* for bringing us together. We're both believers that *Drummer* Classifieds get results. We couldn't be happier and hope that you too find that right man.

VERSATILE COUPLE AVAILABLE

for friendship and whatever we enjoy—cards, bowling and safe sex; couples or three-ways OK. Both are Italian, one 37, one 39. Box 5102

VERY MUSCULAR ANGEL TYPE BIKER

looking for others into bondage, whips, dirty leathers, bikes, tattoos and other shit. 40 years, 6 ft., 225 lbs. Send photo & letter to PO Box 161495, Sacramento, CA 95816 (4575LF)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

JOCK BOY

Athletic, 25-year-old top seeks to become P/T slave to a professional Master. I'm 6', 175, work out, clean-shaven, hairy chest with a beautiful 8" thick cock. Dig dog collars, B/D, CBT and would get off being shaved. What do you want to do to me? Box 5211

SON WANTED

WM Topman-Dad, 45, 5'8", 145 lbs., seeks completely-bottom son under 30. No SM abuse, beatings or test of wills. I want a thoroughly-submissive, trim, quiet, obedient, affectionate, home-type Daddy's boy who's on a serious, heavy, father-son trip. Boy can expect bondage and to be kept naked and well-disciplined. Boy will be my houseboy and not expected to work full time if at all. Be aware, I'm not a sugar daddy. I'm a Topman, a Master, aiming to possess, dominate, love, take care of, play with, and fuck a docile, dependent boy who knows he can't make it on his own. Prefer short (5'6" and under) slim, even scrawny boy with smooth body and hairless butt. Slightly handicapped or unemployable OK. What I want takes a real special kind of boy. Where is he? Reply with phone number. Relocation taken care of. Asian or Latino welcome. Box 4551LF

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

TOP ME OR BOTTOM OUT

Obedient, young bottoms or demanding tops wanted to fulfill both sides of my licentious libido. I'm 28, 6'2", 180 lbs., brown hair and eyes, hot, handsome, intelligent. Masculine mentors or select slaves in leather and Levis, "into" SM, TT, CBT, WS, FF, send recent photo and phone to Matt. Box 5129LF

OBEDIENT BLOND BODY BUILDER

needs contact with dominant, aggressive man. Safe sex. Verbal abuse and humiliation. Enjoys calling the shots over 6'2", 185 (solid) lbs. jock, late 20s, blue eyes, masculine. If you're 30-50, have a mean streak and aren't afraid to show who's boss, I need badly to try to satisfy your needs. Need arrogant type who's just not happy until he's called "Sir." Photo gets mine, but attitude and temper most important. Serious. Discrete. PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116. (LF5007)

SLAVE

Slave Danny will submit to bondage and tortures for groups, parties, photos or one Master. Phone (818) 846-9486. Thank you, Sirs! (LF4720)

MASTER WANTED

With THE COMPOUND gone, where is a boy to go, Sir? Are You willing to take control of this 33-year-old, blond/blue, cut, hairless, 6 ft., 160 lb., boy-slave, Sir? I am in reasonable shape (the gym would help), healthy (very), professional, whose life has all the appearances of being straight, but... Master needs to be creative and desiring to train this boy into His ideal. Letters OK too. All answered on same day received, Sir. Our lives can be more than the fantasy, Sir, and include all that our lives can create—passion, romance, pain, encouragement... Think about it, please, Sir! Box 4699LF

HOT DADDY PUNCHFUCKER

Very hot, healthy, 52-year-old BB, 6'2", 200 lbs., clipped beard, balding, will expertly punchfuck your hungry hole. You be equally hot, hard, creative, have a tight healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used. In appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply: Daddy PF, Box 4888

DADDY SEEKS SON

Businessman-type Dad, 41, 6'3", 240 lbs., hairy, seeks son. Dad has high standards for your behavior and expects you to live up to them. You will be disciplined when you deserve it. However Dad is loving and affectionate and is concerned only about your well-being. Son, if you need a Daddy to take care of you and help you grow, write and tell him about yourself. Include picture for immediate response. Box 4934LF

MASTER WANTED

by WM, 34-year-old, blond, blue, 6'1" tall. I am a little overweight and small endowed. I am looking for a Master that will train me in CBT/T, WS, SM, BD, FF, VA, tattooing, shaving, piercing, hot wax, dildos, gags, hoods, prolonged bondage, electric shock, piss, smoke, mumification, amyl. Willing to be kept chained there for my Master's use at anytime he chooses. My Master's age, race, endowment, looks does not matter. All I ask is that you are dominant. If there is a Master wanting this slave, please call (213) 656-4324 or write: Occupant, 1265 North Harper, #8, West Hollywood, CA 90046. When calling, please ask for Bob. (LF5009)

MOTORCYCLE LEATHER

Motorcycle rider into good, clean fun on/off bike wants to meet other GWM guys to enjoy living in So. Bay L.A. Box 4248LF

CUTE HUNG BLOND BOY

Good-looking, tan, athletic, trim jock-boy. 6'1", 160 lbs., 25 years old. Enjoy wrestling, swimming, cycling, working out. My tight ass needs to be used. With right guy(s), willing to submit to almost any scene, including 3-ways, gang bangs, and rape. I like guys in uniforms (cops, military, leather and sports), speedos and jocks. Want bondage, discipline and training by good-looking hung stud(s). Really like to suck cocks and be fucked long and hard! Clean and healthy. Novice, but eager to learn and serve. L.A. and O.C. Box 5126LF

COCK TORTURE AND FF

GWM, 36 years, 5'10 1/2", brn hair, blue eyes, French active, Greek passive, wants cock torture and FF. Write Occupant, 1585 W. Ball Rd. #G, Anaheim, CA 92802 or call (714) 774-6778.

LEATHER BIKER

Booted, breeched, crewcut biker, 42, 160 lb., 5'11", lean, muscular body into uniforms, police, military and full leather, want to meet compatible buddies. S.F. Valley area. Boxholder, Box 986, Arl, CA 91331.

SLAVE/SON/HOUSEBOY

Is there a real man that can handle all of the above? We are looking for that special person who can. You should be under 35, looks, race, build are unimportant (we will shape and define you). You will become our property, to do with as we see fit. We will expect you to commit yourself totally, both mentally and physically, into our care. This is not a one-night stand or a summer vacation. This is a 24-hour, seven-day-a-week lifestyle. You must be able and willing to surrender to a life of total servitude and ownership. We are 31 & 38, established professionals. You

must be able to rise above your established place in life when needed. The rest is up to you. Send an in-depth, detailed application stating your qualifications, abilities, desires and a recent, revealing photo with your phone number and best time to call to: B&R, 15840 Ventura Blvd., #326, Encino, CA 91436. (LF5202)

MANHANDLE BIG MEAT

L.A. stud digs C&BT on his big, uncut cock/globes. PO Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734.

JOCK BOY WANTED

By Southern Calif., 26-year-old, rich Master. Slave should be 18-25, in good shape, be willing to be collared, shaven, be kept nude, and willing to expand limits in B/D, TT, CBT. Boy will work out regularly to become showpiece to display at various social functions. Blonds esp. apply. Must include photo. Box 5252

LOVE LEATHER

Seeking daddy for TT, CBT, WS, VA, spanking and SM leather action, by good-looking submissive slave, 21, 6', 175 lbs., 8" cock. Send picture if possible. Box 650, Moorpark, CA 93020.

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good-looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 P.M.

DEAR SIR, READ THIS

Husky, 34, male will give his life to mold and share as you please. Hard working and employed. But I need a mature man to discipline my life who can relate to straight world, leather, rubber and joys of erotic bondage. And likes to torture as reward and punishment. Thank you, Sir. Box 5281

YOUNG MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

21-30 year old slave wanted for permanent relationship. Must be willing to submit completely to B/D-S/M under caring top and to relocate. Write PO Box 1367, Redlands, CA 92373-0421

55+ SLAVE WANTED

I, straight, 35, 5'3", 175 lb., husky guy. You, 55+, cocksucker, very submissive, W/S, whip, limits respected. Your place, I'm married. Los Angeles, SGV areas. Send phone to Mike, Box 5298

WANTED: BEST SLAVE IN L.A.

Slave/houseboy wanted by two hot, professional GWM, 27 and 33, with playroom; into B&D, S/M, CT&T, hoods, gags, stocks, shackles, shaving, leather, rubber and more. Will be dressed in leather; receive allowance; healthy nonsmoker; inexperienced OK, if eager to learn in safe and caring environment. Detailed application with photo to Box 211, 8033 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046.

BOTTOM READY

Young, 45, into B&D, S/M, have toys and playroom. Prefer younger, experienced top. No calls between 11 P.M. & 9 A.M. (818) 843-5428.

SLAVE/SON/HOUSEBOY

Is there a real man that can handle all of the above? We are looking for that special person who can. You should be under 35, looks, race, build are unimportant (we will shape and define you). You will become our property, to do with as we see fit. We will expect you to commit yourself totally, both mentally and physically, into our care. This is

not a one-night stand or a summer vacation. This is a 24-hour, seven day a week lifestyle. You must have the right attitude. You must be able and willing to surrender to a life of total servitude and ownership. We are 31 and 38, established professionals. You must be able to rise above your established place in life when needed. The rest is up to you. Send an in-depth, detailed application stating your qualifications, abilities, desires and a recent, revealing photo with your phone number and best time to call to: B&R, 15840 Ventura Blvd., #326, Encino, CA 91436. (LF5202)

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Looking for Masters who like a challenge and like to play games of chance. I am planning a strip poker party for all Masters. The catch is the losers become the slaves and the winner remains Master. I'm WM, 30, 6'1", 190 lbs., top. Interested? Send photo and phone and get ready for a wild night. Box 5244

THE JOY OF BONDAGE

Hot to be helpless? At your happiest when you're bound and gagged? Got a hard, defined body? If so, this lean, handsome, muscular top can promise you a little piece of heaven. I'm 35, 5'11", 150 lbs., brown/blue, sane, sense of humor. Safe sex (J/O only), your place, weekdays before 5 P.M. Photo or complete description to Doug, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109—Box 318, West Hollywood, CA 90046. (LF4748)

DEPRIVED FUCKER

Wild, hairy fuck-tortured dude offers its steel-collared balls and hungry ass to mean, experienced studs who are man enough and know how to torture/work ass. Deprived fucker turns onto leather, S/M, all scenes especially ass-work. Eager cocksucking asshole gives full-service, worshipful begging and needs to get its balls in the hands of a stud who will whipass him into a fucking obedient dog. Sucker is white, healthy, 155, hot bod, black hair on chest/belly/ass. Best ass in So. Calif., 40, 7 1/2" cut, looking for regular torture, action workouts with uninhibited men who turn onto using/working a hot fuckhole. Not lover or live-in position. Age, looks, not important: experience/action only. No games or heavy drugs. Ready to put my balls in your hands if you're man enough... fucker. Box 4827LF

COLORADO

ACTIVE ASS

W/M, 6'3", 165, 40's, wants dominant guy(s) that will give me light B&D, TT, ass spankings, lots of VA and cock to worship and be a slave too. Leather and mature turn-ons, but no FF, W/S or scat. With poppers and hard cock my ass gets very active. Denver area, but will correspond anywhere. Reply to Box 4731LF.

FIT TO BE TIED

and ready to be abused. Novice, 46, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-handed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW, PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218

HEAVY BONDAGE

45, 185, 5'11", handsome, hairy, hot, moustache. Serious bondage bottom needs prolonged sessions. I enjoy being gagged, hooded, bound, chained, etc. Safe-sex only, please. Limitations: No drugs, FF, scat, or lasting marks. Box 4997

YOUNG WHITE/ASIAN

For lite bondage. No S&M. I'm GWM, 48, top, uncut, mountain climber. Tennis, run. (303) 781-9423.

LEVI-LEATHER HORSEMEN

Country boy, 6', 160, blond, loves hung stallions for safe, heavy barn, outdoor sex. Photo, phone, detailed letter gets immediate reply. Box 5300

CONNECTICUT

SERIOUS

Queer looking for fag stalker. Wants ruffian, bruiser into jagged rampagous sex. Non-lover situation. Weekday meetings only. You are hairy, callous, an active Greek. Married okay, discretion assured. Send photo. Your age is unimportant. I am in early 30s. Write: Boxholder, PO Box 930, Deep River, CT 06417

DC—METRO

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

WM, 37, 5'10", 155, BI/BI, moustache, goatee, SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same, both top and bottom. Write: P.O. Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

HOT FF BOTTOM

DC-Metro, hot FF bottom, into intense scenes, enjoy unusual and interesting mind games. Also enjoy a little surprise and novelty, not expecting your classic top-bottom situation. A little imagination, concentrate hard. I'm 6', 180 lbs., WM, and a real surprise. Alex. Box 4732LF

LEATHER TOP

27, 5'8", 165 lbs., BB. Into body worship and leather service by hot, submissive tongue. You: under 35, into C&BT, TT, BD, shaving and boot service. Receptive mouth and ass a prerequisite. Application & photo get reply. Box 4883LF

HANDSOME BOTTOM

Muscular, hairy GWM, 32 yrs., 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, healthy—seeking healthy, hot, hairy, muscular GWM, dominant topman and enjoys good hot sex, verbal action, tit play, etc. Relationship possible! Send photo and phone to Box 4923

HOT STUFF

Hairy, handsome, hot, healthy GWM, 32 yrs., 5'8", 150 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes, masculine, muscular bottom with sensitive tits, seeks dominant, muscular, masculine, hairy GWM topman for hot workouts, possible relationship! Send photo and phone to Box 4889LF

BOY NEEDS DAD

WM, 31, with hungry hole, needs a masterful Dad, experienced with dildoes, heavy Gr, spanking, shaving and patient in FF. I'm also into light SM bondage and willing to expand limits. No heavy pain or JO calls, please. Allen, (202) 332-7017

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

DC/MD/VA area. WM, 40, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist. Masculine, well-built, lean/muscular; no drugs, nonsmoker, healthy safe sex only; independent, loner, together, earthy. Seek similar Master for the dark, erotic torment of SM dominance/submission, pleasure/pain, whips/nakedness, use/abuse, humiliation/service. Ex-special war-

fare military experienced in discipline/obedience. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, *The Brig*, "Beauty's Punishment," *9½ Weeks*, *Story of O*. J.W., PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744. (LF5030)

BIKERS/LEATHERMEN

Seeking a leather biker jockstrap stud. A man to share the open road with. No such thing as too much leather. Am primarily top but will swing with the right stud. Boots and uniforms a plus. CHIPS ESP. LOOKING FOR A MAN WHO IS HONEST WITH HIMSELF AND WITH ME to enjoy a one-on-one, man-to-man, safe-sex experience that can only come from the open road, seeking out a buddy for friendship, riding partner. Boot lickers esp. encouraged to apply. East coast riders a plus but am reasonably free to travel. All will be answered, photos get mine. Am not looking for just another bike rider (you know who you are). Send all replies to Box 5099LF

LEATHER STUD

Good-looking, professional, 40, 6', 155 lbs., lean, defined body, very masculine, new to leather scene, seeks hot, muscular leather Master to train him, expand his limits and show him the ropes. Travel widely. Box 5064LF

WEEKEND SLAVE

Two professional men, one dark, one blond, early 30s, seek healthy weekend slave. Looking for permanent houseboy—private country setting—close to Washington, Baltimore. Totally health-conscious. Requirements: Willingness to please; 25-35; straight looks; decent body. Moderate bondage, cock, ball & tit work, yard & farm work. Attic playroom. Willing and experienced boys younger than 25 will be considered, but convince us. Also interested in meeting other leather buddies in Hagerstown/Frederick/Winchester/Eastern Panhandle area—we're ready when you are. Box 4596LF

FLORIDA

WANTED: FULLTIME SLAVE

by Master (30, 5ft., 10 in., 165 lbs., bearded, hairy). Must be submissive, obedient, healthy, into leather, heavy S&M, B&D, Gr/P, Fr/A, FF/P, and more. Must submit to complete training for duties. Sincere only. Apply with photo to: Bridwell, PO Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357-0686

BOOT LICKING SLAVE

seeks the taste, smell and feel of leather. Slave, 36, 5'11", anxious to be tied, collared, plugged and shackled by strict leather Master. Sir, this totally submissive, crotch-worshipping slave is ready to follow your instructions and to take your punishment. Please, Sir, let me serve you. PO Box 630782, Miami, FL 33163 (LF4946)

BONDAGE AND HEAD TRIPS

I am 5'8", 155 lbs., muscular, bk, br, into bondage, leather, rubber, tight, prolong with head games. Have some equipment. Would like to hear from and possibly meet people with similar interests. I am versatile. Box 5217

OLDER MAN—NORTH FLORIDA

Professional, would like to meet or correspond with someone who is really into leather. I prefer bottom role; willing to fulfill Daddy role with person who is understanding, adaptable and interested in safe sex. Swimming and classical piano are two hobbies. Box 5253LF

SARASOTA-VENICE

Dad is looking for son. Dad is good-looking, young, 23 and frank. You should be, too. Photo and letter required. Mike, PO Box 943, Venice, FL 33595

CENTRAL FL—SEEKING TRAINER

WM into body building needs supervision. No fluid exchange, FF, scat, fats or fems. Looking for workout partner to get our bodies into shape at gym. Reply Box 5219LF

BOOT SERVICE

Looking for construction worker in jeans or leather daddy-type to make me worship his boots. Please, Sir, make me earn your boots and the privilege to grovel at your feet. No strings, safe fun only, please. Your photo gets mine. Occupant, Box 140283, Miami, FL 33114-0283 (LF4940)

TAMPA NOVICE SLAVE

Novice slave (27, 5'10", 130 lbs., in shape) needs introduction to the SM/leathersex scene by a stud Master who is willing to teach me how to be his slave. I need training in BD, SM, shaving, enemas, and how to serve a Master (and his friends?) to his complete satisfaction. If you're dominate, 22 to 38, physically fit, don't have a beard, and seek the challenge of training me to serve you, please write to this eager-to-please slave boy with returnable photo for speedy respectful reply. John, PO Box 290804, Tampa, FL 33687. Box 5051LF

ADVENTURE IN PARADISE

Looking for hard-bodied, adventurous men into exploring mutual fantasies. I'm experienced, attractive, early 40s, 5'10", 150 lbs., responsible, into working out, bondage, CB and tit work and hot JO scenes. Most important: a hot body and sense of adventure. Reply (with photo if possible) to PO Box 4911, Key West, FL 33041.

CUM PLAY WITH MY ASS

Heavy ass play wanted in Ft. Lauderdale area. Mark, (305) 731-4525. 5pm-midnight. Top men and experienced only.

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

MUSCULAR ITALIAN

New York Italian now living in South Florida, looking to meet or correspond with huge body builders, powerlifters and wrestler-type guys for some good, hard, sweaty, man-to-man action. I'm 6', 185 lbs., early 20s, handsome, very muscular, solid, athletic, tan, hairy, straight-acting and looking. I'm friendly, sincere and not at all into drugs, attitudes or fems. Age unimportant. Very discreet. Pix a must! Box 5274

GEORGIA

HOUSEBOY & ALL HOT MEN

GWM duo, 29 and 36, both 5'10", 150 lbs., moustaches, smooth/hairy. Seek hot tops or bottoms, singles or couples for hot times with no hang-ups. Any & all scenes with mutual respect. Got a fantasy, let us make it a reality! Also looking for houseboy/slave, live in or out, with initial input considered. Will train, no experience OK. Photo, phone, detailed letter. PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125 (4700LF)

TRAINING—COMPUTERS

Would like to join with others in Atlanta in enforced training and discipline. Also, would like to make contact with others with computers. Box 4710LF

VERSATILE

Attractive WM, 38, 6'2", beard, masculine, sensual, seeks hot sessions with good-looking, slender, smooth, verbal guys 25-40 into good smoke, amyl, toys, enemas, WS, light bondage, shaving, greasy, wet or torn jocks or briefs, 501s, outdoor sex, exhibitionism and fantasy scenes. Send letter with photo and phone to: Drummer Box 4857LF

ATLANTA S&M

Top (sadist), bottom (masochist), into leather, BD, whips and paddles, CBT, dildoes, FF and safe sex, looking for singles, couples, or groups into all, or any of the above. This top is 5'8", 41, bearded, intense and experienced. Bottom is 40, 5'8", cleanshaven, muscular, good-looking, into heavy bondage and exhibitionism. Your picture, phone number and letter gets ours. Write: 1096 Monroe Dr. N.E., Atlanta, GA 30306. (LF4866)

LEVI BOOT SLAVE

Tall, 41, WM slave into 501 button fly levis, whips, black leather boots, boot-licking, SM, CBT, Fr, Gr, etc. Not into FF, scat, rear Fr, uncuts, drugs, WS, piercing, damage, unsafe. Send phone to Box 4968.

ILLINOIS

SEARCHING FOR TOP MAN

WM, 42, 5'11", sensitive, loving, professional, straight appearance, Factive, G passive, seeks well-built, heavy-hung B/W/Spanish man to use hungry, deep throat and hot, eager, receptive hole. Send photo and description of needs to PO Box 592, Springfield, IL 62705.

SADISTIC BONDAGE MASTER

is looking for Chicago-area slaves-/masochists who need to be stripped, bound, gagged and subjected to CBT, TT, whipping and anything else needed to obtain your obedience. I'm 27, 5'9", 158 lbs., GWM. If you're trim and under 35, then send letter with photo and phone to Box 5203.

PIGS/PLAYMATES

Hot Chicago couple: 26, T/B, 6'3", 29, T/B, 5'9" both bearded, straight-acting. Looking for playmates/pigs into leather, tattoos, partying, FF, WS, B/D, TT and toys. Have playroom. Enjoy traveling. Photo and description gets ours. Box 5221

NEED HUNG TOPS

Novice, 42, 5'4", 130 lbs., seeks hung tops to use my hungry, submissive body. Want level-headed Top who respects limits. Strip me, spank me, fuck me, deep, hard, repeatedly, w/condoms. Groups OK. Expand my limits in SM. Ass needs heavy workouts w/friends; pass me around! Toys, titwork, shaving, B/D. No scat, FF, damage. Want exclusive Tops who know what they want and how to take it. Ages 25-45. Leather a turn-on. Reply to Box 109DH, 3952 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60613, or call (312) 472-1871. Ask for DJ. (LF5215)

FORMER MASTER

Has-been PRO-wrestler type (big, bearded, balding, 210 lbs., 6', 46) gangbanged into submission, now seeks rough use and abuse from dominant studs into B/D, VA, TT, buttplugs, dildoes, etc. Complete my degradation into total DILDOFUCKHOLE. Bull Twat prefers smaller, aggressive, authoritarian Masters, but any take-charge stud served. Use me hard, then throw me out. Will travel for humiliation and degradation. Box 5249

BIG BEARDED CIGAR SMOKERS

Little guy, 30, boyish, uncut, moustache, likes bearded guys into cigars, boots, condoms, B/D, TT, VA, JO. Big/Tall/Bluecollar, a +. Photo please. Box 5257

HUNG WM, 28

6'1", 185 lbs., blond, blue, moustache, masculine, attractive, seeks hot buddies for rugged, hot, safe sex. In Chicago area. Truckers and visitors welcome. KBH, 8761 W. 85th St., #17-111, Justice, IL 60458.

NOVICE SLAVE

Seeks experienced Master to initiate me into B/D, S/M, CBT/T and W/S. Slave: GWM, 6'1", 170 lbs., 24 yrs., 8 1/2" cut. You: GWM, 30-39, well-hung, very dominate and demanding, live in Champaign-Urbana area. Please write or call (217) 328-1750. I await your instructions, Sir. Box 5305

SPANKING

Good-looking, youthful, 38-year-old spansks and paddles the bare butts of similar, trim guys 21-35. If you need a stinging, pants-down session, put yourself over my knee. Limits respected. Write with photo to: PO Box 14678, Chicago, IL 60614.

INDIANA

FT. WAYNE AREA

Bring me your fantasies! W/M, 5'11", 180 lbs., blond/blue, hairy. Into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to heavy S/M, whipping, paddling, etc. FF a specialty! Mostly top, but extremely versatile. We can work out your mildest or wildest fantasies together. Can travel and entertain. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Reply Drummer Box 4705LF

CHASER IS HOG-WILD IN INDY

Very versatile, creative, intense, 34, 5'9", 145, shaved, pierced, tattooed, seeking kink and/or cuddle with burly, masculine, biker/trucker types—25+, 190+, big belly, thighs, and a beard a plus. Also want dirty pictures or source of porn of heavy and hairy men. John, PO Box 441091, Indianapolis, IN 46224.

BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

SW Indiana submissive WM, 5'8", 135 lbs., 39 years, cut, brown/blue, moustache, seeks older, bigger Top to service and to please. Let me minister to your needs. Hot mouth, hungry ass eagerly await! Box 5214

HOT TIMES ARE HERE

Seek leatherman, 25-40, good build, for hot sex-friendship—possible relocate for right leatherman relationship. I'm 30, 6', 180 lbs., blond, blue, top-bottom, hairy chest, work out. Write with photo if possible. Midwest or Nationwide. Florida or Southern California a plus! Box 5289

IOWA

BONDAGE FANTASIES

fulfilled by slave, 23, 5'11", 165, into role-playing and extensive creative bondage. Need a son to discipline, a student to train, or a hitchhiker to pick up and hold captive??? Write detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 1126, Des Moines, IA 50311.

KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

KENTUCKY

LOUISVILLE/SO. INDIANA

GWM, 25, 190, new to gay scene. Would like to meet guys under 30 for sex. I will worship your cock and ass. Sit on my face. Put me over your knee and spank my ass by hand. Give me an enema. Sweaty armpits and smelly jockstraps turn me on. Tickle-torture my feet. No scat or fems. Must be clean. Send photo and/or phone number for reply. S.W. PO Box 38294, Louisville, KY 40233.

LOUISIANA

PUSSYBOY BUTTS SLAVE

WM, 30, bl/bl, good-looking, inexperienced, needs training at regular encounters. PO Box 71313, New Orleans, LA 70172.

MARYLAND

SLAVE SLAVE SLAVE

If I haven't made it perfectly clear, that's what I am—ready to be used by my hot, leather Master. I respectfully submit my 30-year, W/M, 6', 175 lb., hairy body to the hands, cock, boots and bindings of my aggressive and dominant top. I need to obey your orders, grovel under your leather boots, yield my mind and body to your total control. Limits: drugs, scat, fisting, shaving, permanent damage—very health conscious—but still obedient. Your turn! Please show and tell me why I need you to enslave me. Box 4848

BEARDED MASTER

40, 5'10", 169 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean slaves for long, safe sexual sessions in my Annapolis, MD fully equipped den. New men get TLC. Letters with photo, mailing address, full name, and complete body information get answered. Also need other good tops for sharing trained slaves. Box 3893LF

MASSACHUSETTS

WM, 41, 6', 185 LBS.

Bottom seeks top for pleasure trips into pain. Turned on by bondage, whippings, tit-cock-ball torture and lots of piss. Not into drugs, scat, FF, blood and damage. Seek sane top/buddy for mutually satisfying times. Photo/phone for early meeting. Box 4724LF

NEEDED: LEATHER MAN

Bottom man needs knowledgeable erotic top man into bondage. I am 33, 5'8", 140 lbs. and eager to learn more of leather hoods, gags, restraints, gloves, chaps, jocks, rubber and hot scenes with erotic, hot top. All replies will be answered as you order. I travel all of New England. Box 4757LF

CONTRASTS

A stinging slap on the butt, a gentle caress. A harsh, demanding Master who loves his boy when he's good and punishes him when he gets out of line. An adoring slave who lives to serve his master but has a mind of his own. Leather, bondage, discipline, bootlicking, ass, cock, tit and ball play, raunch, wrestling, fantasy. I'm a well-built, handsome, little guy, 30, into either or both roles. Health conscious, no one-nighters. Box 102, Boston, MA 02112.

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

SIR! USE AND ABUSE ME!

Eager to serve. WM, 150, 5'7 1/2", 36. Brown hair, blue eyes. Bondage, rough spanking, dildoes, Greek with rubbers. Tit-cock torture, more. Box 5261

FLOGGINGS—SLAVES PRISON—MILITARY

Slave/prisoner—white, 38, 6', 150, good-looking, lean, muscular, needs Master/DI, 40s-60s, with equipped dungeon. Into corporal punishment, chains, hard labor and anyone any age with interest in galley slaves, bare-back lashings with "Cat" in prison/military history, bastinado, rack, the "Wheel," public punishments, slaves in labor, acutions. NOT AFTER AUG. 15, 1986. Box 5248

GWM LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

Master wants 20 to 35-year-old slave, 6'+ tall, 160 lbs.+, with good build. No facial hair, into heavy rubber, leather, ready for S/M, bondage, WS, masks, hoods, restraints. You will be my houseboy-slave (not bottom). Your rewards, to have someone to love you and provide for your needs. You will relocate immediately to small New England town, live in large ranch house with extensive toy room. No drugs, FF or scat. Master, in my sixties, sexually 40s, retired with plenty of time for my slave. You may have to work part-time. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10:00 PM eastern time for more information. No JO calls. (LF4247)

MASTER SEEKS MUSC.SLAVES

Master, 34, tall, well-built, construction workers body, successful, educated, Boston based, seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders in need of a demanding man to guide your life. I will use your body for my pleasure. You will submit to BD and SM as I command. I will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. You will work or go to school as I require. Relocation possible for top quality applicant. Send current physique photos and letter detailing biographical information, fantasies, qualifications and telephone no. to: Master, Box 451, 89 Mass Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (LF5304)

SPIT SHINED USMC

boots, shoes; Corcorans, jump and combat. Marine uniforms. Possessors, not admirers. Box 191, Milton Village, MA 02187.

PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS

29 y.o. GM seeks patients 20 to 35 for thorough physical exams, enemas, other medical fantasies. Send description with phone to Dr. A, PO Box 542, Brookline, MA 02146

MICHIGAN

WM BOTTOM

WM, 36, 6'2", 198 lbs., moustache, into BD, WS, tit torture. Some experience, need to explore and expand limits. Box 5138LF

HOT MASTER

has opening for recruit. Send resume and photo to: Rear Admiral Mark, PO Box 50014, Novi, MI 48050.

UNDERSTANDING MASTER

in Eastern Michigan. Capable but limited time due to profession, seeks young novice bottoms. Write your needs and method to contact. Trust this country boy. Tom, PO Box 104, Cass City, MI 48726.

BOTTOM SEEKS YOUNG DAD

GWM, 35 years, 6', 195 lbs., looking for young dad -28 for discipline/bondage and fun times. Safe sex! Write PO Box 46553, Mt. Clemens, MI 48046.

MINNESOTA

DADDY WANTS SON

Seeking young man for permanent relationship. Daddy/Master, 6', 165, 41, stable, sensitive, sincere, loving, dominant/leather. Son/slave: slim, smooth, 18-30 (youngest given preference, all others considered), submissive, obedient, needs and wants someone to take control of his life and provide direction and security. Son should desire affection as well as light SM, BD, humiliation, ownership, shaving, WS, verbal abuse, being fucked; must be excellent cocksucker. Novice okay as son will be fully trained to serve and service his Daddy/Master and will

derive pleasure from knowing that he is serving his Daddy well. Serious sons should send application letter and photo to Box 4202LF.

HUSKY RUGGED TRUCKERS

wanted by slim bottom man. Fuck and paddle my ass while I worship your cock and balls with my mouth. Please, Sirs, I need a good buddy. Box 5243

MISSISSIPPI

LOVING LEATHERMAN SEEKS RELATIONSHIP

Jockstraps are for cheek creases 'n' basket bulges, hard-balling games, climactic excruciation. Leathers are for daily wear, long bike tours, sweaty aromas, harnessed, heavy huggin' and more. At 43, 5'8", 143 lbs., I'm a balding, bearded, booted professional enjoying all of the above in a drug and smoke-free, but well-leathered life. Looking for a together guy who's comfortable in leather without artificial putdowns or attitudes, and who appreciates home traditions and the finer arts. If you share these definitions and interests and feel a long-term commitment, is worth working for, please write Harold, PO Box 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534 (LF4831).

MISSOURI

LEATHER TOPMAN WANTED

Need leatherman into full and complete leather clothing (boots, chaps, harnesses, gloves) and into having a bottom (companion) for scenes and mutual fantasies with submission, leather, rubber, uniforms, gags, plugs, boots, etc.. Want man to play, talk and be with. Please write your needs. Box 4555LF

WANTED!!

White male who is serious about our way of life. Who expects to be treated as property and will make his Master proud of his property. All responses to include address, phone number and photo which will be returned on request. Box 4719LF

FF BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

WM, 5'10", 175, 37, two years into red hanky right and looking for long-term serious trainer for my hungry hole. Help me break in my new sling. PO Box 507, Florissant, MO 63033.

MONTANA

COWBOY BIKER

WM, 5'10", 140, hung, interested in meeting other cowboys or bikers with tight, bulging Levi crotches or for leather-against-leather action including bootwork, on or off cycle. Enjoy rodeos and traveling. Go down on my spurred cowboy boots or my heavy high biker boots and black leather pants/chaps. Photo with letter gets same. Box 5017LF

NEVADA

BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED

33, 5'10", 160 lbs., enjoys being BOUND, CHAINED or STRAPPED DOWN and could enjoy doing the same to you. Not anally or orally oriented. Enjoy JO fantasies with another man who is into leather, uniforms or other fantasies with bondage and light SM is OK. If you are masculine, thin or muscular man, 18-40 years old and enjoy men struggling against their bonds, send photo. I would like to get together for mutual fun. Box 4816LF

NEVADA PHOTOGRAPHER

Professional photographer needs models in Carson City/Reno, Nevada area. Send photo and your interests. Box 5183

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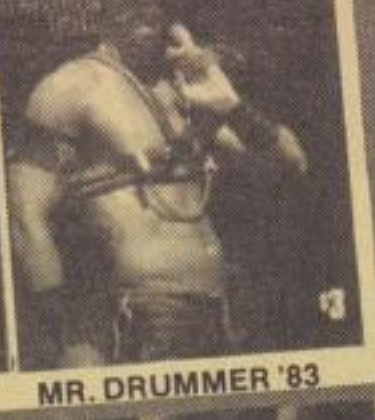
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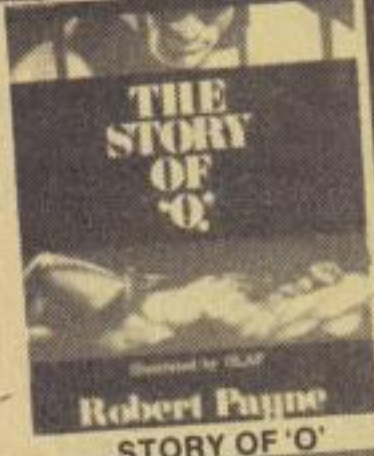
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BONDAGE SLAVE WANTED

I travel northern Nevada, California, southern Oregon and live in Reno, Nevada. Not into bar/bath routine, clean and practice safe sex. This semi-retired white male is 48, 5'8", 170 lbs., and uncut. Enjoys videos, movies, good food, swimming, camping, other outdoor activities and quiet times, etc. Serious bondage bottom slave wanting prolonged sessions bound and gagged in different positions to fulfill your sexual desires or fantasies. Any race, cut, uncut, good build, under forty. Apply now, slave, with photo, phone number, desires and or fantasies. Permanent Master/slave relationship possible. Box 5163LF

FIST SLAVE

GWM, 30, 220 lbs., 6'4", blond/blue, moustache, hairy chest, uncut 7", seeks hot-fisted, hairy Master/daddy for good times. Sir, your boy is into FF, W/S, VA, S/M, leather. Sir, take my balls and stuff them up my ass. Phone JO okay (702) 673-6631. Dan, 3914 Golfview Dr. #60, Reno, NV 89512

NEW HAMPSHIRE

SOUTH NH SLAVE!

42 yrs. old, 5'9", 172 lbs., br. hair and moustache. This whip and piss slave needs you! T/T; torture my balls and uncut cock. I await your orders, Sir. Paul, PO Box 702, Manchester, NH 03105

NEW JERSEY

RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

Boots, armpits, feet, jocks, 501s, leather, sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things. GWM, 32, 6'1", 180—versatile, experienced, healthy—sks fellow travellers in esoteric sex and more mundane pleasures—movies, opera, books, etc. Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational druggies preferred. NO PHONECALLS. Write first with photo if possible (returnable). T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757.

NEW JERSEY

GWM, 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., extremely health-conscious, into spanking, TT, crotch shaving, CBT, enemas, VA, humiliation. I prefer to take rather than give, but will consider trade-off with right person. No exchange of body fluids. PO Box 74, East Brunswick, NJ 08816

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Wonder how much you can take? Find out. Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded as, naked and chained, you twist, sweat and moan under slow torture and the whip. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. Weekend trips and outdoors a specialty. (201) 874-6725 weekdays after 8 P.M. EST, anytime weekends. (LF4769)

NOVICE SLAVE SEEKS TRAINING

Union County slave is 26, 5'7", 156 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes. Very hairy, muscular, wild, hairy ass loves to be fucked long and hard. Need training by sincere, muscular Master. The more muscles the better. All replies with photo answered first. Box 4956LF

STRAPPINGS/EXAMINATIONS/ ENEMAS

Formally administered to deserving young men, reform-school style. Call this handsome 31-year-old, hairy guy. (201) 635-7066.

ROPED, RAPED, BOUND, GAGGED

Hot, handsome, tan-black, virile, muscular, athletic jock (5'10", 170, 33 yrs.) enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex, or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Top mostly, but can be bottom. Additional turn-ons: sweat sox, jockstraps, sweaty, lean, hairy, hard bodies, tight jeans, boots, leather and plenty of rope. Discreet, safe, sane, sanitary, healthy. Want to meet long-lasting, lean jock buddies with similar interests. PO Box 1368, Atlantic City, NJ 08404.

NEW YORK

COME ON, MEN!

You know you've dreamed about having your own personal toilet and body slave! Someone to worship your unwashed body, eat your shit, drink your piss, tongue your dirty asshole, feet, pits. Well, this 36-yr.-old guy is ready and waiting for just the right man to come along and fill his mouth, nostrils and tummy with all the great smells and tastes of another man. PO Box 1725, West Caldwell, NJ 07007-1725. What are you waiting for?

YR HEAVY UNWASHED MEAT

(Puerto Rican or white) feet, balls, pits, spit, keep handsome white Dad's mouth humble, drenched, stuffed, used, raunchy. PO Box 76, Brooklyn, NY 11230

HEY SMART ASS!!!

Need to be worked over? This WM, 32, 6'3", 200, top will show you who's boss. Let's wrestle, fight, get physical, as I do a number on you. You're 18-30, jock, punk, LL, BB. C'mon, man, you know you want it! No beards, feds, fats. Box 5255

ARE YOU HOT?

Keep hot times on videotapes forever. Be hot and creative. Upstate New York, N. Pennsylvania. Contact Edge Video, PO Box 64, Newfield, NY 14867.

BURLY BLUECOLLAR BOTTOM

30, 6'2", 290. 8 tattoos, pierced, uncut, very hairy. Would like to meet and service dominant topmen, 35-60. Into watersports, getting fucked, humiliation, bondage, shaving, leather, cigars. Maybe permanent slavery. Bald, beer gut, bluecollar a plus, but not necessary. Box 5216

I CAN REDUCE YOU TO

AN INHUMAN THING. I get a photo. Box 5204

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

SLAVE AND/OR BOTTOM

Opportunity to serve under incredible Master/top as houseboy and caretaker on beautiful L.I., NY, grounds. You will live in your own cottage and have a pleasant and stimulating life, surrounded by natural beauty and erotic days and nights. Only for the man who truly wants the reality of the society we live in, with the escape to the fulfillment of his fantasy world as a complete slave/bottom. Reply to Box 4255LF.

39, 140 LBS., BLOND

green, 8" cut, hot, hung, horny and into everything you can imagine. PO Box 9152, 600 West 58th Street, NYC, NY. Box 4557LF

TOP/MASTER/SADIST

I am a safe, sane, very experienced top/master/sadist into all S/M and more. No drugs—no damage. I will hurt you, but never harm you. Dr. scenes with professional equipment part of scenes you will not forget. Write Sir Paul Breeme, PO Box 4369, Old Village Station, Great Neck, NY 11027. (LF4255)

FANTASIES FULFILLED

Trim, bearded master, 35, needs slaves or bottoms for obedience training, bondage, discipline, and verbal abuse/humiliation. Have well equipped dungeon and broad, eager tool. Applicants must be healthy, trim, under 35. Arrogant punks & novices welcome. Reply with phone & photo. J. Miller, RD2, Box 510, Putney, VT 05346. (LF4092)

ATHLETIC TOP

New to leather, anyone want to train his top? Me: GWM, 44, 5'10", 165, muscular, sensitive, Gr/A, Fr/p. You: good body, smart. Goal: hot monogamous relationship. Ph/ph to Box 203, 70 Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011.

DISCIPLINARIAN SOUGHT

GWM, 25, 215 lbs., 5'10", brown hair, blue eyes, beard, moustache, lives on Long Island. Seeks older man/mentor/leather top to administer discipline on a weekly/fortnightly basis. Seeking to transform myself physically, emotionally. Discipline used to achieve 1) weight loss, 2) eventual muscle gain, 3) raising of self-esteem when I can appreciate my proper place as bottom. Discipline can range from spanking to enemas, bondage, watersports, titwork, Greek,? Safe. Important: for discipline to be effective must be administered with love and affection. Box 4828LF

FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

SLAVES WANTED

GWM slaves, 18-27, into no-limit C&BT: vices, electric liquid heat, and heavy pain. Also TT, FF, whipping while in rigid spread-eagled bondage for 1+ days. Call DR on (617) 497-0651, Boston, MA. Leave your age, description and heaviest experience with phone no. and best time to return call. I'm 45, GWM, 6', 210 lbs.

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

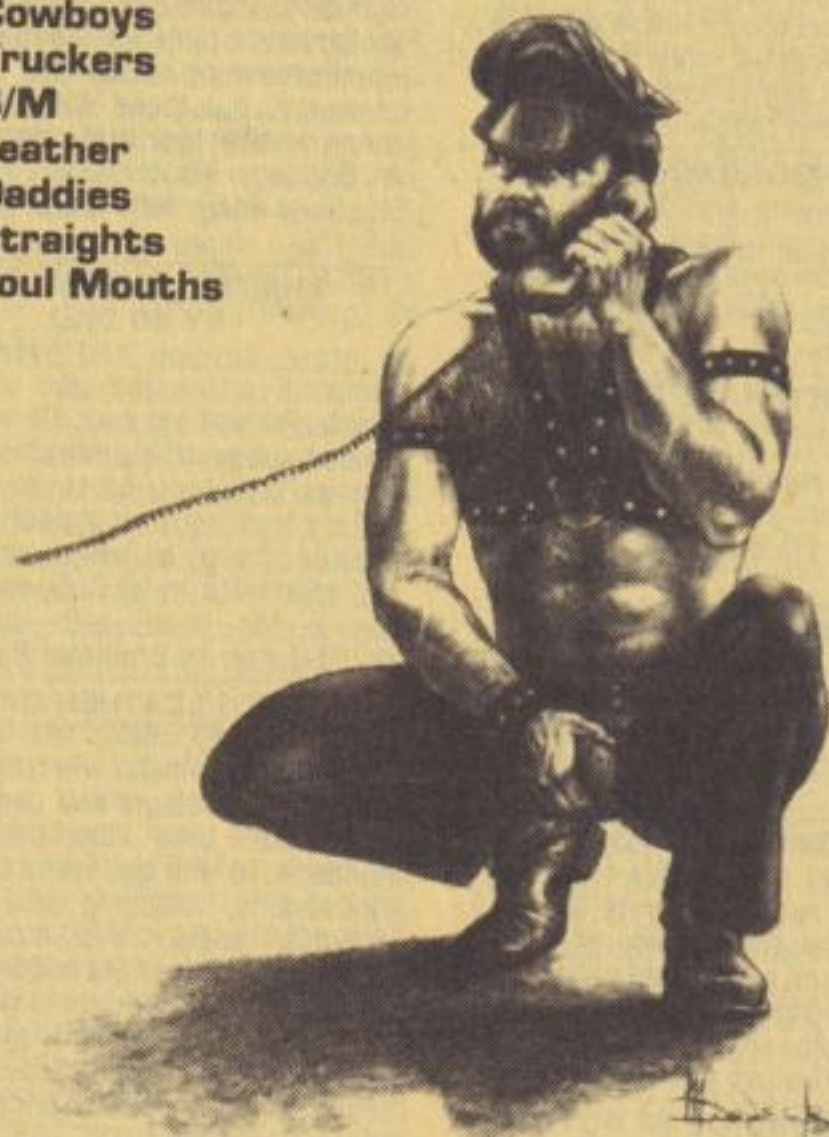
49, 6'1", trim, clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781

ARE YOU OVER 60?

White male needs older male (60+) who is masculine and has experience. I am 34, healthy, in good physical shape, an eager, willing learner and I am considered very good-looking. Am not a complete novice, rather prefer a person who understands his own enjoyments and can move things, maturely in this direction. I've been told (on several occasions) that my French abilities are the incredible ("the best ever"). And as this was always by someone with many years of experience, this may be particularly meaningful. In addition, I have had a bit of experience around bondage and discipline. But your preferences are foremost and I would expect to adapt myself to your pleasures.

If it wouldn't be a turn-off to you, a recent picture or pictures of you would be much valued...either the regular type, revealing, in action, whatever. Grey or white hair is a definite plus. For the person who fits these images, I would very much want to bring pleasure, that is, to satisfy him in every way. I live in NY now, am in NYC almost daily and I travel outside NY on a regular basis (Midwest and Fla. at present). Relocation could be arranged if a full-time situation turned out to be desirable to you. Please write soon? Box 5105LF

- Cowboys
- Truckers
- S/M
- Leather
- Daddies
- Straights
- Foul Mouths



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THE INTERBANK CARD

MUSCLEMAN/SLAVE WANTED

by very good-looking, 39-year-old WM Master. You must be mentally ready to give up control and ownership of your body and physically capable of handling forced workouts, long-term bondage, muscle beatings, discipline and punishment. You will have to convince me that you are ready to have your limits expanded to meet my needs. We will work together, slowly, to bring you to the point where you can take no more. I will then decide whether to throw you out with the garbage or let you become my slave. Serious BB slaves may begin the process by calling (914) 356-0754.

WET HOT HUNGRY ASS

Order my juicy melon butt to service your rod. Tie me, beat me, but ram my hole and take your pleasure. Will do anything to help you enjoy buttfucking my wet, hot, hungry ass. You are very hung, confirmed topman into all scenes, 20-50, but tight body! I am WM, 27, 5'10", BB, 160 lbs. (and growing), br/green, 8", humpy Italian stud, but your bottom playtoy. Can be top at your command, Sir! Please hurry, Sir. I need you badly, Sir! Box 5193

MR. LEATHER NY 1986 CONTEST

This is an AIDS benefit. Anyone interested in being a contestant, placing an ad or memorial, donating a prize, contributing entertainment, or being on our mailing list, write: Mr. Leather NY Contest, Box 410, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

MASTER WITH SLAVE NEEDED

WM, 38, 6'1", slim, good-looking, looking for Master with obedient cocksucking slave for long session of face fucking by both of us. Love bruising its gaggin' cocksuckin' throat with my very fat 9" meat on its Master's command for hours. Box 5195

GROVELING ORAL SLAVE NEEDED

by WM, 35, with very thick 9". Let me turn your sweet mouth into a gagging, scummy, fuck hole, only deep slimy throats need apply. Long endurance necessary. Send face photo. Box 5192.

NEIGHBORS WANTED

Two GWM buying weekend house in N.E. Pennsylvania, want to meet their neighbors in the area for fun and friendship. Please write to PO Box 1003, Milford, PA 18337.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

HAIRCUTS

Hot GM, 28, into giving clipper haircuts, headshaves. PO Box 2291, New York, NY 10185.

SUBMISSIVE FANTASIES?

GWM, 49, 6', 200, with dominant fantasies, seeks GWM, Long Island/Queens, with submissive fantasies for discreet mutual beginners' exploration. Box 5266

UPSTATE NEW YORK

Master seeks novices for training or experienced to expand limits. GWM, 40, 6'1", 190. Discretion assured. Letter with phone and needs/fantasies/experience to PO Box 1189, Plattsburgh, NY 12901. Photos answered first. You'll never know unless you try.

ROCHESTER HOT FF BOTTOM

26, 5'11", 150 lbs. Expand my limits. Suspend me in your sling and open my ass up. Into leather, enemas, dildoes and fisting. Please, Sir, use me. PO Box 17043, Rochester, NY 14617.

HOT MUSCLE BONDAGE

Hot body builder, 24, 5'7", 168, looking for a hot muscle top to rape me and work me over. TT, CBT, and more. Photo/phone to Box 1299, NYC, NY 10276.

SLAVE WANTED

Gay white male 21-29 wanted. Must be into ball torture, tit torture, shaving and ass fucking. No drugs. Must be discreet and not fem looking. Send application, letter and photo. Kingston, New York. Drummer Box 5283

STRIP SEARCH ME

Security guards, policemen. Subject me to the total humiliation of a legitimate plus strip search. Have witnesses if you like. Search my groin. Order me to bend over, grab my ankles, and spread my legs. Let's do it! I'm serious. (212) 874-1325 or write with true experiences only to Box 7, 250 W. 57th St., Suite 1527, New York, NY 10019.

HUNGRY RIMMER SLAVE WANTS DOMINANT

GWM, 31, good-looking, wishes to serve masculine top(s) as body servant and dog trainee. Do: Will receive harsh use, Fr, heavy bondage, humiliation, paddling, WS, toys. Will give you great rim and a lot of respect and obedience. Come sit down on the greatest oral massage you've ever had, for an hour or a weekend. Also into kinky fantasy trips: boot/sneaker worship, deep rimming upon command, raunch holes, motorcycle slave, houseboy/servitude/mental role, uniforms, enforced chastity, confinement, public humiliation, long-term bondage and frat hazing. Want to try frequent Scat: Regular meals or munching/tongue-toilet-paper service/head stuck down the bowl. Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship: Am intelligent, mature, masculine and good company. Want to find similar in others. JBZ, c/o Suite 325, 80 E. 11 St., New York, NY 10003. (LF5201)

BONDAGE MASTER!

40, 6'4", leather, cigars, uniforms, tattoos: looking to own a total slave! If being stripped, shackled, shaved and trained to serve one Master permanently has been your fantasy, here's the chance to make it a reality!!! Lots of equipment to tame the slave and teach him the meaning of restraint. All letters answered, but those with photo and phone number get first priority. Write to: Bondage Master, 263A West 19th St., Suite #160, New York, NY 10011. (LF4730)

MUSCLE SON WANTED BY BB DAD

to grow, develop and even become competitive, for dad who will be BB coach. Prefer boy, over 18, who is not afraid to show off his muscles and have dad exhibit him. Must be ready to adhere to strict training schedule and keep dad happy as well as serve him in his apartment in NYC. Good situation for a big man with big goals. Ph/Ph/Letter to Drummer Box 4717LF

LEVI/LEATHER DAD

Hairy WM, 40, 5'11", 180, with thick cock and large balls will train and discipline sons, abuse and use bottoms, roughhouse with other dads. Enjoys bondage, tit and ball torture, hot wax, clothespins, whipping ass, cuddling, classical music, travel, motorcycling, bullshitting. Tough DIs and skilled Tops may expand my horizons. No scat, FF, drugs. Have house with playroom in Kingston, NY; can travel. Photo required with letter; phone speeds reply. Box 4716LF

CRAVING DISCIPLINE

31, 165, 5'11", handsome, hairy, hot, mustached professional desperately needs to be leashed, collared, trained to obey master's every command (within limits of safe sex). This dog seeks master 28-40 in good shape. Photo/phone. Box 1038, Southampton, NY 11768. (LF4715)

HEAVY BONDAGE

Looking for intense administration of heavy bondage, prolonged leather encasement in hoods, leather strait-jackets, restraints, suspension, etc. Seek total master, intelligent, healthy and sane. Box 4683LF

GWM, 38, 5'8", 145

seeks Master with the drive to cut through my B.S. and turn me into a useful piece of property. Need strict Master to take me from easy lifestyle, break me and train me to be the obedient and willing slave that I was meant to be. Hope to find life of fulfillment through the use and abuse of my Master in satisfying his wishes. Box 4698LF

BEARDED, 35

Leatherman, 6', 160, top, seeks bottom for hot, health-conscious scenes. No holds barred, so long as we both can walk away feeling we haven't put our health at risk. Like muscular men in chaps with beard, moustache. Especially like hot older men in great shape. Your picture gets mine. Box 4712LF

DOMINANT WHITE MALE

40, goodlooking, easy going but firm looking to meet guys 18-35 who are in need of a brother, father image, good friend or more. I'm dominant in bondage, shaving, light SM, Greek, and other fantasies, depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling and am gentle and understanding as well. Inexperienced—that's OK—have lots of patience. You should be a non-smoker, light drinker, and non-fem. I travel the US as well, so this ad is not restricted to NY and Long Island. Respond with photo and phone if possible. Box 1027, Valley Stream, NY 11582. (LF4711)

BIG GUY SEEKS DADDY

I'm 36, 6'2", 220 lbs. with a shaved head and beard. Most everyone thinks I'm a top because of the way I look and carry myself. What I'm looking for, however, is an intelligent, affectionate guy who's really my Daddy in bed. I need someone to go slow with me at first, but also someone who can teach me how to be a good son in the bedroom. I'm an independent, intelligent guy who is looking for a complete and equal relationship outside of the bed, but who definitely needs a dominant, strong man for an intense, kinky, but healthy sexual relationship. I'm fascinated, but not experienced in shaving, tit work, ball stretching, bondage, hot wax and probably a hundred other things I've never thought about. I'm not into pain or life-threatening situations. I know I'd be a great catch and would make the right Daddy very happy. Please write and maybe we can explore new possibilities. Box 4709LF

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

Hot, hairy, NYC jock, 39, 5'10", solid 160, into man-to-man body contact, verbal action, between two raunchy jock-filled studs. Also, pecs, spit and hairy pits. J/O and hot sex. Wants a man who can take what he gives. Photos answered first. Box 4573LF

MATURE TALL MASTER/DADDY

WM, 6'2", 180 lbs. Slave wanted by dominant male. Requires submissive, obedient boy over 20 years. Must be able to take orders and carry them out. Live in upstate NY. Box 4756LF

MUD/BARN/STABLE

Bi WM, 48, 165, wishes to meet farmer. Age/looks unimportant but understanding/interested in my scene. Am into dirty, muddy 501s, leather, rubber, hip boots, W/S and J/O. Can help temporary in barn, stable and yard or be paying guest on farm. Free to travel. Contact PO Box 689, Brooklyn, NY 11202. (LF4758)

TOP NEEDED: BOY OR DADDY

Hot, horny, masculine BOTTOM wants to be BOY to a hot, hung, butch, dominant DADDY...OR...DADDY to a dominant, hot, demanding BOY. I am a masculine, hot, wild white man who needs to service a TOP boy or Daddy!! 39 years old, 6', 185 pounds, hot, construction-worker look. I like to be forced into submission and experience one or more wild, hot scenes: sucking, getting fucked, body worship, toy, BD, leather, fantasies involving police, straight tough guy, military, father-son...Also like toys, wrestling, man-handling and MAN-TO-MAN ACTION AS A BOTTOM. SAFE SEX ONLY!!! Send your hottest photo, letter and phone number to Box 4776LF

TORTURE VICTIM WANTED!

Prisoner for bondage and submission control by sadistic Drummer Dad. WJM, 47, 6'1", 210, grey beard, safe/sane, dominant and mean, seeking absolutely clean/healthy monogamous and overeducated male in good shape. Your fantasies are to be captured, tied up, and forced to submit to the will of a dominant man who will issue orders to be followed and mete out suitable punishment that includes verbal abuse, face slapping, body-wrap, TT, restraints, cuffs, and enough taste of the leather belt to make you whimper and cry until you learn to apologize for being a victim. Strict rules include: No drugs! No WS! No Scat! NO BODY FLUIDS! Total "safe-sex guidelines"! Non-dangerous situation and rewarding ultimate relationship for the right guy. Levi-leather-uniforms are a turn-on. If the above has always been your needs and you've been afraid to explore them—this is the right man to apply to. This is not for hit-and-run. A permanent "friendship" with trust and safety is what I am seeking. No bar life or trashy lifestyle tolerated. Absolutely NO raunch or sleaze in my background, so you be the same. Submit fully detailed letter with photo. Tell me how and why control, discipline, bondage, punching, leather gloves, interrogation and mirror sunglasses would suit your mental and physical well-being. Reply to Box 4718LF

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

STREET FEET

This hot stud is into a natural, masculine, barefoot lifestyle and attitude, and goes barefoot everywhere, always. Would like to meet other hot, masculine, barefoot studs, young punks, and street dudes, who are the same, with tough, calloused feet that are always filthy dirty—for barefoot outings, correspondence, and hot, man-to-man action. Love going barefoot on dirty city streets, in stores, bars, gyms, etc. Also barefoot and barechested in old jeans or cutoffs. If this lifestyle is you, then contact this very hot, goodlooking, naturally masculine BB, who is W, 5'10", 172 lbs. of muscle, straight in looks and attitude, uninhibited, and hung like a horse. Your barefoot photo gets mine. The dirtier they are the better. The bold, the tough, the daring, the few. B.F., 16 Sandy Hollow Rd., Northport, NY 11768. (LF4872)

SULTRY DAYS—STEAMY NIGHTS DEAR SIR

SHIT PIG WANTS LOVER

Shit-eating pig seeks lover for heavy shit scenes plus affection and permanency. Ideally, desire top guy, to be his total shit slave. As alternative, would consider lover relationship involving mutual shit. I'm 40, decent build. Health conscious; expect same. Box 5143

DWARF KING'S SUBJECT

Older, clean, submissive GWM, 5'6½", trained in complete French service. Front, rear, feet. Seeks self-indulgent, dominant, white male dwarf who wants real devotion to his physical satisfaction and personal convenience. Pain accepted if required. Box 5171

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

MOWHAWKS RULE

Hardcore punks can use this scumbag/asswipe/urinal on Avenue A or anywhere—in front of anybody for anything you want. Anything. Call (212) 226-6090.

TORTURE NEEDED

Need inquisition or Nazi prison camp doctor to torture this unwilling victim—GWM, 34, 5'10", 155, moustache. Box 5098

PISS BUDDY

Western NY (Buffalo-Erie, PA area) rural, nature-oriented GWM, 34, 5'8", 170, uncut, brown moustache, seeks piss buddy (25-40) for safesex redneck raunch scenes. Into pissing in and on raunchy Levis, leather, boots, cigars, pits, uniforms, some SM. Top, bottom or mutual. I get horny in the backwoods and need a dirty, sweaty, masculine man for piss and abuse. Passing through or friend or relationship possible. Box 5284LF

LEGIT PHYSICIAN NEEDED

who believes that regular, extensive examinations of the rectum, penis and testicles is essential to the maintenance of good health. I am serious, professional. You are also. (212) 874-1325.

WANTED: HOT MUSCULAR STUD

(18-38) Topmen with big, fat, uncut cock and balls (hung like a horse) that are into jocks, Levis, Master-slave games, fucking, ass play and verbal abuse. I'm clean-shaven, super good-looking, short, blond hair, 28, 6', 160 lbs., masculine and healthy with a nice, tight, white ass. Phone or address, photo will get a response. I might be a bottom, butt I'm not passive. PO Box 20457, London Terrace PO, New York, NY 10011

DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

HEY SMART ASS!!!

Need to be worked over? This WM, 32, 6'3", 200 top will show you who's boss. Let's wrestle, fight, get physical as I do a number on you. You're 18-30, jock, punk, LL, BB. C'mon man, you know you want it. No beards, feds, fats. Box 5301

NORTH CAROLINA

SLAVE FOR MASTER

YOU: Master/Daddy/Top, masculine, healthy, heavy built, hairy, muscular, well-endowed, 5'10", mature, experienced, demanding, tough, sane, caring, intelligent, honest, stable and secure. Seeking total surrender, domination, control. Thorough exploring, extensive training, and total commitment. ME: slave/son/bottom, WM, 30, 5'10", 175 lbs., masculine, healthy, hairy, moustached, brown hair, blue eyes, submissive, obedient, intelligent, stable, professional, secure, straight-looking and acting. Eager to serve, respect, worship. Warm, sensitive, devoted, caring, possible relationship. Heavy B&D, moderate SM, C&BT, TT, FR a/p, heavy GR/p, WS, VA, leather, poppers, uniforms, toys, rough action, expanding limits. Sir, please send your orders, photo and phone to Box 4903LF, Sir.

OHIO

DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE

WM Master, 39, 5'11", 195, brn hair & eyes seeks slave for S&M, B&D, TT, watersports, shaving, training & service. Photo & phone to Box 4137LF

CINCINNATI/DAYTON AREA

160 lbs., 6'1", 52-year-old, size 13 boot. Heavy boot service, leather, uniforms, subservience. No scat or heavy pain. Evenings until 11 P.M. (513) 423-5159.

WANTS TO LEARN MORE, SIR!!

Boy, bottom, 28, WM, 170 lbs., stocky, moustache seeks hairy, raunchy Daddy/top, to 55, to use/teach me. Prefer hairy, uncut, beer belly, but all mature masters will command me, for himself or to entertain same friends. No scars or scat. Learning to enjoy leather, CB/TT, WS, FF and all kinky fun! Let me learn to satisfy you. S.E. Florida; and Detroit/Chicago tri-annually. Box 4806LF

SUBMISSIVE MASOCHIST

5'8" blond, siim, 28, submissive masochist seeking sadists in Ohio. Turned on by chains, rape, torture, possible gang rape if the gang is healthy. Box 5035

THIRSTY PISS-DRINKING DUDE

White, 35, 6'4", 200 lb. dude seeks hot-looking men who oink over piss scenes involving jockey shorts, urinals, toilets, sewers, mouths and tongues and eating piss-drenched ass. Piss pigs only, no scat. PO Box 530, Toledo, OH 43693.

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

effectively applied to colonial butts by former Prep School Dorm Prefect. GWM, 38, sharp and super physical shape. Liberal doses of paddle, strap, belt and cane applied in no-nonsense fashion on American ass. P.O. Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114.

NE OHIO LEATHER BONDAGE

Dudes who crave very hot sexual adventures with a very hot, handsome, bottom, top, 35 years old. Photo with leather, all answered. Box 5247

DEAR SIR—ALWAYS THE BIGGEST & BEST

OKLAHOMA

BALLS! BALLS! BALLS!

Bearded Daddy, 6'2", 200 lbs., ex-football player into leather and uniforms, 8" and good-sized nuts needs slave with l-o-w hangers. Special Hell-fire technique performed to those balls that make this Daddy take notice. PO Box 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154

OREGON

NEED TRAINING/CONTROL?

Salem WM, mid-age, physically active, 6', 180 lbs., cut 7" cock with nice head, hairy body, large nipples, seeks trim young male. Let's spend several hours together exploring the erotic aspects of SM including bondage, ass spanking or whipping, discipline, shaving, self-stimulation, and designing and using restrictive, binding or locking chastity devices. Your interest is important, not your experience. Describe your ideas and what turns you on in detail. Include photo. Box 5263

NEED TRAINING/CONTROL?

Salem w/male, mid-age, physically active, 6', 180 lbs., cut 7" cock with nice head, hairy body, large nipples, seeks trim young male. Let's spend several hours together exploring the erotic aspects of SM, including bondage, ass spanking or whipping, discipline, shaving, self-stimulation, and designing and using restrictive, binding or lock-

ing chastity devices. Your interest is important, not your experience. Describe your ideas and what turns you on in detail. Include photo. Box 5279LF

PENNSYLVANIA

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Once you get me under your control, you set the limits. 37 year old bondage slave needs natural master capable of extended heavy bondage, sensory deprivation and behavior modification. Please send orders to PO Box 2091, Philadelphia, PA 19103. Am able and willing to travel to your domaine. (LF4674)

MASOCHIST/SON

wanted by 43 yr. old Harley riding Leatherman into boots, ass-kicking, body-punching, ball-torture and VA. You can expect to be face-fucked while hooded and bound, have a dildo used on your throat and ass, and submit in general. Few toys needed—just boots, leather and fists. No theatrics wanted. Attitude is all-important. TLC possible for right person afterward. Prefer under 30, slim, however, all considered. Fisting a plus. Visit NYC frequently. Photo and phone a must. Box 4840LF.

DUNGEON MASTER

6', 165 lbs., 48 year old master, Greek active, French passive, requires obedient slave for training. S&M, B/D, WS, etc. Limits respected and expanded. Assistant masters also welcome. Send respectful letter with phone to PO Box 7363, Philadelphia, PA 19101. (LF4836)

YOUNG STUD WANTED

in Pittsburgh area for extensive training. I am WM, 6', 180 lbs., 45, uncut, competent, 100% U.S.D.A. Prime with over-equipped leather fuck room. *Men only need apply.* Require mind, body and then some. Can't handle it—fuck off. Box 4406LF.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

WORSHIP BOOTS & FEET

Goodlooking, masculine WM, 38 5'6", trim 140 lbs., brown hair/eyes/moustache, into hot, imaginative, mutually stimulating boot/foot scenes, wrestling, B&D, S&M, body worship, V/A. Can also enjoy just good masculine companionship. Versatile and health conscious. Travel Northeast/Midwest often. RW, Box 332, Harrisburg, PA 17108. (LF4897)

ASSMASTER

seeks dildofuckholes for humiliation trips, VA, C&BT, toys, "smoke," aroma, J/O, safe-sex. Good attitude preferred to great bodies, though latter a plus. Reply with photo and/or description to Box 36065, Philadelphia, PA 19112.

RHODE ISLAND

SLAVE/SON SEEKS MASTER/DAD

Hot, white male, good build, mid-30s, submissive, seeks a hot Master to serve, please and learn by. My cock, ass, balls and tits are for your use and fantasy. Seek a Master who is firm, dominate, in control and yet is understanding and desires to teach me to be the perfect slave/son I am meant to be. Bond me, spread-eagle me. I am hot and wild for a man in leather. Not into drugs, but into good times. Will travel New England area. Please consider, Sir. Box 5075LF

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

BUN WARMER

Awesome white affectionate Daddy, 33, seeking unguided, slim, sassy boy to 30 for spankings, workouts, body worship. Write detailed interests with phone/photo. Box 5273

SOUTH CAROLINA

HOT SON LOOKING FOR HAIRY DADDY

I am white, 32, married male looking for hot stud for daddy, uncle, older brother type relationship. I am a bottom who is Greek passive, French active, love to receive tit torture, cock and ball work, watersports. Looking to enjoy these activities in a SAFE context. Really turned on by a hairy body—the more the better—but attitude more important than looks or age. If you need a hot, submissive eager-to-please masculine partner, contact: Boxholder, PO Box 16291, Greenville, SC 29606. Complete discretion expected and assured. (LF4829)

SLAVE/BOTTOM

White male, 30s, slave/bottom, 5'9", 175 lbs., hunky, good-looking, uncut, into sucking, fucking, WS, long, hot sessions of servitude with genuine Leather Master. Do anything within my power to please: lick boots, chaps, drink piss, eat ass. Send letter and pic to Box 4862.

HUNKY WHITE MALE

White male, 30, slave/bottom, 5'9", 175 lbs., hunky, good-looking, uncut, into sucking, fucking, W/S, long hot sessions of servitude with genuine leather Master. Do anything within my power to please: lick boots, chaps, drink piss, eat ass. Send letter & pic to Box 4862LF.

TENNESSEE

LEAN, INTENSE ANIMAL

Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuckin' is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6', 150 lbs., 46 yrs., greying-black hair, beard and moustache; with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy 7-inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat, hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, low-swingin' balls and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no-bullshit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 61LF

MUSCLE MASTER WANTED NASHVILLE

GWM, 30, 5'10", 9½", 41 c, 29 w, 155 lbs., wants muscle. All BB or leather a plus. S/M & titwork & muscles a plus. 3 ways with muscle studs welcome. Discreet. Photo and phone. Box 5291

GWM READY FOR ACTION

WM, 40, 5'11", 170, dark hair, attractive, bearded, 8½" uncut, into jockstraps, J/O, W/S, deep throat fucking, cock sucking, cock worship, 69, ass fucking, etc. If you have over 7½" and under 40 and like hot sex and a great guy man-to-man, then let's get together. Black or white, would like you to visit me here in Tenn. I'm very near Nashville, have large private place. Ray, Rt. 3, Box 730, Dickson, TN 37055. (615) 446-2613. (LF5287)

GWM 25

5'9", 160, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, submissive and obedient, looking for Drummer Daddy/Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel/possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 5265LF

TEXAS

LICK MY PIERCED NIPPLES

Topman, 34, 6'6", big nipples, big butt, gut, seeks submissive guy who likes to lick. Write Box 701041, Houston, TX 77270.

BIG DALLAS NIPPLES

want to be manhandled. GWM, 37, slim (6', 155 lbs.) seeks muscular or trim topman/men for C&BT, TT, WS, shaving, obedience training & B/D. Healthy sex only. No fats, crazys, or over 45. Dungeon a plus. Picture preferred, but not required. Box 4722LF

SLAVE

Obsessions: blood, boots, branding, breath control, bondage, choking, confinement, control, discipline, dog training, domination, electricity, gloves, gut punching, hoods, interrogation, knives, leather, needles, piercing, piss, rimming, shaving, sweat, tatoos, torture, uniforms, violence. Interests: ash-tray, enemas, fisting, plastic, rubber, Satanism, scat, whippings, serving lovers. Pretty much anything for intelligent MASTER. (713) 928-3318. (LF4792)

WM, 31, 5'10"

140 lbs., seeks slave for long-term. B/D, leather, Levi. No fats, fems. Only serious into bondage need answer and cut for total domination. Foto required for immediate reply (21-35 yrs. only). PO Box 34244, Houston, TX 77234

"PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish!" Drummer Box 3853.

MASTER AVAILABLE

East Texas Master available. 42, 6'1", 190, big brother or dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe sex. Box 4949LF

HISPANIC SLAVE WANTED

East European, 36, 5'9", 150, uncut, is looking for permanent relationship with slave/bottom, 20-30, uncut, moustache, submissive. Send resume with address, phone and photo to Box 4864LF

EAST TEXAS MASTER AVAILABLE
42, 6'1", 190, Big Brother or Dad. Wrestling top, cigar smoker. You must send nude slave picture and letter with your explicit desires. Safe-sex Box 4949LF

EXPAND MY LIMITS

Dallas 33-year-old bottom wants to meet a top who truly enjoys introducing an eager student to the pleasures of leathersex. So far, I've only tried tit torture, spanking and bondage. I am uncut, 6', 210 lbs., hairy body. Anxiously awaiting your reply. Sir! Box 4987LF

HOUSTON AREA

White top, 43, 6'1", 190 lbs., Houston area. Porno, wrestling, dominance, Leather Fraternity member. Nothing else needs to be said. Box 4949LF

"PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish!" Box 3853

MASTER/DAD

WM, 50, 6'2", 210, 7" uncut, moustache and beard, masculine, educated, experienced and versatile with firm but gentle style seeks slave/son for training and permanent relationship. Into leather, uniforms, Levis, boots, BD, SM, CB&TT, ET and most scenes. Have playroom with lots of equipment to tame the

slave/son and teach him the meaning of total commitment to a lifestyle of domination and service. Are you ready to turn fantasy into reality with a real man for a lasting, monogamous relationship of permanent life of servitude and security? Call (817) 458-4175 or send detailed letter, phone number and photo to Box 4986LF.

BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED

GWM, 29, 5'7", 150 lbs., seeks partner for workouts and bondage sessions. You, 25-40, good body and at least half a brain. Houston, TX. Drummer Box 5209.

FIND YOUR DEAR SIR IN DEAR SIR

MEAN MASTER NEEDED

Mature slave looking for mean and demanding Master to discipline, break, shave, brand, pierce, dog train, to give BD, SM, CB&T, TT. Love chains, Fr, Gr. I will obey you totally for one night or weekend. You set the limit. Box 5303

UTAH

NOVICE SEEKS INSTRUCTION

Tall, attractive, 34, 6'2", 170 lbs., creative, seeks Master who is experienced and gentle for training. Limitations, no drugs, scat, fems or fats. Sir: Please reply with photo and phone no. to P.E.P., PO Box 683, Ogden, UT 84402.

VIRGINIA

READY TO SERVE

Leatherman seeks to serve other leathermen. Blond, blue-eyed and pierced, willing and ready to serve. Located in Tidewater, VA. Your photo will get my reply. Dan from Virginia. Box 4953LF

SEEKING DADDY

I'm 25, 6', 170 lbs., muscular and hung. Recently I graduated from college and am now on a man hunt. I dig leather, slings, dildoes, poppers, cockrings and big-dicked Daddies. Into any scene containing hot man-to-man action. Send photo and letter to Bob, Rt. #1, Box 632, Wytheville, VA 24382 (LF4854)

CONTINUOUSLY AROUSED

You can get worked over in a session wherein you are kept continuously aroused. If you are in the 20-30 year range, smooth body with well-defined chest. Whereabouts doesn't matter, we'll meet. I am in the forties, average looking, experienced and intelligent. Send photo, address (and phone if you care to; I'm discreet). It may lead somewhere! Box 5058LF

SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

FUCK BUDDIES

wanted by married GWM, 40, 6'1", 165, lean body. Want hot, discreet sessions using safe sex only. Like to service real men but not into SM, BD, FF. J/O letters OK. Age, looks less important than masculinity. Box 5268

DADDY SEEKS SON

Good-looking GWM seeks younger, 18-35, submissive man who can take care of himself, but would love to meet the needs of a dominant, educated, successful, tender but firm, passionate, sexy daddy. Into TT, B/D, spanking, discipline, experimentation, safe sex, developing a relationship and serving as a great Master. All letters with photo and phone will be answered. Live in DC area. Box 5270LF

WASHINGTON

DRUMMER DESIRES

Submit to your Drummer desires. Safely explore your new horizons. Box 4876LF

WHIDBEY ISLAND— NORTH OLYMPICS

I'm a 40-year-old ex-logger, 6'1", slender build, 165 lbs. with tattoos and beard. I am considered good-looking. I'm into grease, mud, suspension, whips, paddles, TT, C&BT and some role playing. I like men who are grubby looking and uninhibited. Age not important but health and shape are. I'm not into FF. If you think we might have something in common how about a photo and some details. I'll respond. Box 4927LF

PRIVATE STABLE SEEKS STOCK

Slim, attractive, passionate/cruel/affectionate, demanding Master (36, 5'9", 140, brown/blue, beard, thick 7", cut, fair-skinned, smooth; health-oriented, creative, high IQ, masterful lover) requires broad-spectrum services of small, permanent team of prime quality, tobacco-free livestock to create mutually beneficial city/islands lifestyle in spectacular Pacific Northwest. REQUIREMENTS: Self-knowledge, openness, 200% dedication, sexual skill, intelligence, health, industriousness, teamwork. PREFERENCES: over 35 years; tall, big build; foreskin; bearded; hairy; heavy hung; muscles; earning power. Description, recent photo, SASE guarantee reply. Box 5277LF

WISCONSIN

LEATHER FREAK

New to leather scene. 38, 6', 180 lbs., 6½", pump iron. Likes tit and ass workouts. Seeks leather BB stud w/bike, not over 45, with big, sensitive tits, likes ass play in tight chaps. No FF, scat, WS, drugs, fems or fats. Safe sex. Am able to travel. Send picture and phone. Box 5206

DEAR SIR—AN ADVOCATE OF HOT TIMES

SCAT

Totally uninhibited scat scenes wanted by this bottom-mutual raunch pig. Am 32, 6', 200 lbs. GWM—medium hung. Seeks same to 45—hairier the better. Also into WS, FF, Satanism, drink, smoke, aroma. Send revealing photo and phone to Boxholder, PO Box 07461, Milwaukee, WI 53207, for immediate reply. (LF5286)

INTERNATIONAL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per ½-ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

EXPERIENCED LEATHER MASTER WANTED IN U.S.A.

By bootlicking English WM, 28, uncut 8", 175 lbs. into W/S, SM, BB, Gr/P, dildoes. Want to try FF. Master should be under 45, WM, muscular, hung, into leather, rubber & toys. Playroom a plus. My experience is limited so you will enjoy expanding it. I'm open to most suggestions. Travel Europe, U.S.A. often. Also interested in hearing from leather rubber masters in Europe. Photo and detailed letter please, Sir. You won't be sorry! London. Box 4908

AMERICAN IN GERMANY!

Near Kaiserslautern. 35, 5'11", 160 lbs. biker with full leathers looking for military in Europe. Officers, NCOs into uniforms, leather, bikes, bondage, etc. Must be discreet and AIDS-conscious. Top or bottom. What I dish out I can also take. It's tough to make contact and we never will, if you don't move ass. (If you aren't dedicated to leather and/or uniforms, don't waste your time. If you're one of the few who are, don't lose time—write!) Box 5023

AUSTRALIA

SHIT MASTER

Shit master (40) wants to vary his pig slave's (35) meals. Leathermen/masters interested send airmail letter with asswipe sample. Later your dirty underwear can be sent for photos of slave worshipping and mouth cleaning it. Master will swap samples with masters with slaves to feed. Slaves can also beg sample from master. All, but those with photo/sample answered first. Box 4726LF

CANADA

MASTER

Fit, virile, professional. Travel anywhere. Box 1160, Outlook, Sask., Canada.

A "BOOTS" IN HOTELS

Want work as a bootblack, boot cleaner, bootjack, bootstool in busy hotels. Will service boots on male feet for customers and hotel staff alike without pay. Am fascinated by spurred cowboy boots and English riding boots. Will treat boot leather with my tongue. Will spit-shine them. Roger, PO Box 383, Lachine, Que., Canada H8S 4C2.

FRANCE

VISITING FRANCE?

A French guy, 30 yrs., 5'11", 175 lbs., black moustache, short-beard, Italian-type, seeks blond- or red-haired, masculine Dad traveling to France-preferably businessman type. Box 5196

ITALY

ITALIAN MALE

45 years, wants to meet males 20-42. Tall, muscular, earnest, for friendship. Send photo. Giorgio Marauda, Casella Postale 580, 20101 Milano, Italy.

SWITZERLAND

COMING TO SWITZERLAND?

Visit this muscular top leatherman, 50, 5'11", 160, with beard, moustache, good tits, who is in perfect health (HTLV-neg). You may join him at his daily workout (at the gym) if you are 28-50, good-looking, masculine, preferably muscular and hairy with a well-trained, receptive rear for extensive assplay including deep-plowing, optional FF with heavy VA and mainly extensive mutual raunchy asslicking. Perfect health essential. Write with photo to B. Rahm, Hardstr. 58, CH-4052 Basle, Switzerland. (LF5048)

WEST GERMANY

AMERICAN IN GERMANY

Ex-patriot living in Frankfurt area. 35, blond, 6', 155, moustache—seeks leather/levi contacts for friendship and sex. Enjoy poppers, cockrings, chaps, toys, TT, CBT, WS. Moustache and hairy chest preferred. Am willing to provide short-term accommodations to American men visiting Deutschland in return for same when I visit USA. Discretion assured to European contacts. No hard drugs or chain smokers. Have video and playroom for mutual pleasure. Box 4456LF

LIMITLESS DIRTSCENES

wanted by experienced man 45, 5'11", 160 looking for top or mutual pigs. Piss, snot, shit, puke, enemas, mud, grease, oil, rubber and leather gear, catheters, piercing, hot wax, S/M, TT, cock and ball torture, shaving. Interested in world-wide contact. Box 4682LF

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RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

HUMILIATION

29, bearded, 6'2", well-built, good-looking, need to be used/abused any way my Master commands me to. I am inexperienced, but very willing to learn. Interested in worldwide contacts. Please, Sir, use me as your slave—humiliate me. Box 5227

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Oakland-SF masseur. Fr-a/p, Gr-a. Phallic lovers, J/O. \$60 in. Photos, phone sex. Marc (415) 444-3204

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HAIRY GUYS 18-25 ONLY!

Very good-looking young bottoms only for shaving videos/photos. Good pay. Joey, (213) 657-1551. (Also need tops.)

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MAIL ORDER

The California law now reads that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal, in all advertising, the address at which the business is being conducted. **To advertisers, this address must be included in all ad copy.** To readers, the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad (in parentheses) is the address required by state law. Most firms still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA—WEAR A CONDOM!

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Be a contestant in the Mr. Leather N.Y. Contest, an AIDS benefit. Win a trip to Puerto Rico in our raffle. Admission and raffle tickets now available. Info. Write: Box 410, 132 West 24 St., NYC 10011.

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Fun, Funky Enema Equipment for practical cleanliness, pleasure or discipline. Other Ass-oriented toys also. Catalog \$2. Art Hamilton, 315 West 4th Street, New York, NY 10014.

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bis and young men threatened with sexual exploitation in institutions everywhere benefit from the Penpal Program of Joint Venture, which also protects its members in society from rip-offs by unscrupulous prisoners. For information and a sample page of J-V's monthly listings, send a SASE to Joint Venture, PO Box 26-8484, Chicago, IL 60626.

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MOVIES

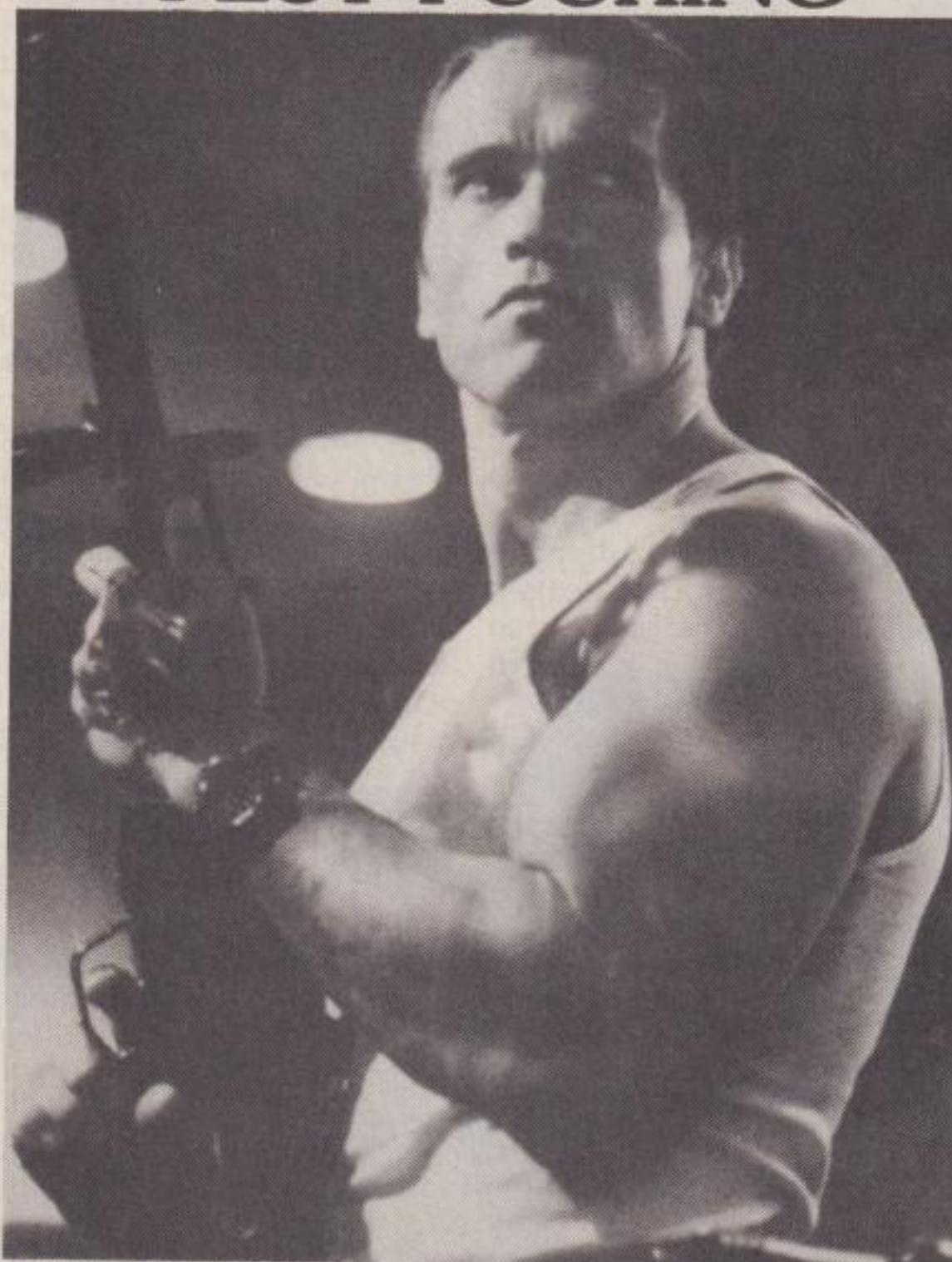
FEST FUCKING

There are three major film festivals, one exclusively gay, within six months in the San Francisco Bay area. Blame it on my masochism that I spent a few of the days between sampling the Seattle International Film Festival (SIFF).

Started in 1976 by two gay men, Darryl MacDonald and Daniel Ireland, the month-long SIFF includes most of the gay films Seattle will see in a given year. This year's featured a picture that went on to be voted the audience favorite at the tenth San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival (SFILGFF—even the acronym is too long)—*Pervola: Tracks in the Snow*.

This Dutch drama by Orlow Seunke is certainly beautifully filmed under what must have been difficult conditions in an icy wilderness. Sometimes moving but too often static, it's a story of sibling rivalry between gay Simon and nongay Hein. The straight brother usurped their inheritance 20 years earlier by telling their father Simon was gay. The old man disowned Simon but later forgave him, but Hein managed to block all communication between them. The truth comes out on a trek to bury their father in the remote village of Pervola, where Simon's closeness with their native guide never blossoms into a sexual relationship—at least not on camera. Simon tells the story in the context of a cabaret act, but not enough use is made of this framework to lighten a film that's as heavy as anything Bergman ever made—and technically not far behind.

Receiving its American premiere in Seattle but now playing in most major cities is one of the year's best movies, *Mona Lisa*. Versatile Bob Hoskins (also great in the SIFF opener *Sweet Liberty*) stars as a petty gangster who took a fall for Michael Caine and



ALL ABOUT ARNIE: The biceptual Mr. Schwarzenegger has some of the campiest dialogue since *All About Eve* in *Raw Deal*. The movie got a raw deal at the box office because action fans didn't get the jokes and the tasteful people avoided it on the assumption it was nothing but mindless mayhem. The video should be out by Christmas, in time to make "You should not drink and bake" a favorite slogan at holiday parties.

spent seven years in prison. Locked out by his wife on his release he gets a job as chauffeur to Cathy Tyson, an expensive call girl. It's hate at first sight, but both have hearts of silver and grow to appreciate each other's sterling qualities. Hoskins thinks he's in love with Tyson, despite her warning that men sometimes "fall for what they think I am." She doesn't return his love because her heart belongs to a 15-year-old girl she met when they used to walk the same street. Hoskins is shocked when he finds out, but we were tipped off much earlier.

We don't see much of Tyson at work in *Mona Lisa*, mostly just going in and out of hotels, but in one scene Hoskins bursts into a room to find her in a leather harness, tied to a bed. The 21-year-old actress told *Drummer* she didn't particularly like shooting the sequence—"With that fat old man? Get out!"—and that director Neil Jordan had considered setting it in a marble "torture chamber" rather than a hotel room. As her character doesn't enjoy anything she does with men, this was no more objectionable than the rest: "If she'd

thought about any of it she'd go mad, wouldn't she?"

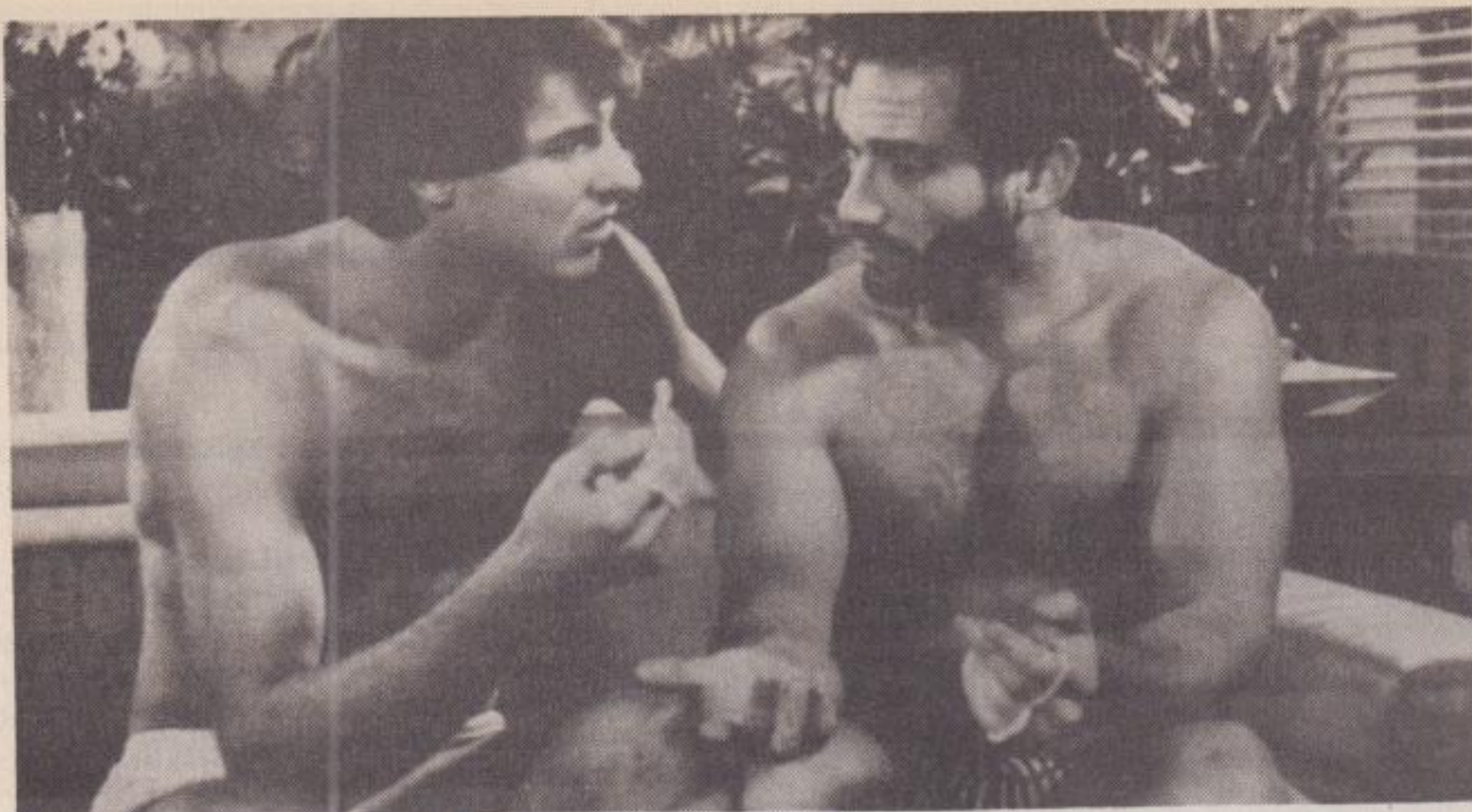
MEANWHILE, BACK IN SAN FRANCISCO...

The most enjoyable movie in the SFILGFF was the opening night feature, a sellout at the Castro Theatre, *Dona Herlinda and Her Son*. The Mexican comedy about a meddling mama who arranges for her son Rodolfo to marry a woman (for mother's sake) and have his male lover Ramon live with them as well, leaves everyone in the audience as happy as everyone on screen.

Gay director Jaime Humberto Hermosillo, who attended the Festival, had two bits of bad news for *Drummer*: Marco Antonio Trevino (Rodolfo) is not gay, and Arturo Meza (Ramon), who may be—Hermosillo professed not to know—doesn't intend to make any more films. "He's studying architecture," the director said. On the bright side, that means that after copious soft frontal nudity in *Dona Herlinda* we may one day get to see some of Meza's erections!

Whether they're gay or not, actors or not, the two men display a lot of what passes for genuine affection, both passionate and tender, on the screen. In a subtle subplot Ramon longs to rise from the bottom in their relationship and Rodolfo stalls him with "Maybe someday, little boy." After honeymooning with his wife Rodolfo gets over his macho hang-ups and rolls over.

Because the Festival declined to show hardcore unsafe sex this year, the only outright porn came in two videos, Henry Mach's "healthy sex" *Inevitable Love* and the Gay Men's Health Crisis' "safer sex" *Chance of a Lifetime*. We'll leave full review to the proper department, but we preferred the latter, espe-



INEVITABLE LOVE: A better title would be *Limp Dicks*.



DONA HERLINDA AND HER SON: This Mexican comedy was the hit of the SFILGFF.

cially the SM segment in which a slave collar switches necks in the course of the action. Unlike *Inevitable Love*, which should have been called *Limp Dicks*, *Chance of a Lifetime* is not available commercially, only through "educational" outlets.

Many of the Festival's videos dealt with AIDS, including Robert Epstein and Peter Adair's *The AIDS Show: Artists Involved with Death and Survival*, featuring excerpts from San Francisco's Theatre Rhinoceros stage production of the same name. It will be showing up on more adventurous PBS stations and is definitely worth seeing.

Diverse—but all positive—sketches of individuals living

with AIDS were presented in *Hero of My Own Life* (David Summers), *Bill Pope: Portrait of a Native Son* and my favorite, *Coming of Age* (Chuck Solomon).

Of the other Festival features (defining "feature" as a film running an hour or more), 12 were new to San Francisco and 11 were encores. One of the most popular was *Westler* (*East of the Wall*), because of its appealing story of lovers living on opposite sides of the Berlin Wall and its equally appealing stars Sigurd Rachman and Rainer Strecker. Tall, blond director Wieland Speck was himself a major attraction of the Festival, probably drawing more appreciative comments than all the films

combined. Unfortunately he doesn't know how to direct and his actors don't know how to act. Being pretty may get you farther in gay filmmaking than in other fields, but eventually talent will out.

Perhaps Speck could join forces with another Festival visitor, Austria's Hans Fadler, whose *Wiener Brut* showed skill with a camera and even some ability to coax performances from nonprofessional actors (under admittedly undemanding circumstances), but little coherence or wit in a plot (?) that was made up in the editing room.

Other films included *Mala Noche* (Drummer 96) and *Hidden Pleasures* (Drummer 91). Argentina's first gay film,

Adios Roberto..., is a gentle coming-out comedy about a man torn between a bad marriage to a woman and a potentially better one with a man. Two Spanish entries were heavily political: the religious satire *Manuel y Clemente*, recommended for Catholics with a sense of humor even though the pace lags toward the end; and *The Death of Mikel*, another coming-out tale involving a liberal activist and his strong-willed mother, which starts slowly but gets much better as it progresses.

Self Defense (formerly *Siege*) is a competently made splatter movie in which the lone survivor of a massacre in a gay bar is sheltered from the crusading rednecks by a straight couple and their neighbor (Darel Haeny) who is cute, sexually ambiguous and has a definite military fetish.

A Strange Love Affair begins promisingly as a student flirts with his professor to scenes from *Now Voyager* and *Johnny Guitar*. Once they run off together and the teacher exchanges the boy for his father, the footage is all original and mostly dull. Codirector Eric De Kuyper made *Naughty Boys*, which inspired the greatest number of walkouts at last year's Festival. He did better this year, with Paul Verstraten's help, but the Dutch director has a long way to go until his scripts catch up with his stunning black-and-white photography.

The Netherlands also furnished the year's only new lesbian features, the beautiful-but-boring *Mara* and the funky, experimental *The Whole of Life*, which only manages in one scene to be visually and aurally interesting at the same time.

Overall the Festival offerings showed an increase in professionalism and a furthering of the trend toward using gay characters in stories where their gayness is not the issue.

PARTING GLANCE

Finally, let's welcome the real Bette Midler to the screen at last. In *Ruthless People* she's unrestrained in every sense, chewing the scenery and any costars who get in her way, and she says "motherfucker" like she means it!

—Steve Warren

BOOKS

Among many other areas, I am not sophisticated in the matter of color production, but I do know that the use of it can run into very many hundreds of dollars, and in an edition like this, of 1,000 at \$10.00 each, one can only be impressed by the many labors of love that it took to publish a book like this one. Seven color abstractions by Vassilis Voglis adorn this book of six poems by Purdy. Some of the colors on the softer pages seem to bleed as compared to the sharp cover illustration done on glossy stock, but the variety and subtlety of the inks used is, for a small press, a tour-de-force here. A commercial press would not even have considered producing the book.

When it arrived in the mail I had just been talking a few hours earlier about the small press industry with Donald Windham whom I had approached for the first time about signing his own small press book, *As If...* (an analytical reminiscence on his lifetime friend Tennessee Williams in which Windham documents Williams' inability to love back and the consequent hang-ups in regard to this failing that explains much of the otherwise inexplicable behavior Williams sometimes imposed on his friends and associates.

Windham's book, too, was "privately" printed by Sandy Campbell—in 300 numbered copies. As we discussed the production, Mr. Windham mentioned the need for the small press in getting less monumental projects before the public when the national commercial publishers of literature do not seem to read anything except the computer printout on potential sales. Even before this computer age, when I worked for a literary agency in the 1950s, a novel was judged partly by its weight; if a book is thick and heavy, you obviously get more for your money.

This book by Purdy, however, consists of twenty pages of

which only twelve are devoted to the contents and half of that is given over to the pictures! Can you see the Book-of-the-Month Club choosing it for their main selection? Yet I would dare say that the contents took as long to create as many a novel. These difference between the two worlds means that there must be two cultures. To compare one with the other, as with oranges and apples, only leads to endless discussions of a pointless kind, but it tends to make our civilization schizophrenic I would think.

But aside from that, here is a very happy example of the small press as it functions best—neat and complete. The six poems are not so much poetical portraits of particular men but, rather, they are abstractions of the feelings those men have left behind. The result is one of dream or of distant reflection. This distance, in time or location, imbues the poems with an aura of timelessness on the one hand and the instability of reality on the other. The encounters could be with anyone and the experiences described of a general nature—a sailor on leave is immediate and real, yet that immediacy and accessible reality is doomed by the passage of not only the sailor and the meeting, but of youth itself, along with the forgetfulness and possibly the rejection of the narrator as the salt of the sea changes the sailor and carries him to another life, or, maybe, just to oblivion.

The author is wise in this poem ("Merman") not to have interjected any sense of regret or even of longing; he only mentions the effect of brine on the skin, which the reader can assume is corrosive, as age is.

But I think in Purdy's line, "The brine will envelope his face and lips," he meant the verb "envelop" rather than the noun, envelope. The noun may have the two spellings, but not the verb.

The emotional restraint exercised in this poem is evident

again in "He Watched Me." As I read the poem, a man is doing a striptease at his window for a voyeur in another building. The situation is certainly common enough, but what lifts it from the ordinary is the suggestion of not the exhibitionist's need for admiration but, like the woman in Randall Jarrell's poem, "At The Supermarket," the voyeur's need to be seen in turn. The difference is that in Randall's poem the woman, as voyeur in her lust for the grocery clerk, feels a sense of incompleteness; in Purdy's poem the relationship is complete just as it is, because both parties are frankly appreciated by each other.

I was bothered by the overall voice in some of Purdy's work. The writer uses rhymes and off-rhymes and often establishes a poetic lilt but arbitrarily breaks his tone with prosaic language as in:

Then he had nothing on at all
not one stitch

The poem "The Brooklyn Branding Parlors" avoids this split by staying consistently in the form of a prose poem. But this could as well be written out as reportage. While it avoids the one sin, it falls into another: journalism masquerading as poetry. Breaking up the phrases into separate lines and abjuring punctuation at random does not of prose a poem make. The subject itself is about either tattoo parlors or particular sadism and masochism rites. The narrator asks, Do they exist? Alas, one of the first strictures of writing is: write about what you know! The narrator does not know his subject and, one feels, neither does the writer, and so the poem, instead of being provocative, disappoints.

"Don't Let the Snow Fall" is more successful as a requiem for the dead, and the lust for a sleeper's pair of hands is convincing in "I Have Told You Your Hands Are Salt."

"A Wild Bitter Boy" ends the collection. While the adjective seem to replace action as a kind of emotional and

mental shortcut for the writer, the boy who has been "let into the house" is still provocatively destructive:

He has smashed the notes
of the music harp
(Is there another kind of harp?)

& belittles the old magician's heart

The ampersand seems affected, and as always punctuation is dismissed as a necessary evil to be used as little as possible as though the author was afraid of the rules for it, but the idea in the poem is interesting since the subject could be a real boy who is mentally disturbed, or the boy could be an image for the decline of creativity or the indifferent onslaught of old age. The poem—of only nine lines—ends:

A wild bitter boy
has entered his life
& broken his dream
in less than a night.

"Night" seems more like a rhyme of convenience than it does a rhyme of necessity. This is why the sonnet is so important for any poet. Rhymes of convenience, that is those that are forced, are so devastating in that form of poetry that one is humbled and hopes never to betray the art of poetry—and, of course, oneself—in that way ever again. If we could practice what we learn, let alone teach it, poetry would be the easy thing that it seems to be to all appearances. The best prose writers almost always are frightened to death of it. In prose you can be inventive and clever or in some way hold, if not grip, the reader's attention. In poetry one is not beholden to the reader but to the poem itself. For a prose writer of Mr. Purdy's reputation, to attempt the poet's role takes courage. I think he has done very well.

The Brooklyn Branding Parlors. Poems by James Purdy. 15 x 23cm (6" x 9") illustrated paper wrappers, unpagged (20pp.), illustrated, Vassilis Voglis, New York: Contact II Publications, 1986.

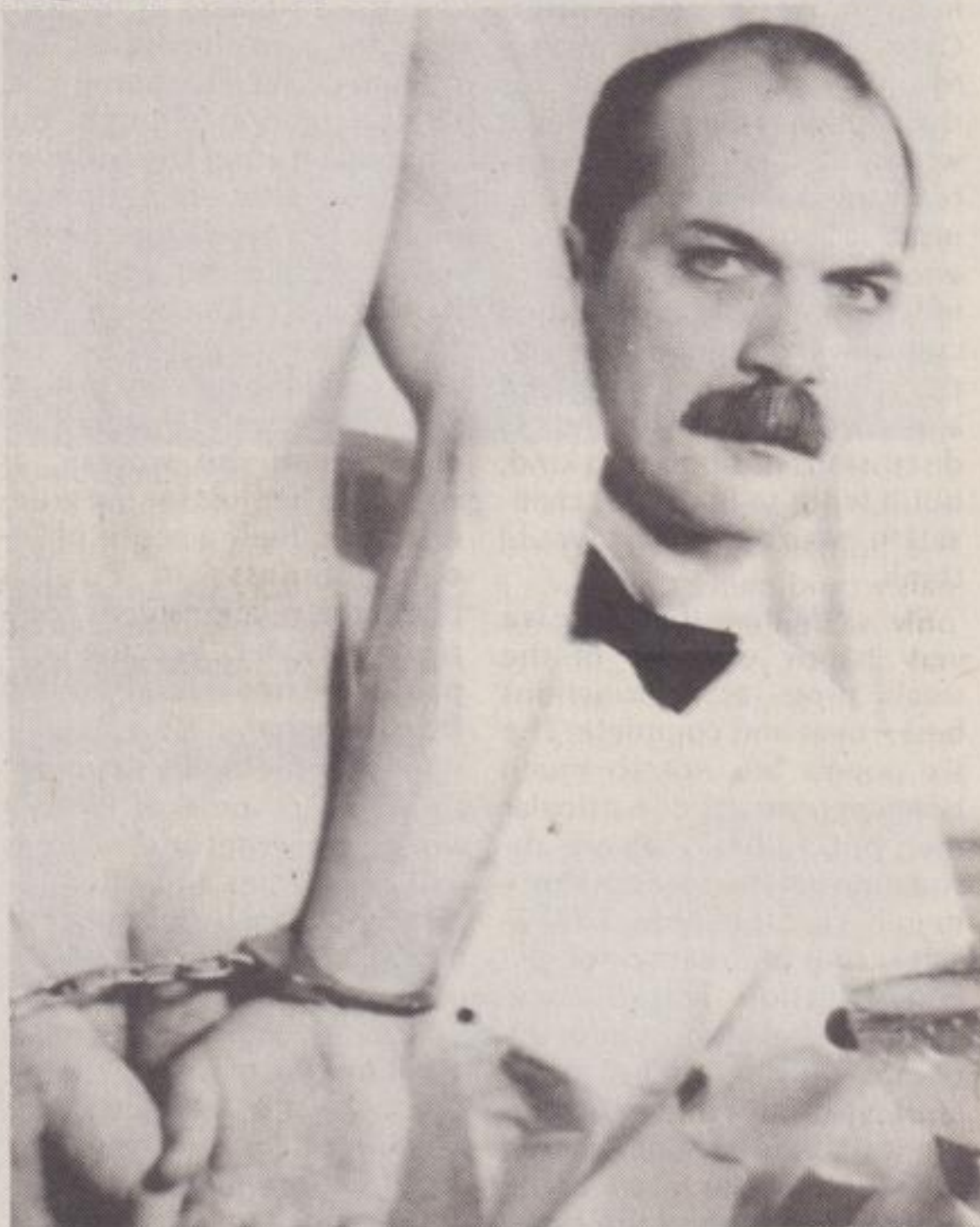
—Kirby Congdon

DISAPPOINTING DADDY

John Preston is a literary Daddy to many of us ink-strained wretches in gaypress-land, so reviewing his books always presents a special problem: after all, you don't want to make Dad mad. I feel closer to Preston than to any other writer and, perhaps because of this, I was disappointed in his latest book *Entertainment for a Master*. Maybe if *Entertainment for a Master* were a first book or the work of a writer I didn't know and admire, I'd have found it a half-way decent attempt at something-or-other, but coming from the country's best erotic writer as the sequel to the extraordinarily fine *I Once Had a Master and Other Tales of Erotic Love*, *Entertainment for a Master* seems stuck in neutral.

The book's temperature never rises above lukewarm; in place of hot sex, Preston gives attitude. Is giving attitude the safe-sex version of giving head? Are we supposed to work up a genuine sexual response to the imperious, smug, vacuous Master who's at the center of the book? At the end of Jean Cocteau's film *La Belle et la bête*, the magnificent beast is transformed into a prissy, candyass prince; Garbo was reported to have remarked "Give me back my beast." In *Entertainment for a Master*, the street porno of John Preston has metamorphosed into a tony, neoclassy eroticism (what the very latest *nouveau riche* would like to think they'd like to jerk off to), and you may, like me, think "Give me back Mr. Benson."

Entertainment for a Master begins with ad soliciting "volunteers...for a very private, very elegant S&M party for a discreet group of ladies and gentlemen to be held in San Francisco." (A version of this ad once actually ran in *Drummer*.) For most of the book, the Master "interviews" some of the applicants—a straight-identified muscular



ENTERTAINMENT FOR A MASTER: Author John Preston, shown here conducting research for his latest novel.

businessman who longs for someone to "take charge" of him, a pair of lovers eager to add a new dimension to their relationship, a black man on a very serious military trip, a mad French foot fetishist who knows all about the proper china and glassware. These scenes prep us for the book's final entertainment: an afternoon tea party the Master gives for three friends—Phil, Adrienne and Madame (thinly veiled portraits of Sam Steward [Phil Andros], novelist Anne Rice and V.K. McCarty, editor of *Penthouse Variations* and, as Mam'selle Victoire, a cult figure in SM country) at which the slaves serve as furniture and sculptures.

Formally, *Entertainment for a Master* is Preston's best book. His writing has slicked up enormously since his first forays into erotic fiction, but a

lot of the passion has gone out of it. *Entertainment for a Master* has none of the gleeful raunchiness of his early stories and the spirited lustiness of *Mister Benson*, nor does it have the wistfulness and depth of *I Once Had a Master*. It's not a fun book, nor a particularly arousing one. There isn't anything editorially wrong with *Entertainment for a Master* (well, there's "You sound like some puppy dog that wants to give his master a present and doesn't understand that the master isn't exactly delighted with a dead field mouse"—a candidate for *The New Yorker's* "Neatest Trick of the Week"; aren't cats butch enough for the Master?), but Preston seems a little tired, like he's having to force out the stock descriptions of bodies and sex acts: "Then he took the bottom hem of his

shirt and lifted it up. His body hair was sparse above the waist. His stomach was flat and hard looking. His navel had a protrudence of flesh, a little nub, that stuck out from it. His chest wasn't well developed, but his very large nipples were the same dark color as his cock and balls." All the elements of standard porno are here—the muscles, the leather, the fetishes, the "perfect" orgasms—but Preston doesn't employ them with any verve. *Entertainment for a Master* is pornography by a writer who no longer has much enthusiasm for pornography.

When writers start churning out dirty stories, they are told by editors and fellow smut scribes to "write what turns you on." But a writer can use porn as confession only so long. Eventually, porn writers have to learn to put their own libidos on hold and zoom in on what turns the reader on. Preston, however, is still writing out his personal obsessions, but these have become so eccentric that we can't share them.

You can feel Preston's mind churning when you're reading *Entertainment for a Master* and you may suspect that the best parts are still in his head, that he can't bring himself to share what he calls at one point in the book "my private pornography." The inside jokes in *Entertainment for a Master* are far too in if you don't know the people involved; even if you do, they're not very funny. One of the bottoms in *Entertainment for a Master* says during his interview, "Yes, answering the ad was a risk. But the ad itself gave me the courage and the trust. It was so...elegant. I knew I wasn't dealing with any kind of street thug. It wasn't as though you were offering a gang rape. 'A private party for a very few invited ladies and gentlemen...' That's hardly an invitation to a cheap orgy." And that's what's

wrong with *Entertainment for a Master*: the whole book's a private party, and I felt like a wallflower at an elegant group grope.

As Preston himself would admit, he was very impressed by the Beauty trilogy. But A.N. Roquelaure's (Anne Rice's) influence is *Entertainment for a Master's* chief problem. Whenever Preston tries a riff on the Beauty books—"he had undergone a spiritual transformation and whoever he was outside this room was no longer important," he sinks his book. What's astounding about *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty*, *Beauty's Punishment* and *Beauty's Release* (especially the first) is the effortless way the highly mannered tone is maintained; we never move out of the trilogy's created universe. Even when the series gets ludicrous (as all great porno does in parts; a mark of pornographic genius is daring to go too far), we're held by its mythic power. But *Entertainment for a Master* lacks a cohesive vision; a long fantasy segment on a wrestling/slave camp is impressive, but it's parenthetical (or is the rest of *Entertainment for a Master* parenthetical to it?).

Preston probably can never achieve the Roquelaure/Rice distance because he's too personally involved in SM. (Rice isn't talking, but it seems to me that she can spin SM scenarios so well because she has no political interest in sadomasochism and doesn't have to defend it.) The author's "I" has no place in objective erotica like the Beauty books and *Story of O* and *The Image*, but we read John Preston for his "I," for the closeness of his camera. He wants his Master books (more are coming) to be the Beauty books in modern dress, but in trying for this, he's alienating himself from his chief strengths as a writer.

At its worst, *Entertainment for a Master* reads like a *Guide Michelin* for upwardly mobile cocksuckers. The Master spends a good deal of time critiquing hotels and restaurants and criticizing those of us who don't get hard-ons around money: "In fact, it appeared he'd never been to a fine restaurant of any kind anywhere. His concept of a

meal 'out' was a steak house. I was appalled by that. There had been a time when the entrance into gay life had been a ticket to great social mobility. A young gay man who had been denied a social education could find many men, not all of them necessarily older, who would trade the appreciation of his body for the lessons in social conduct and knowledge that would allow him to move in the world."

The book's adjective of choice is "elegant," which justifies the superciliousness of the tops. Only the rich understand and appreciate eroticism in this excursion into capitalist SM; Preston even postulates that sexual slavery would solve the problems of the homeless and that criminals would mend their ways if only beaten enough. This sexual fascism gets very disturbing; *Entertainment* justifies oppression in the name of pleasure. Preston's Master seems very excited at the prospect of using the underclass as sexual playthings—as if that wasn't already the status quo!

As a panegyric to the silly games of the wealthy, *Entertainment* leaves a bad taste in the mouth, worse than nonoxynol-9. Preston's financial success as a writer—chiefly the result of his pseudonymous adventure novels, which are designed for working-class male readers, the objects of derision in *Entertainment for a Master*—has skewed his thinking. The Master doesn't have much use for the proles unless they're very good waiters and/or totally dedicated to sexually servicing him. (This reverses the cliché of blue-collar sexual superiority found in most of gay porno, but it's still a cliché to see a relationship between class and sexual potency.) This Master's cock is connected to his bank accounts.

"The failing of the whole social services system could be overcome by a confederation of sadists," Preston writes. He's kidding, I thought at first, having fun with attitude. But the atmosphere of *Entertainment for a Master* is so heady with decadent aristocracy (with the emphasis placed on the aristocracy, their "nobility," not on the decadence), so

overwhelming in its contempt for the poor and the powerless that perhaps Preston really believes this drivel. It's one thing to get turned on by the idea of the military (those neat uniforms, the rough masculinity, the raw, unconscious homoeroticism; by its nature, fascism is "sexier" than communism), but quite another to remark "The only effective therapy institution in the United States today, when it comes to dealing with young, male criminals, is the Marine Corps." Creating little murderers isn't a pornographic ideal; it's Republicanism.

Entertainment for a Master is a gay erotic novel whose message even Reagan would understand: Big Daddy knows what you need—not a safety net, but more suffering. Shape up or die—the reigning ideology of the present administration.

The sex in *Entertainment for a Master* conforms to safer sex guidelines, and Preston uses great skill in making safer sex techniques appear natural. There's only one passing reference to the plague, but

AIDS dominates *Entertainment for a Master*. Preston understands, as Max Exander didn't in *Safestud*, that AIDS has changed—probably forever—the way gay men relate to each other. And Preston is wise enough to realize that the epidemic will not magically turn gay men into mature, romantic ideologues. AIDS will likely cause gay men to treat each other more—not less—coldly. The artificiality of safer sex seems calculated to make us view our casual sex partners with an even more jaundiced eye; no longer merely objects, they are now objects who carry within themselves the seeds of death. The little death of orgasm is growing even bigger.

An arctic chill blows through *Entertainment for a Master*. The boys enact contextless SM rituals while they're waiting to die, guided by the knowing, cynical Master for the edification of his jaded friends. "Après nous, le deluge," they seem to be saying. This Master's no simple sadist; he's a demon.

T.R. Witomski



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Phone (213) 657-6677

TAKING THE RAP



Will your patience give out before your penis? Or will your mind assert dominance over your glands? These are the variables encountered in three new videos from Old Reliable, the California company whose specialty is reality. Old Reliable eschews not only the glossy techniques and gossamer casts of most commercial porn, but also its dramatic structure and romantic couplings. Old Reliable videos unfold in real time with real people in a real location. This makes the videos reliably long, frequently boring, and not always sexual—at least, not in a hands-on, overt way.

Old Reliable preys on the imagination by serving up that most mythic and coveted species, The Straight Boy; subspecies, Street Hustler. They stand before the video camera's clinically documenting eye literally and figuratively naked. They haven't been chosen for surface prettiness, but for their high levels of reality quotient. Unlike gay models, then, they have blemishes, smaller dicks, tattoos, a surly attitude and a lack of acquaintance with the felicities of presentation and performance.

Their rap, therefore, is their most important tool. They must ensnare with a psychological connection, for let's face it—straight boys don't know how to jerk-off. At least not as performance art. You have to get off on what they represent to get off on their

robotic jerk-offs and constricted orgasms. They can't give themselves to the camera as freely as gay sex stars, who prove their masculinity by fucking each other silly. Old Reliable's hustlers assure their manhood through stiff posing routines, disdain for their audience (they love flipping us faggots the finger), and by chewing fat cigars while jacking off, stupidly not realizing the implications of their oral gratification.

This contrast between gay and straight performers is starkly apparent in Old Reliable V-52, a two-hour anthology of six jack-off soloists, four straight and two gay. The finale of V-52 is a rousing demonstration by Scott O'Hara, who gives a thorough tour of his estimable tool and an appreciable course in self-arousal techniques. The first subject is likewise a departure for Old Reliable. He's far too handsome, with a body of youthful perfection. He's obviously gay. Unlike other Old Reliable models, therefore, who indulge in tough talk and insults to compensate for the humbling they are receiving with the knowledge that fag eyes are devouring them, this boy needs no props to his manhood. He skips the talk and gropes his way directly into a drop-dead presentation of a swimmer's body, fat cock and willingly proffered asshole. He's not caught in the love/hate bind which enervates straight hustler's when they contemplate their penis. His performance is slick.

Most Old Reliable fans, however, turn to the company because it isn't slick, and they'll prefer V-52's four other boys, who are antidotes to the cosmetic perfections plugged in other commercial porn. They relate biographical facts to the cameraman while undressing, and follow his instructions through lengthy pump-up and posing sessions before jacking off.

Twenty-three-year-old Ace is a husky redhead from the factory town of Hayward, California. His flexing is tiresome, and makes him puff for breath, but he straddles the camera to amiably display his ass and offers a nice view of his ponderous balls and smallish cock when he reclines.

Twenty-one-year-old Butch is a swaggering, tattooed street punk, practiced in the art of undressing; he removes two T-shirts without disturbing his hat. With his stubble and stupid glaze he looks like a henchman-in-training, and his JO goes on for so long I forgot to watch, but at least he announces his orgasm.

A Hispanic youth with chamois skin and dull routine is next, followed fortunately by a blond angel of a man, a Ryan O'Neal type—though huskier—with a swell pink anus and a welcome sense of humor. He works up a good sweat, plus a bonus second orgasm from his thick wang.

With the exception of roguishly attractive and lascivious Keith, I found V-53, a two-hour wrestling and JO tape, dull, if momentarily of sociological interest. Keith has a trim beard, tight body, dark eyes and a feisty attitude. I can't think of a gay boy who wouldn't want to take him home to Daddy. While rasslin' a scrawny but well-defined partner, the camera pours over every muscle and organ of their bodies, tensed in close contact. The art of the manly sport of wrestling can be fully appreciated here, but not at all during an endless bout between the whimpering sissy Louis and humpy, dark-haired Brian. Even Keith's interjections can't liven things up. Both matches fade and the boys make sexist remarks and produce minor orgasms by jacking off while watching straight porn. The interaction between the men is intermittently amusing, but the lack of editing forces one to wait far

too long for the merest morsel. I was too bored to watch a third match between a new set of boys.

Video V-51 offered me nearly ninety minutes of love/hate, an intriguing and repelling session with a man unnamed due to Old Reliable's lack of packing and credits. But the tape is a masterpiece of a sort, sure to fascinate through several viewings. The star is a superbly muscled, handsome hustler with a professional ease before the camera. His nonstop monologue is a tour de force travelogue of the hustler's life. He describes the bars, the ethics of his job and his clientele, his sexual habits (pretty frightening), and his callous disregard for the fags he services. All this while fondling himself and pumping up simultaneously. He ultimately lays back to jack off "for all you little faggots out there," and if he doesn't really sustain interest here, he's caught us well enough so that we must follow through with him.

His insults are as sincere as they are vituperative, and you'll realize that even though this amazing fellow, as well as the "stars" of the other videos, will do these things for money, they hate us for forcing them into it. So whatever natural sexuality there is becomes garbled with the hate and limitations of these boys—their stupidity, their sexism, their lack of emotional and imaginative creativity. What begins appealing becomes appalling. Sure, I got it up and got it off, but that was conditioned reflex to the sight of a penis. Released from the blinders of sexual need, I found that to admire or emulate these boys was self-inflicted self-aversion therapy; a peculiar sort of SM, indeed.

(Old Reliable V-51 and V-52 are available from Old Reliable, 1626 N. Wilcox, #107, Hollywood, CA 90028.)

—John F. Karr



SOURCE

THE LEATHER LIFESTYLE
TOYS FOR GROWING BOYS
JOIN THE VIDEO
EXPLOSION!
SOURCE BOOKSTORE
CATALOG OF BARGAINS

LISTEN HARD



AUDIO CASSETTES
ARE YOUR HOTTEST
TURN-ON
AND THESE
ARE THE
VERY BEST
AVAILABLE!

YOUR
CHOICE

995

rites and Raunch

There was definitely something evil about the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come. I admit the things he lead me into were pretty sick, but he was so sure of himself, so masculine—well, I did them. Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really perverted stuff—devil worship, toilet sex in a filthy bathroom. Male bonding at its most extreme.

BIKE EXHIBITIONIST

Imagine: it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true—mean, dirty, muscular—leaning against his big, black Harley. You ask if he's interested in getting some pictures of his bike. But back in your garage his massive chest, his big, hairy ass, piss streaming out of that dick... It turns out he's quite an exhibitionist. But things get out of hand when he forces you to do more than take pictures. In a short time you know that stinking body better than your Polaroid does.

MARINES OVERHEARD

Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss... and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig... if you like your action raunchy—hot military scenes, uniforms, the feel of a cold tile floor against your naked back while a hot Marine squats on your face—then we think you might be interested in *Marines Overheard*.

HOT HUNG TRUCKER

Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck... Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off—then his dirty, greasy jeans. When they drop to the floor of the cab, you'll find out how this tape got its name. Jake knows just what to do to service that big rig. And you'll feel like you're right there to help him out.



MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY

Five hot bodybuilders, after a sweaty workout... stripping down to sweat-drenched jockstraps... eyeing each other... their hands reaching out to feel their buddies' biceps, brushing against these solid, hard pecs... and down, down still further 'til they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in. If you get off on pumped-up muscle, hot man-to-man action, *steamy lockerroom sex with no holds barred*, then this tape is for you.

DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN

Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot, straight Italian guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity; soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off. "I gotta piss," Richie announces so the bartender hands him an empty beer can. A hot session follows that gets into heavy cocksucking, lots of dirty talk, more piss games and kinky exhibitionism.

AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN

Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy whose wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's enormous cock? Sucking that mammoth piece of meat isn't enough and pretty soon the guy's begging for it up his ass. He gets it too—plus Al's giant balls at the same time, in one of the hottest and kinkiest scenes ever recorded.



THE DADDY TAPES

© STALLION SOUND PROD.
Box 436, Canal St. Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10013

MY DADDY WAS BAD

The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up, matters come to a head and the kid gets taken on a wild sex trip that culminates in a super-hot scene.

KID VS DAD—WINNER TAKES ALL

Ever wrestle with your old man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot—too hot—and he overpowered you? Ever wonder about all the different things he could force you to do to that sweaty body of his before he pins you on your stomach and forces that horse-dick of his up your ass? It's all on this tape!

THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 1

The kid's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him. Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves. It's a horny kid's introduction into the male world of cocksucking, armpits, piss and, most of all, hot, masculine attitude.

THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 2

Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting.



TAPE 1 THE INTERROGATION

This tape is featured on the cover of *Drummer* magazine. Model Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental. On side one he talks directly to you, forcing you to suck his big cock and worship that incredible Master body. On side two we hear an authentic session where he works over a slave. Plenty of humiliation, and heavy, heavy abuse.

TAPE 2 THE TRAINING BEGINS

Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly to the abuse and humiliation of his training. Not even allowed to beg, he submits to the DI's heavy hand and busy belt. Breathtaking!

TAPE 3 PUNISHMENT & REWARD

When Brutus speaks, men listen, as will you when he tells you how it is and how it is going to be. Whether the punishment is its own reward, or the reward is merely more punishment, only the lowly recruit can say. One hour of intense verbal abuse.

THE COMMANDER SPEAKS

"I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life and started beating off about... your tongue is going to be my shower... your mouth is going to be my toilet... you're going to make me feel like the biggest man in the world, just 'cause you got a throat. Get your teeth down there on that zipper... get down. That's it—get your face in there. Smell what a man is like between his legs." This is just the start of the verbal abuse and humiliation



FATHER/SON—A father becomes his son's lover.

MARINE BRIG—A Marine DI punishes an AWOL Marine in the Brig.

PORN CALLS—Two half-hour jack-off phone calls.

SAILING TO HELL—Frank O'Rourke relates an original story of rape and abuse.

THE CONFESSIONAL—A young priest hears the confession of his first gay man and what happens in the booth would do much toward conversions.

THE HIGHWAY PATROLMAN—He stops a speeder on the road and there are more ways for paying for speeding.

THE HITCHHIKER—An air corpsman is picked up by a trucker who is looking for more than a passenger to share his ride.

THE HUSTLER—He sets the price for a blow job but discovers that the price includes a good deal more.

THE WARDEN—The young convict learns that time was not all he is giving up when he enters the joint.

TV REPAIRMAN—A straight, married repairman quickly discovers that he gets more than he expected when he goes to a surfer's house.

WHIP FIRE—A live, heavy SM scene between Frank O'Rourke and a slave.

BRANDING, PIERCING AND TATTOOING—The hows and whys.

INTERVIEW WITH A TEEN-AGED MALE PROSTITUTE—A young, male whore tells all.

MASTER/SLAVE INTERACTION—Follow up by Frank O'Rourke of earlier tapes, *The Master* and *The Slave*.

SM AND LOVE?—Frank O'Rourke tells whether love can develop from an SM relationship.

THE ART OF FISTING—Fisting is no longer a strictly SM act. Frank O'Rourke discusses many aspects and possible dangers in fisting.

THE INFERNO: THE SM ANNUAL EXPERIENCE—Its values and what it is about.

THE MASTER—Frank O'Rourke discusses the role of the Master.

THE SLAVE—Frank O'Rourke gives an insight to the slave and/or masochist.

TOYS: SOME OF THEIR USAGES AND POSSIBLE DANGERS

MASTER MARIO: "GREASE MONKEYS"



GREASE MONKEYS STARRING MASTER MARIO

Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight, at first, anyway. Lots of axle grease, cocksucking, filthy talk.



DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY

Patience and understanding go out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried-and-true adage, "spare the rod and spoil the boy." It is heavy-duty training in an actual session. Both the boy and you will be better for having been there.

THE D.I. STARRING MASTER MARIO

Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the brig. Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the D.I. proves who's in command.

THE COP STARRING MASTER MARIO

A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute, perverted force. Climaxed by a raunchy bathroom scene and the victim cleaning out the cop's dirty ass.

COP WORSHIP

We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before, but this one is so good we decided to make an exception. It's one guy's cop fantasies, his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop he's had his eye on for months should bust him, force him to his knees to suck not only his cock but his partner's too, as the two cops stare at each other in the eye. All the guy's pent-up desires come out: slurping cop cum out of rubbers, swallowing gallons of cop piss, wallowing under dominant cop attitude. If you're into cops, you'll listen to this tape again and again.

- | | | |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> KID'S FIRST PART 2 | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAINING BEGINS | <input type="checkbox"/> INTERVIEW |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> DADDY WAS BAD | <input type="checkbox"/> FATHER/SON | <input type="checkbox"/> SM AND LOVE? |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> COMMANDER SPEAKS | <input type="checkbox"/> TV REPAIRMAN | <input type="checkbox"/> BREAKING IN RECRUIT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MARINES OVERHEARD | <input type="checkbox"/> WHIP FIRE | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAINING THE HARD WAY |
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BLACK ON RED

You saw the photo article in *Drummer*—now see the tape! Brick Samson, a master of enema techniques, and Chris Burns, shaved hairless and ready to be filled, star in what may be the definitive video exploration of the erotic enema. The heavy action also includes dildoes, licking, catheters, piercing, shaving, and more in this epic of a leatherclad Master and his hungry slave. From the producers of "Enema Night/Enema Slave."

Drummer says: "Chris Burns is dynamite as a young bottom enslaved by the only Master, and the only man, able to satisfy his deepest need!"

79⁹⁵



ENEMA NIGHT/ ENEMA SLAVE

From the makers of "Black on Red," two previous erotic shorts featuring leather, asshole shaving, and multiple enemas. (There's also some nipple-twisting, ball-crushing, and well-directed ass-slapping—but it's the water spout that steals the show.) "Enema Slave" features a young man who takes an enema bent over a motorcycle before ending up in his captor's sling for more of the same; "Enema Night" goes even further with two leathermen administering a deep plunge to a hapless slave bound to a rack—and some interesting role-reversal. A must for the video collector and the enema connoisseur!

64⁹⁵

**SEND \$3
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HOT NEW
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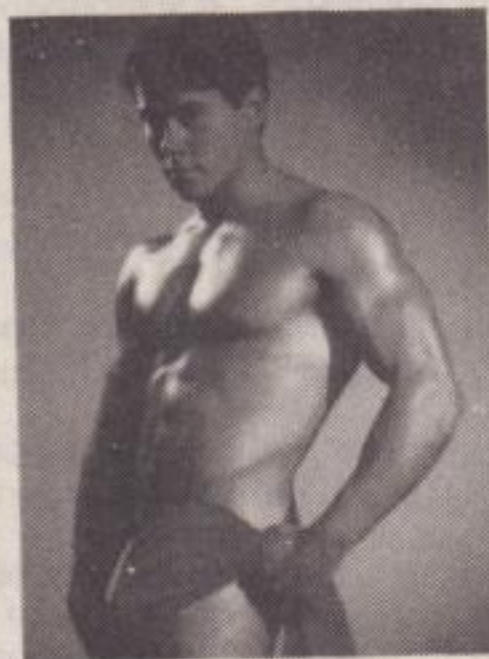
CHAIN REACTIONS



From the men who gave you the classic *Born to Raise Hell* comes a look inside a leather bar where nothing gets held back, including the confessions of horny leathermen eager to share their latest exploits with each other—and the camera. Chains, rope, motorcycles, bondage, slings, clothespins and enemas are a few of the festishes that inhabit their dreams-come-true. The cast alone makes this one a must for men in the leather scene—Rydar Hanson (Mr. Southern California *Drummer* 1985) in his first film role, beefy Ken Bergquist (Mr. Southeast *Drummer* 1984), along with Daniel Holt, Dwan Les Price, and Lee Stern.

69⁹⁵

FANTASIZE



Fantasize

New and hot! When handsome Nick Jerrett drops into Los Angeles' famed Pleasure Chest to check out the goods, and few other horny shoppers check out *his* goods—and an erotic shopping spree turns into a wild series of fantasy sexcapades! Also starring hunky Mark Rebel. The leather fantasy sequence, with a harnessed, hooded Master and his slave in spiked collar, is a must!

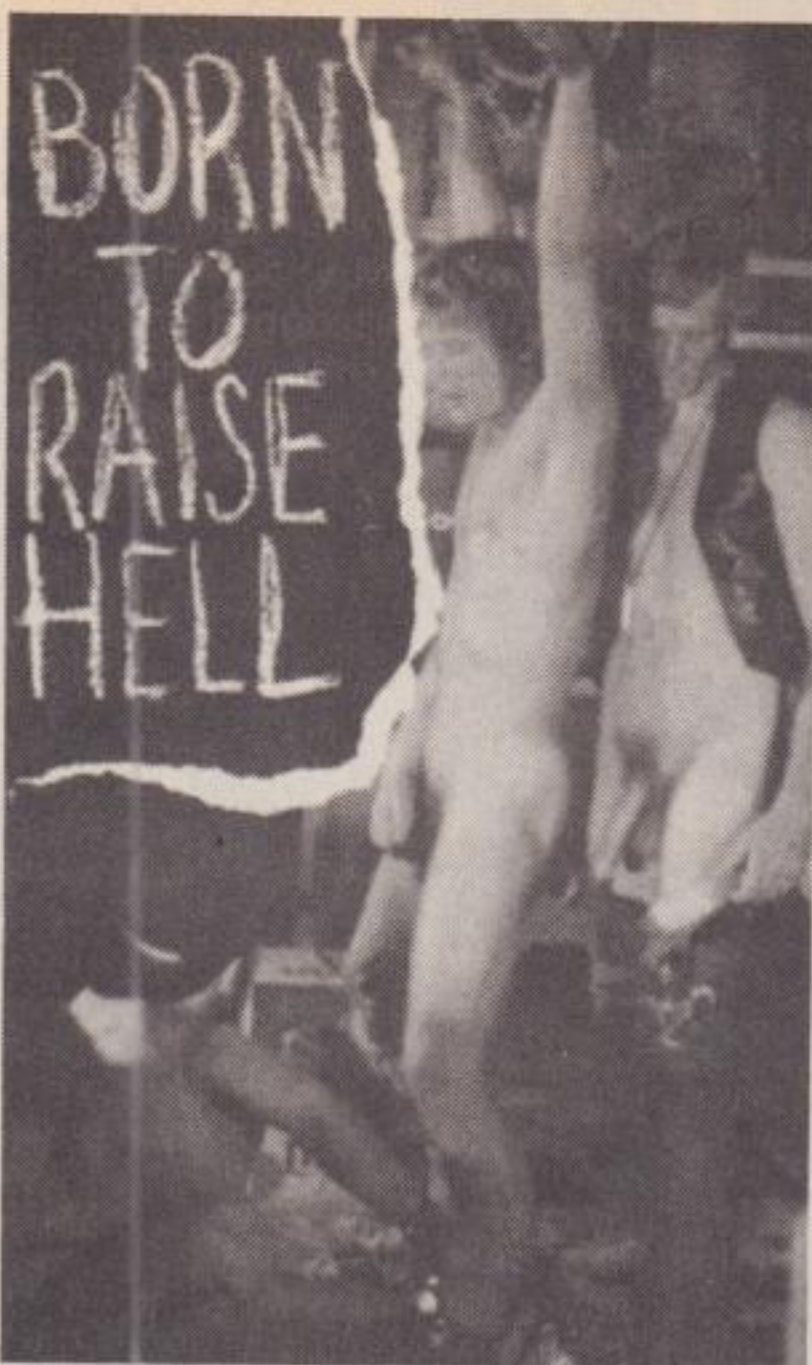
79⁹⁵

FALCON HEAD



The original hardcore cult classic—Micheal Zen's stylish, uncanny tale of sex and desire with a supernatural edge. Pass through the magic mirror and encounter the menacing, mysterious Falconhead. Plus the award-winning short "Tattoo"—"a shocking study of penetration."

79⁹⁵



Born To Raise Hell is a seventy-minute hard-on. At least that is what I had the night they screened it for me. It is a classic in Leather SM movie-making.

—Robert Payne
DRUMMER

VHS/BETA

7995

Now, see for yourself the film that made a star of Val Martin. Originally in four parts, this videotape is the complete theatrical film and includes The Bar Scene, The Shaving Scene, The Dungeon Scene and the Cop's Revenge Scene. No collection is complete without it and we are extremely happy to be able to offer it for home viewing. Running time: 70 minutes.

NIGHT OF SUBMISSION



VHS/BETA

This is about the first big production of leathersex and showed a dungeon that was the talk of the leatherworld for years. It still holds up well and this is a print from brand-new theatre film. *Drummer* featured it in a very early issue and even published a picture book (now unavailable).

Running time is sixty hot and exciting minutes and the price is modest

3995

SLAVES FOR SALE

SLAVERY WAS ABOLISHED IN 1863 BUT NOBODY BOTHERED TO TELL HIM

Meet the man who is dedicated to carrying on that age old tradition. He gathers them up one way or another—hunky men from all walks of life—and brings them to The Compound.

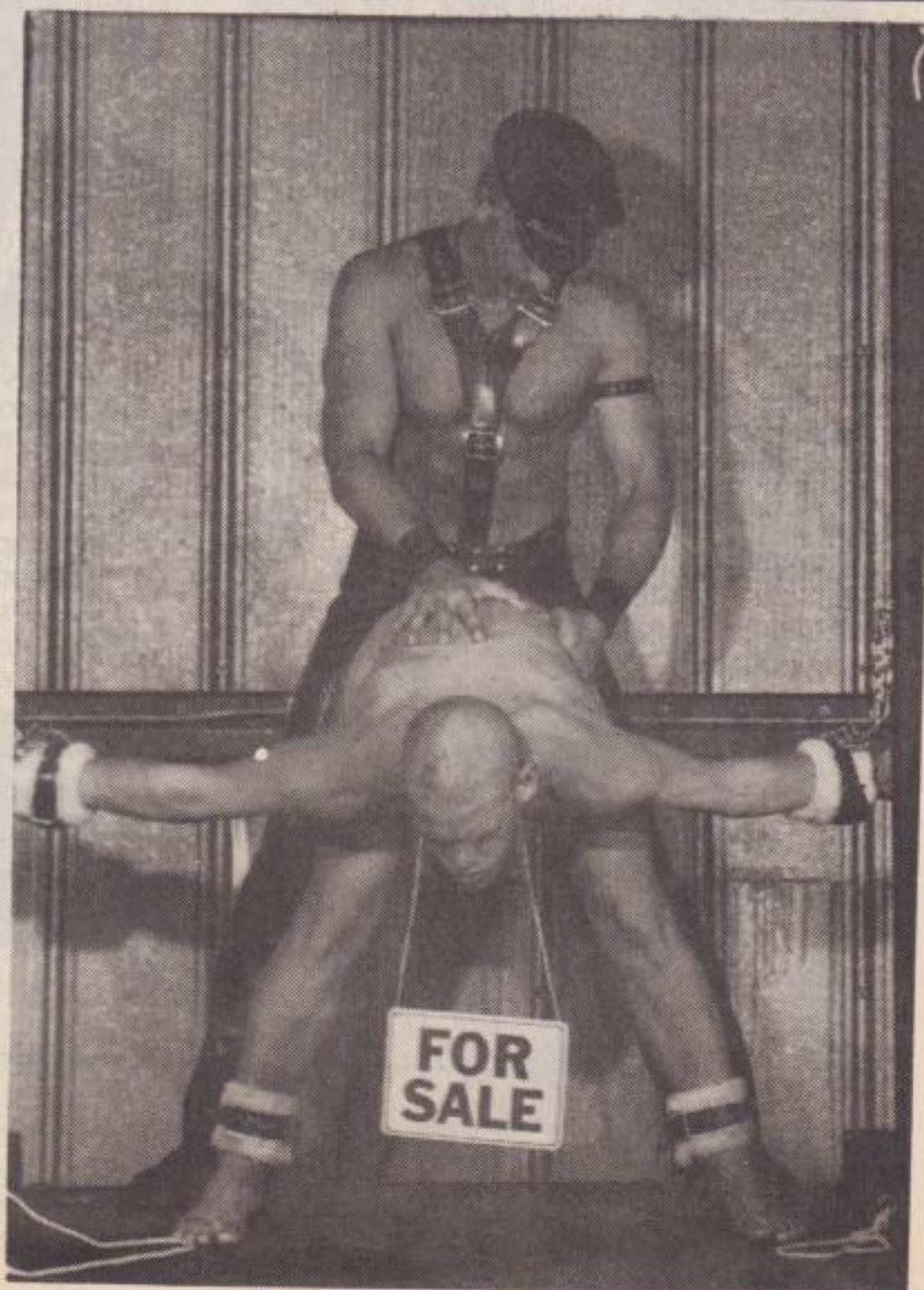
They are stripped, shave, branded...or worse.

They are brutally trained, shackled, abused, then offered to the highest bidder. *There is no escape...*

It was done a hundred years ago and it is being brought back in this Robert Payne fantasy, **Slaves for Sale**, that will hold your attention from the first gripping moment to the last explosive orgasm.

In two parts, each tape runs one hour. Starring Ken Bergquist as the Dungeon Master, and a cast of extraordinarily hot, hung, hunky captives that includes Mr. Drummer '84, Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer '84, and the winner of the Biggest Dick in San Francisco contest. Plus many, many more exciting newcomers to the video screen.

5995 EACH



SOURCE

Send me the following items, and make it snappy!

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FROM THE DRUMMER ARCHIVES...



"Why doesn't Drummer have an insignia like Playboy and run it somewhere on every cover?"

We do. The leatherman by Bill Ward, which unfortunately has it all hanging out and is not suitable for covers. We are too fond of him to change him.



"I heard that 'Max,' the super hunk on the Bulldog Baths poster died recently of AIDS. Tell me this isn't so."

It isn't. Colt model Max, whose name was Sam Pasco, died of a heart attack possibly brought on by the use of steroids in his weight training. He had just completed a motion picture in Europe, titled "Ironmaster." He never looked better.



"A long time ago you ran a piercing poster to end all piercing scenes. Who did it and is it still available."

The artwork ran as a full page in Drummer not as a poster. The artwork was by Skipper who had some even more outrageous work but with whom we lost contact. That issue is now a collector's item.



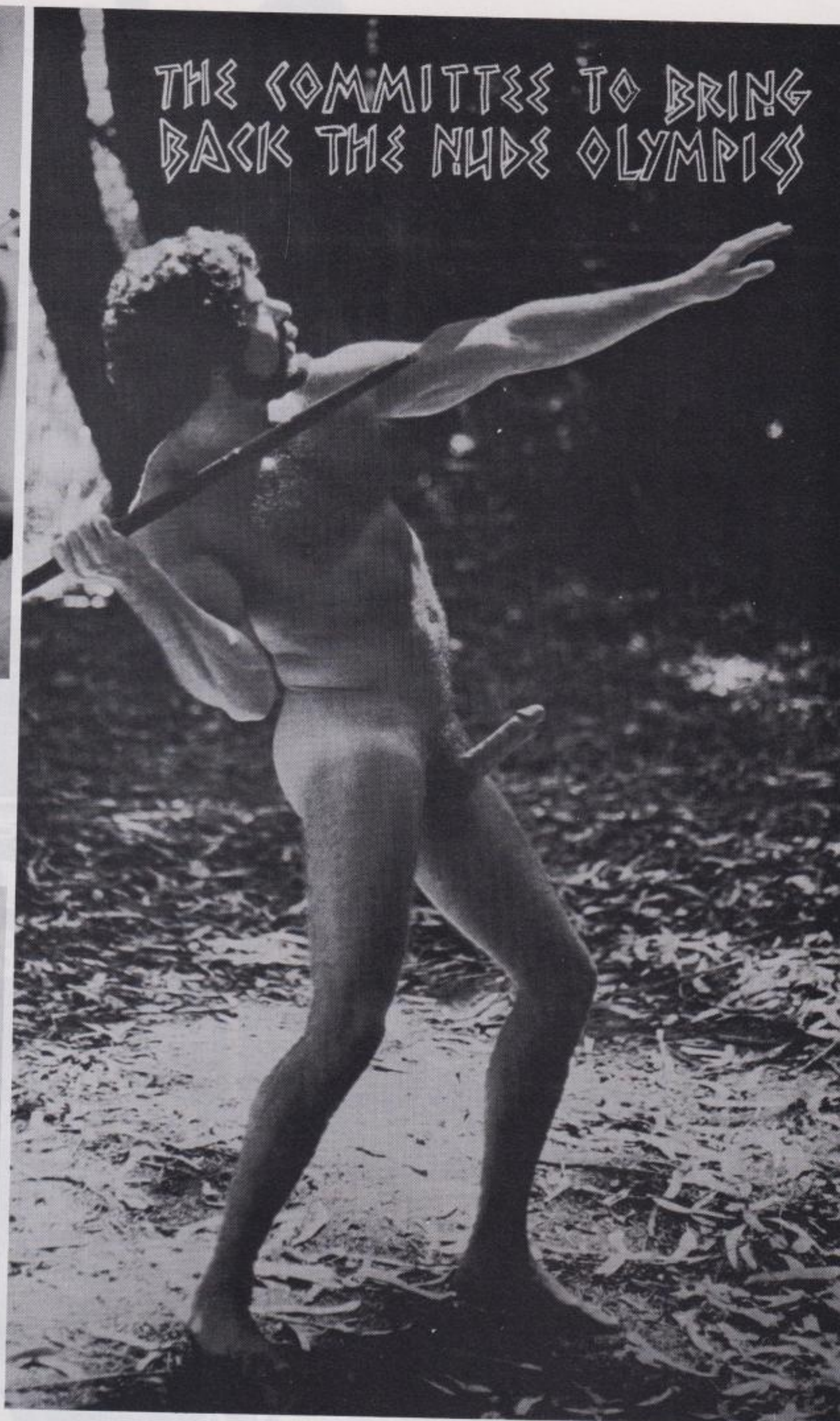
"How come you guys don't ever run pictures of men in kilts. They are sexy as hell even if we don't know what they wear under them."

Here is a Mike Arlen picture of Scotsman Steven Jones from England. We know what Mike wears under his kilts—a hard-on.



"Rubber, we want rubber, especially with hot men wearing just a little of it."

How about this pre-plague shot of a Pleasure Chest apparatus showing model Jake Banks.



"Now that the gays might get to use the word 'Olympics' like everyone else, do you remember a poster by Bob Opel of several years ago?"
Bob's "Committee To Bring Back The Nude Olympics" was a favorite way ahead of its time, just as Bob was.

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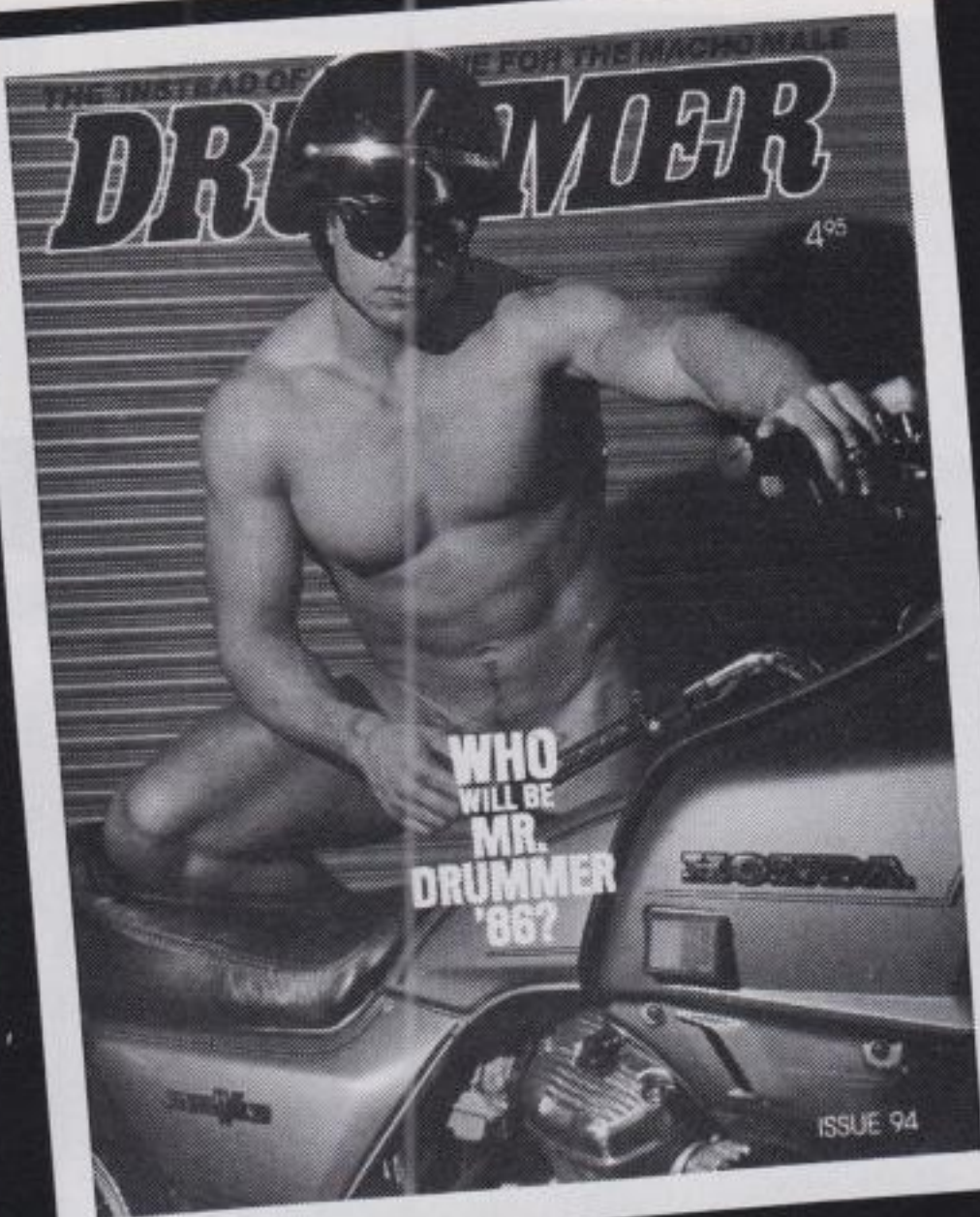
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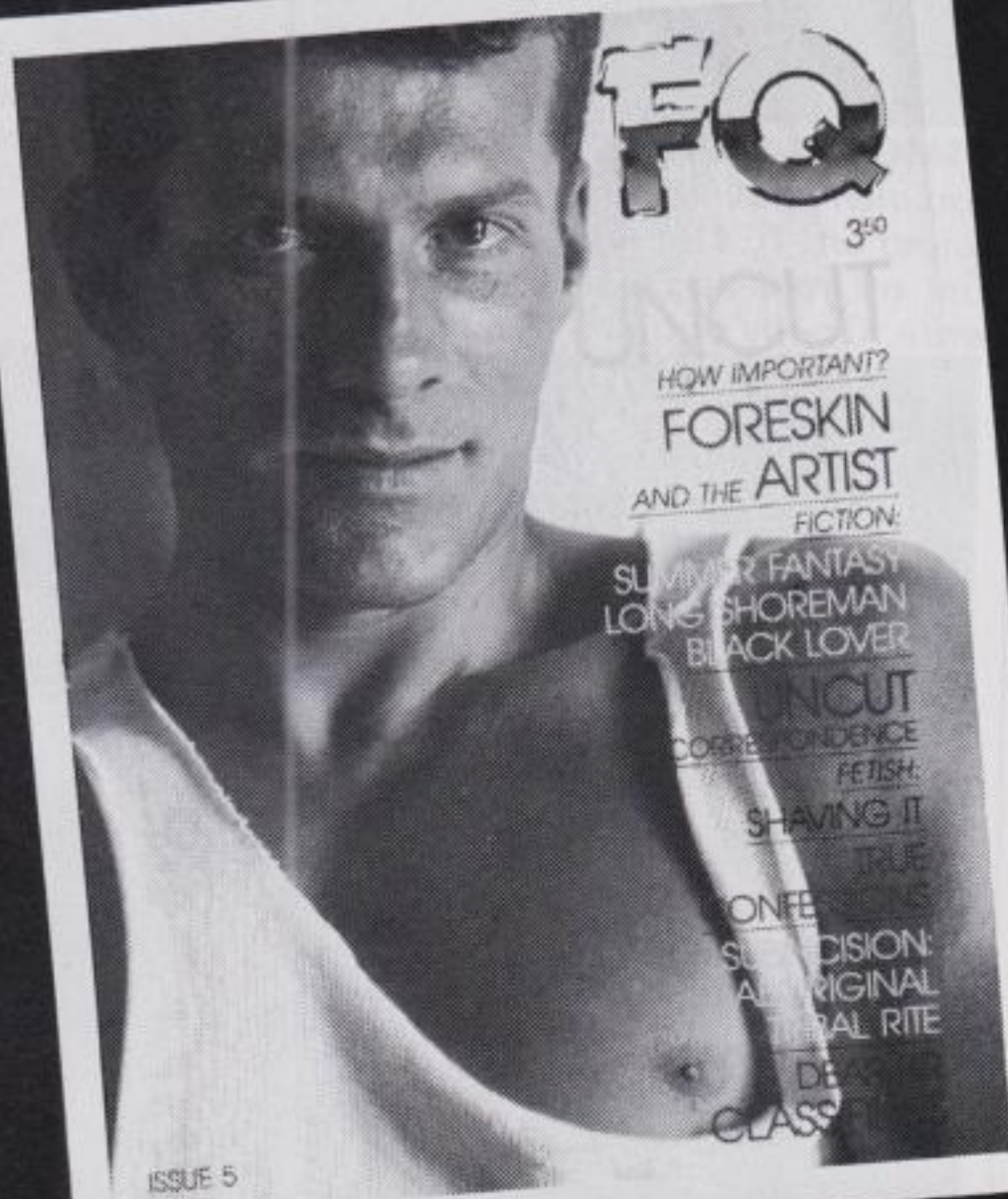
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FQ, the Official Journal of the Uncircumcised Society of America. Loaded with true tales, juicy fiction, revealing photospreads and sexy classifieds, the kind of journal only the publishers of DRUMMER could bring you!

MAINSTREAM THEY AIN'T



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FOUR ISSUES

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- ☐ Send me DRUMMER in a plain brown envelope. \$50 a year (outrageous!)
 - ☐ Send me MACH. I'm man enough. \$20 a year (and worth it!)
 - ☐ Send me FQ. Sample copy at \$3.50.
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TOUGH CUSTOMERS

Tough Customers is our way of sharing the hottest candid home photos sent in by readers like you!

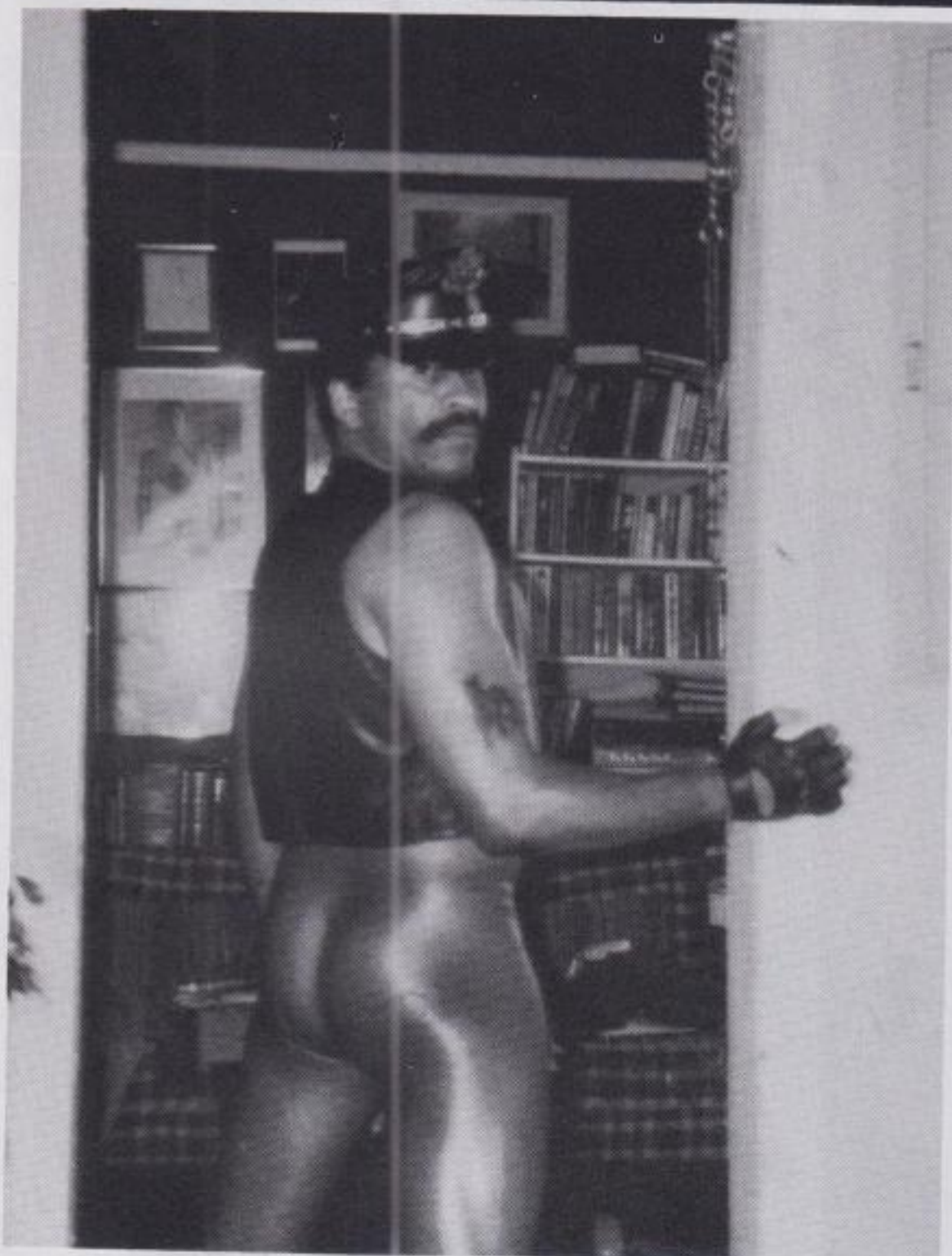
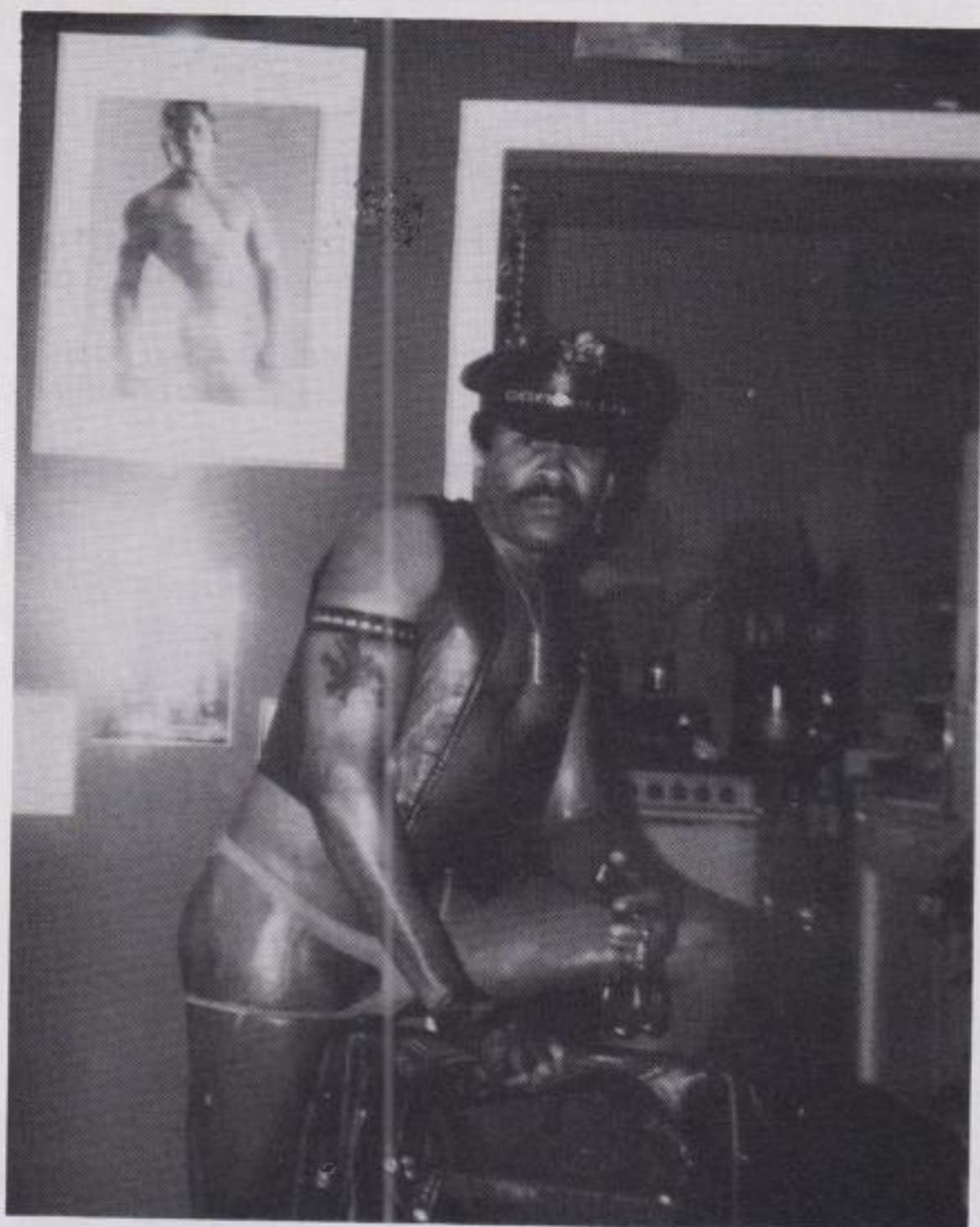
Wanna join in? Send your photo (crisp black and white reproduces best) to: Tough Customers, *Drummer*, PO Box 42009, San Francisco, California 94142-2009. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo, and include your name and address so we can assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Sorry, photos cannot be returned.)

Wanna get in touch with a TC? Put your correspondence in an envelope, seal it, apply postage, and write the TC Box number on the back flap in pencil; put that inside another envelope and mail it to the address above, along with a measly quarter for handling. See ya around!



USMC SPIT-SHINED BOOTS: *Atten-hut...front and center! All you men into jump or combat boots and Marine uniforms, sound off! TC 1161 wants real men who have 'em and wear 'em. Get off your ass, scum, if you think you're man enough and write. On the double!*





BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL: This hot daddy lives in San Francisco and he wants a permanent daddy/son relationship. Here he is showing off his hot bod in black leather gear. His favorite turn-ons include torn clothes, dildoes, oil, porn and leather. All interested daddies and sons can write to TC 1160.



REAR-END RITES: These cosmic self-portraits are the product of someone's fantasy and were sent to us by photographer Clipper. We're not sure which one is Clipper, but don't be surprised if you see more of his photos in a future issue. If you'd like to communicate, write to TC 1159.

SLAVERY THROUGH THE AGES

Alternate Publishing commissioned Cavelo to do six illustrations for Robert Payne's new book, *THE CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE III*, which they hope will soon see the light of day. In accordance with the New Right's philosophy, Payne may rename the book "Traditional Values."

Here are five of the illustrations, reduced considerably in size. Below is good old-fashioned American slavery where, in the words of the artist, "Negro slaves are forced to witness the treatment they can expect to endure for running away."

Upper left next page: "Two captured Crusaders look on with apprehension as one of their Christian comrades is tormented

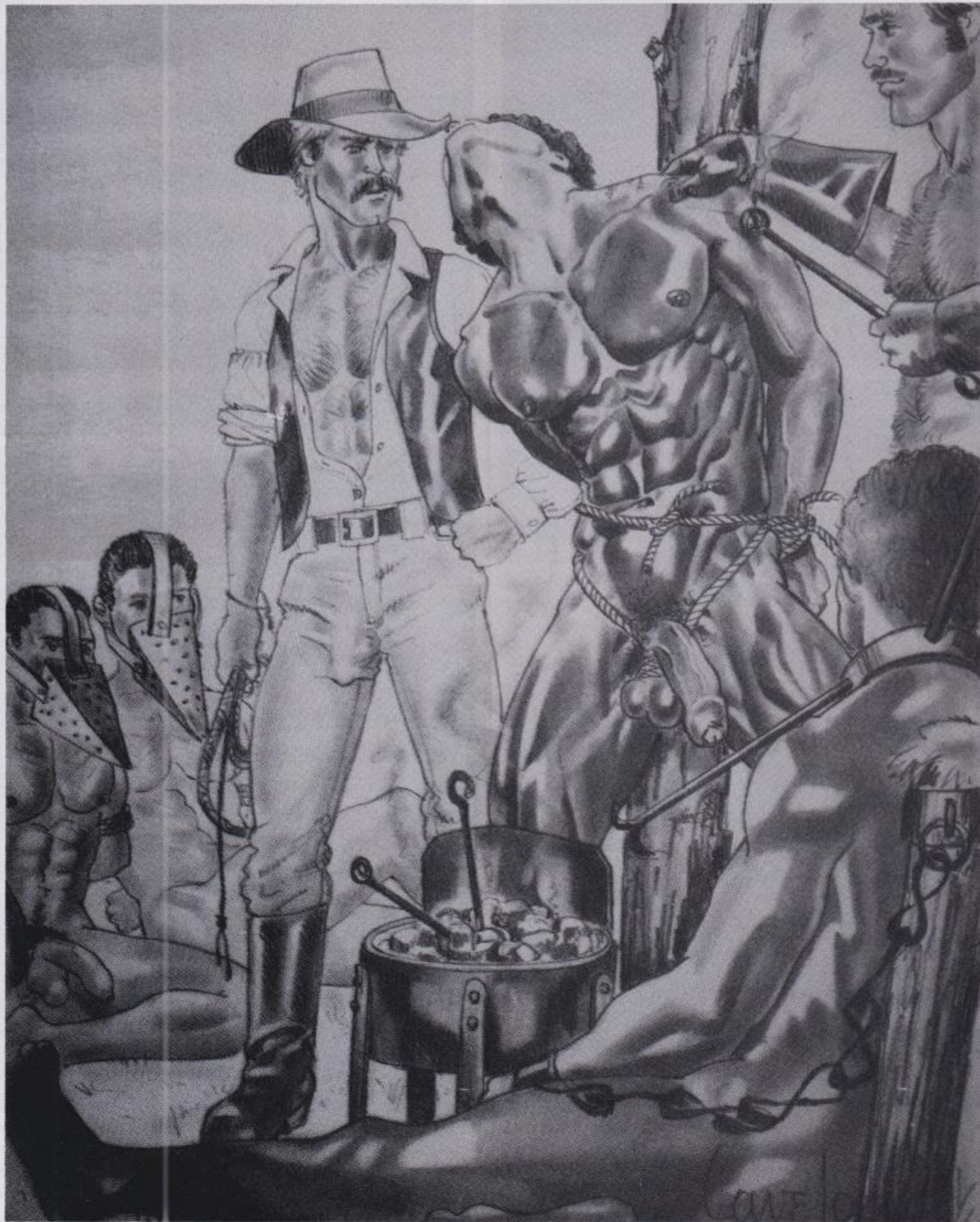
by a Saracen. Another Saracen prepares to create a eunuch to serve as a harem guard."

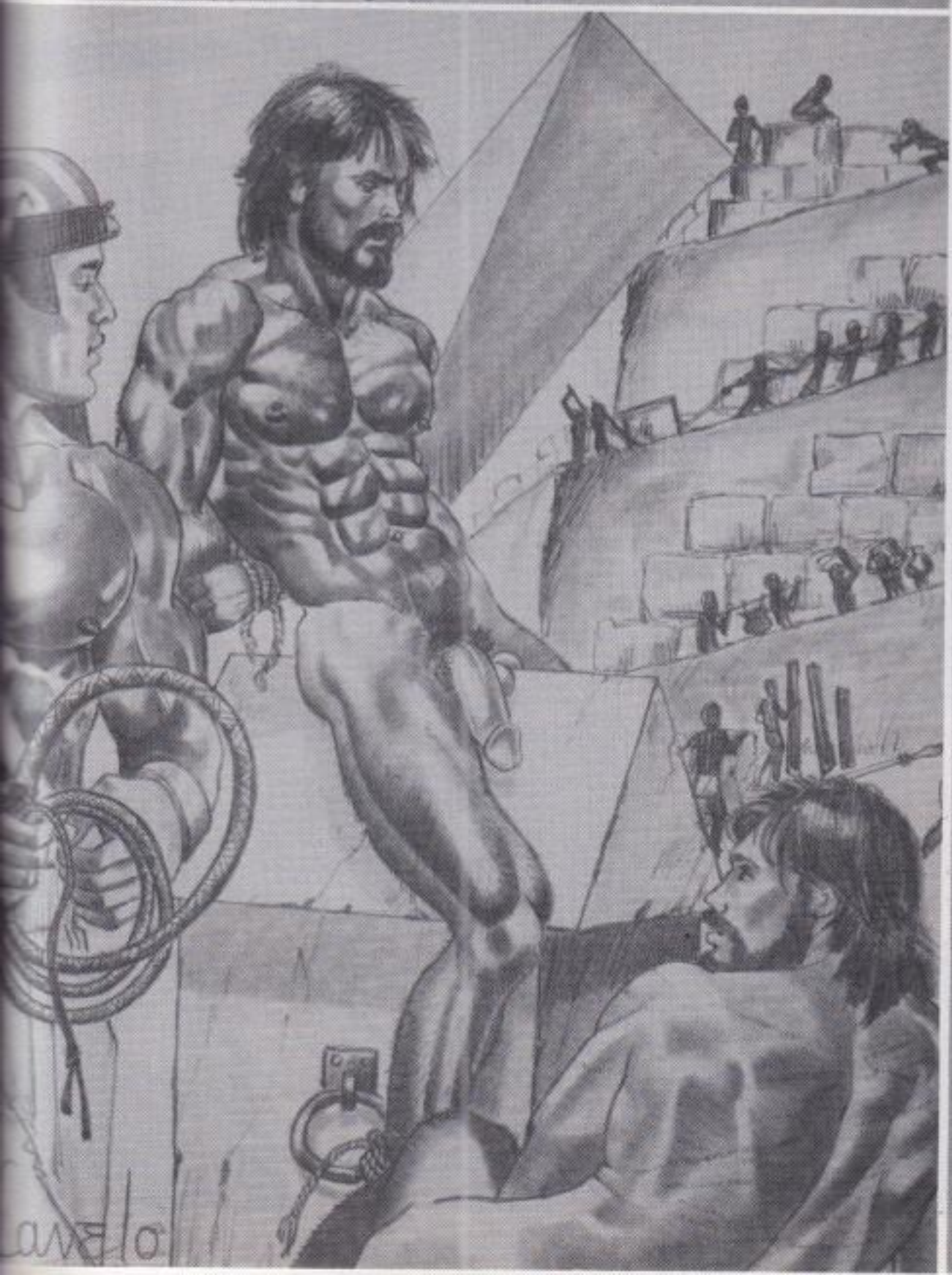
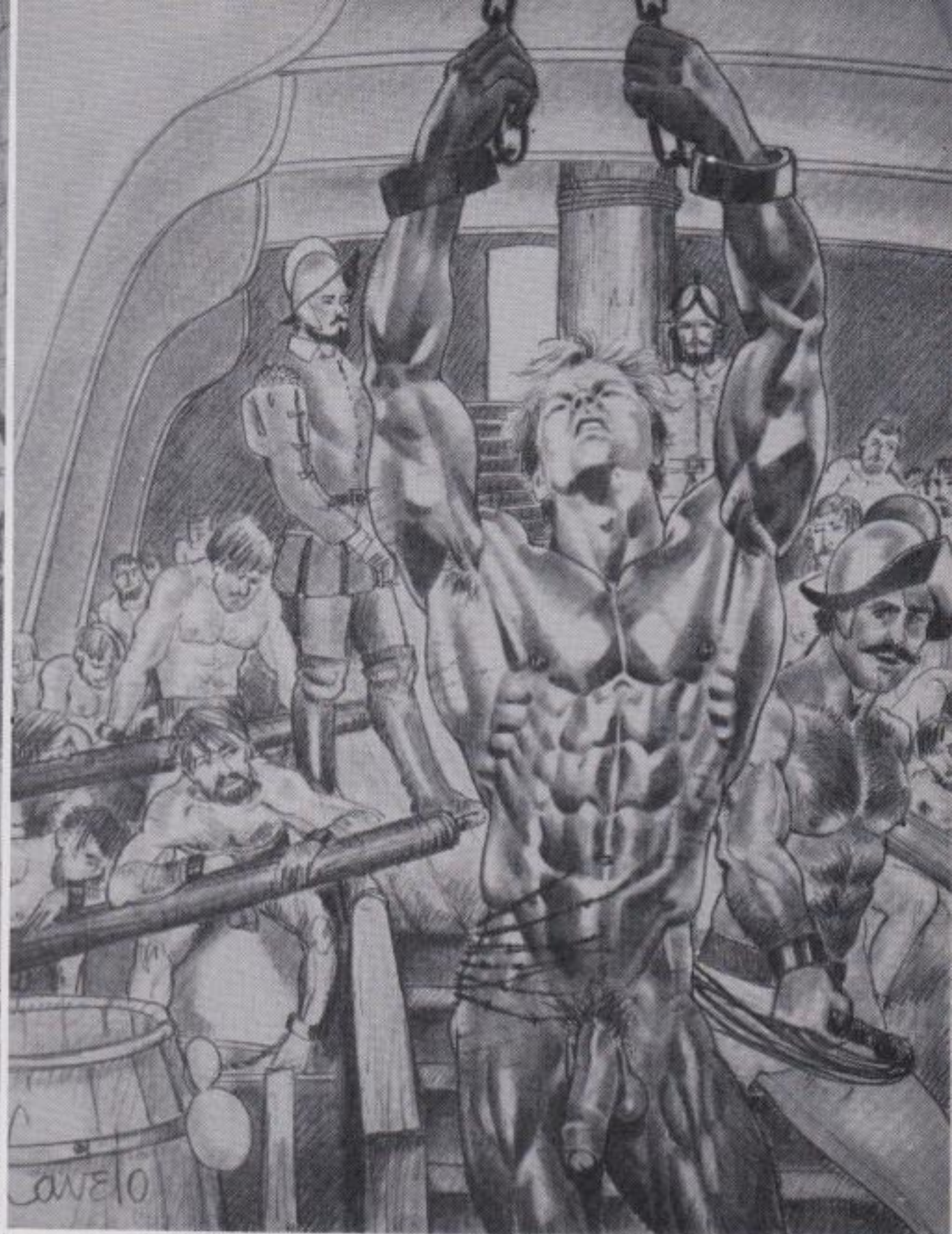
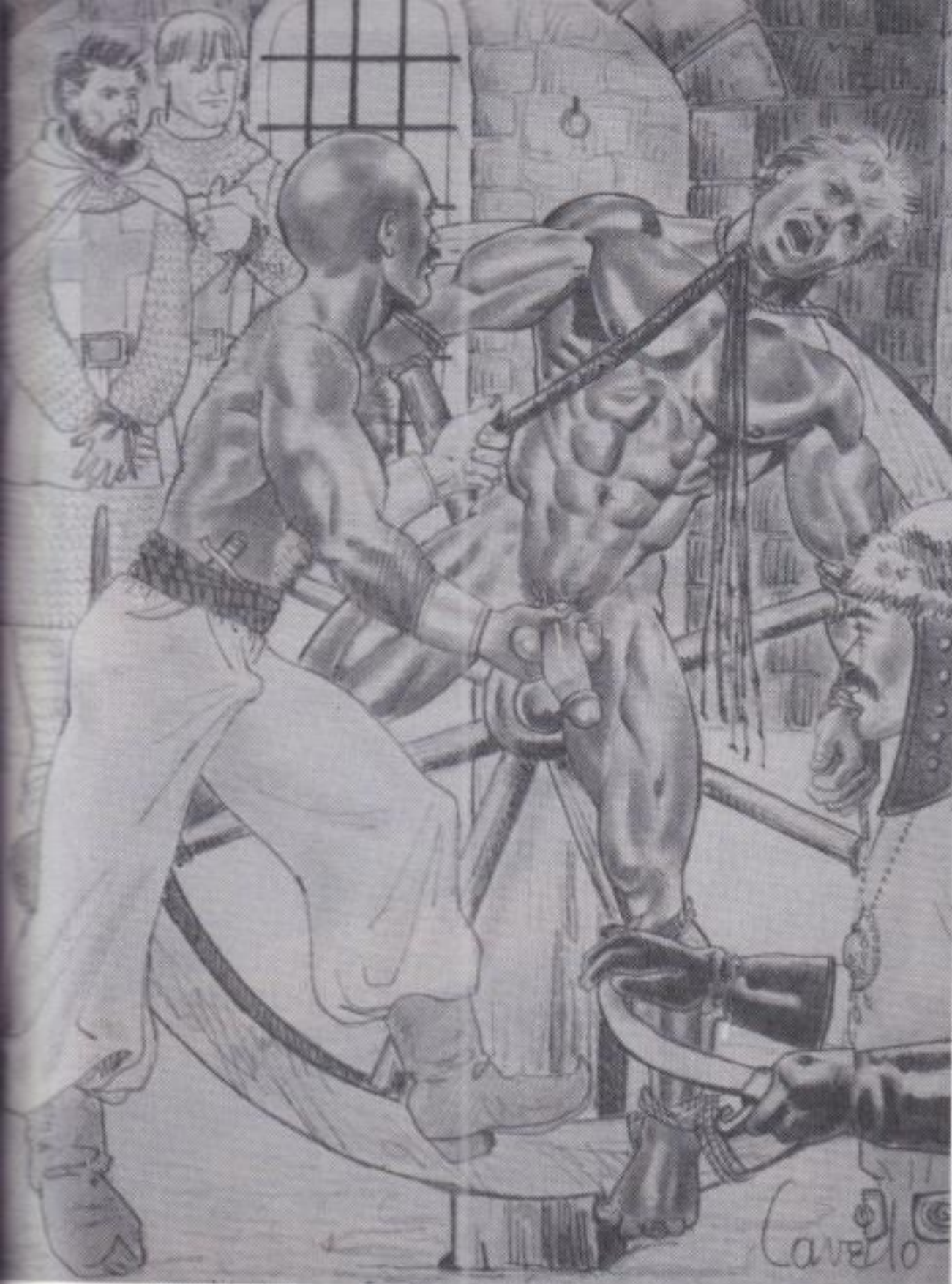
Upper right: "Exhausted slaves of a Spanish galleon take a breather while a recently captured and rebellious English prisoner is properly disciplined."

Lower left: "An Egyptian slave driver ponders further punishment of an Israelite slave while another slave, already punished, looks on."

Lower right: "A Tarter torments two Teutonic prisoners as a Tartar chieftan prepares to join in the fun."

Traditional Values might not be a bad title at that. □





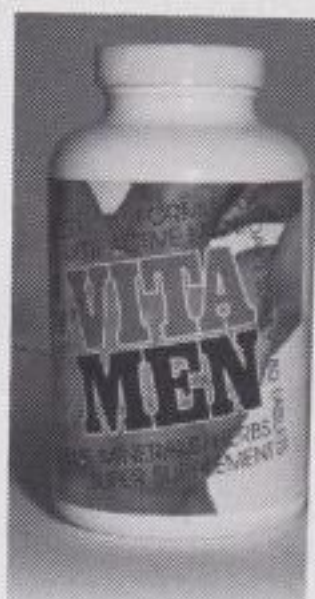


IN PASSING

"My candle burneth
At both Ends
It will not last the night,
But, Ah my friends,
And Oh my foes,
It gives a wondrous light."

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Why VITA MEN?



We went to the physician developers of the best megaformula for men and told them we wanted a better one. Better ingredients with no oils to be retained in the system, no starches, sugar, sodium, fillers or shellac for "time-release." Each tablet to be complete to eliminate an assembled pack to swallow all at once. Less money spent on the packaging—more on the contents. The result was the first VITA-MEN in the homely brown bottle with the black label. Later we analyzed the other big-name formulas. There wasn't much they excelled us in, but the doctors revamped our formula and now NO ONE comes near us. VITA-MEN is formulated with you, the active man, in mind, not some mass market. You can pay a bit less or you can depend on your catch-as-catch-can diet to protect you. But in our opinion, VITA-MEN and IMMUNITABS are the best investment you can make in yourself!

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Vitamin A (palmitate)	5,000IU	100%
B1 (thiamine)	100 mg	6667%
B2 (riboflavin)	100 mg	5882%
Niacin	50 mg	250%
B3 (niacinamide)	100 mg	500%
B5 (pantothenic acid)	150 mg	1500%
B6 (pyridoxine)	100 mg	5000%
B10 (paba)	100 mg	***
B12 (cobalamin concentrate)	200 mcg	3333%
Vitamin C (Sago Palm)	1000 mg	1667%
Vitamin E (d-alpha tocopherol)	400IU	1333%
Vitamin D3	100IU	25%
Folic Acid	400 mcg	100%
Biotin	100 mcg	333%
Choline (bitartrate)	200 mg	***
Inositol	125 mg	***
BioFlavonoids	200 mg	***
Hesperidin	20 mg	***
Rutin	75 mg	***
Octacosanol	250 mcg	***
MINERALS		
Calcium (Amino acid chelate)	500 mg	50%
Magnesium (Amino acid chelate)	350 mg	87%
Silica	500 mcg	***
Vanadium	75 mcg	***
Iodine	225 mcg	150%
Iron (Amino Acid Chelate)	20 mg	111%
Potassium aspartate	55 mg	***
Selenium (Amino Acid Chelate)	150 mcg	***
Molybdenum (Amino Acid Chelate)	50 mcg	***
STF Chromium	200 mcg	***
Zinc (Amino acid chelate)	100 mg	667%
Copper (Amino acid chelate)	2 mg	100%
Manganese (Amino Acid Chelate)	20 mg	***
HERBALS		
Gota Kola	25 mg	***
Ginseng	25 mg	***
Saw palmetto	150 mg	***
Sarsaparilla	50 mg	***
echinacea	300 mg	***
Garlic Balm	125 mg	***
Tea extract	20 mg	***
Urochloa	25 mg	***
Spirulina	25 mg	***
Bee Pollen	100 mg	***
AMINO ACIDS		
L-Lysine	750 mg	***
L-Phenylalanine	25 mg	***
L-Glutamine	25 mg	***
L-Ornithine	25 mg	***
L-Tyrosine	25 mg	***
D-L Methionine	100 mg	***
L-Cysteine	30 mg	***
ACTIVATED GLANDULARS		
Prostate tissue	50 mg	***
Thymus	10 mg	***
Adrenal	50 mg	***
DHEA Complex (Dioscorea Villosa)	200 mg	***

***No U.S. RDA established for these ingredients

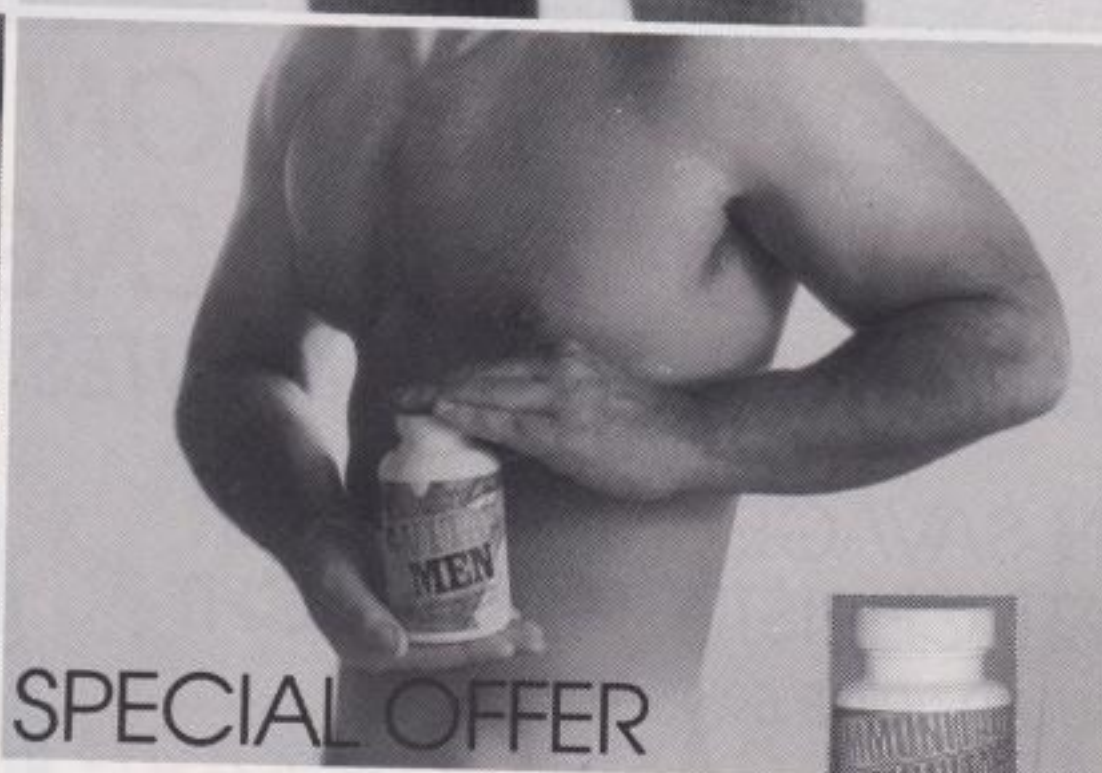
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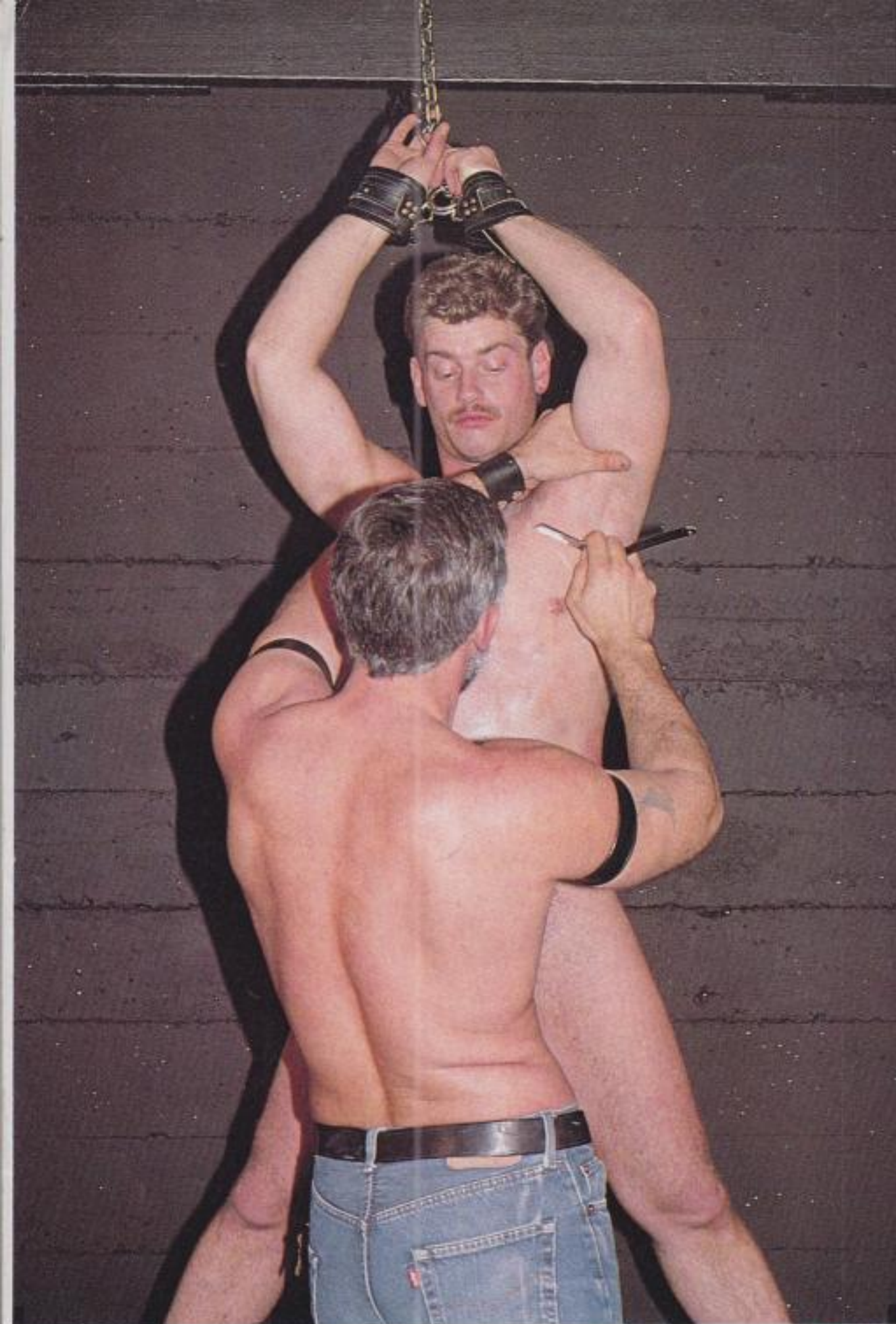
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ACTUAL
SESSIONS!

THESE SESSIONS ARE FOR REAL! During shoot for CARE & TRAINING OF THE MALE SLAVE, KEN SAVAGE got carried away and decided that one of the recruits needed a GI haircut. And there wasn't too much the fellow could do about it. Ken convinced him that he loves the result and then went out to find some more "volunteers." You'll love the results too!